Australian
# PENTHOUSE
THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE
SEPTEMBER 1986

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## TOUGH TACTICS:
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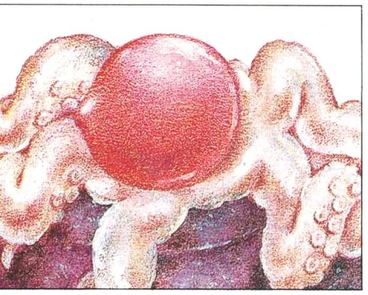
Australian
# PENTHOUSE

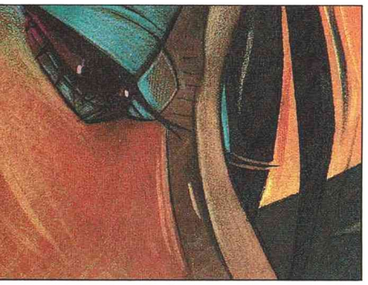
The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 7 No 9/September 1986

The Thin Blue Line



Mean Cuisine

Firepower



Goodbye Suzy Wong

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# The World's Best Radar Detectors Are Now Available In Australia!

**If** you follow motorsports and auto enthusiast magazines throughout the world, you've probably noticed that whenever the American press reviews radar detectors, one source is singled out time and time again: Cincinnati Microwave, makers of the ESCORT and PASSPORT radar warning receivers.

### In The Beginning

About ten years ago, we were just a small group of engineers that also happened to be car enthusiasts. After evaluating all the radar detectors on the market, we decided that the only way we could have the best detector possible was to design and build it ourselves. Two years later, we introduced ESCORT.

### Report Card

When *Car and Driver* first tested ESCORT in 1979, they were overwhelmed: **"The ESCORT truly stood out from the rest...In no test did any of the other detectors even come close."**

### Our Secret

How did a small company come from nowhere to take such a lead? We had extensive background in military and communications electronics, which allowed us to design the first high performance dual band superheterodyne detecto circuitry. But what was equally important was the fact that we were car enthusiasts. The detectors on the market at that time told you that radar was there, but nothing else.

### All the Right Moves

We knew that a detector should tell you how close the radar was, so we developed a geiger-counter-like audio alert that pulses slowly when the radar is weak, quicker as it strengthens, and is a constant tone as you approach the radar unit. A volume control lets you set the level for your car.

We realized that the two different bands of radar acted differently, so we used different warning tones for each: "beep" for X band, a more urgent "brap" for K band because you have less time to act.

We also added a meter to indicate signal strength. And realizing that a bright alert lamp is necessary in the daytime but would interfere with night driving, we added a photoelectric sensor that automatically adjusts the alert lamp to suit the lighting conditions in your car, night or day.

*Car and Driver* noticed. They said, **"Once you try the ESCORT, all the rest seem a bit primitive...In almost every way, this is a brilliantly conceived device."**

### Momentum Not Enough

Naturally, we were proud that our efforts were recognized, but we knew that there is only one way to stay on top. And that is to never stop working. While others are proliferating models, we just keep working to make our detectors better. When we find an improvement, it goes straight into production. So our products are always state-of-the-art.

### Modern Classic

In the years since its introduction, ESCORT has become the classic instrument of radar detection. Our policy of continuous refinement has maintained its leading-edge performance. In fact, when it comes to finding radar, nothing can replace ESCORT.

But the person on the move, switching between cars or using rentals in distant cities, needs the smallest detector possible. And for these people we developed PASSPORT.

### Small Wonder

PASSPORT offers ESCORT performance and features in a miniaturized package, about the size of a cassette tape. This miniaturization is possible only with SMDs (Surface Mounted Devices), micro-electronics common in satellites but unprecedented in radar detectors. It's no surprise that such a superlative design should be greeted by superlatives by the experts.

### Track Record

Our continuous product development has been noted many times over the years, as the following quotes will attest:

1980 *Car and Driver:* **"The ESCORT has become the most coveted high performance road equipment since the turbocharger."**

1981 *BMW Roundel:* **"The ESCORT is the best there is, nothing else even comes close."**

1982 *Car and Driver:* **"The ESCORT is still the best radar detector money can buy."**

1983 *BMW Roundel:* **"The ESCORT simply keeps getting better."**

1983 *Car and Driver:* **"The ESCORT is clearly the leader in the field in value, customer service, and performance."**

1984 *Rotary Rocket:* **"Countless refinements keep ESCORT at the leading edge of technology."**

1985 *Car and Driver* tests PASSPORT and ESCORT against 12 remote units. The results: **PASSPORT and ESCORT earned over 400 points each, with the next unit receiving only 274 points! "In a word, the PASSPORT is a winner."**

1985 *BMW Roundel:* **"Whether you pick the PASSPORT or ESCORT, you can't go wrong. In this league, made in Cincinnati means the best."**

### Rapid Growth

We've grown, but the spirit that started the company remains. We're dedicated to designing and making the world's most advanced radar detectors. In fact, *Car and Driver* said this about us when we introduced PASSPORT: **"Science, as they say, does march on. In this case, it's an aggressive bunch of car enthusiasts and electronic whiz kids in Cincinnati, Ohio, who are calling the cadence, and we'll all have to pick up our feet to keep the pace."** That's probably our favorite quote ever.

### New Australian Office

Unlike some other people, we're in this business for the long haul. We're bringing our technology to Australia with detectors designed for Australian drivers. We know that satisfied customers are the best way to assure future sales, so we've set up a full sales and service facility in Sydney. In the U.S., we've got a reputation for fast, efficient service, and we're putting similar systems in place to earn that reputation in Australia.

Our Sydney facility is prepared to serve you in person, or through the mail. Unlike other people that sell radar detectors, we don't sell radios, watches, tyres, or refrigerators. Radar detectors are the only thing we sell. Our staff is trained to answer any questions you may have.

### Try at no risk

Take the first 30 days with Escort or Passport as a test. If you're not completely satisfied return it for a full refund. You can't lose. We also back our products with a full one-year limited warranty on parts and labour.

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**Australian**
# PENTHOUSE
THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

**EDITOR**
Phil Abraham

**EDITORIAL**
*Art Director:* Doug Finley; *Senior Editors:* Corinne Mackay, Greg Hunter; *Copy Editor:* Graeme Sims; *Assistant Art Directors:* Rosanne Hyndman, Brett Fuller; *Motoring Editor:* Peter McKay; *Contributing Editors:* Mungo MacCallum, Frank Robson, Adrian Tame, Jeremy Cook, Fred Baker; *Office Manager:* Lisa Holden; *Typesetting:* Love Computer Typesetting.

**ADVERTISING**
*Advertising and Marketing Director:* Howard Jenkins; *NSW Advertising Manager:* Deborah Spicer; *Advertising Traffic Manager:* Jill Van Der Horn; *Victorian Advertising Manager:* Kieran Brazil, 153 Park St, South Melbourne 3205. Tel (03) 690 7606; SA: Krystyna Benson, Admedia Group Pty Ltd, 24 Kensington Street, Rose Park, SA, 5067. Tel. (08) 332 8144. *Qld:* Sue Horne, Geoff Horne Agencies, 16 Bellbowrie Centre, Bellbowrie, Qld, 4069. Tel. (07) 202 6813; *WA:* Tony Allen, Allen and Associates, 284 Stirling Street, Perth, WA, 6000. Tel. (09) 328 9833. *NZ:* John Scull, International Media Representation, P.O. Box 37-094 Parnell, Auckland. Tel. 793 178; *Japan:* Banco Media Services, Dai-ichi Nisawa Building, 3-1 Kanda Tacho 2-chome Chiyoda-ku, Tokyo 101. Tel. 252 2721. Telex. J25472 (BMSINC)

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*Editor-in-Chief:* Bob Guccione; *Art Director International:* Joe Brooks; *Managing Editor:* Claudia Valentino; *Executive Editor:* Peter Bloch; *Graphics Director:* Frank DeVino

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**EDITORIAL OFFICES**
*New York:* 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y., 10023-5965. Tel. (212) 496-6100. Telex no. 237128. *West Coast:* 924 Wedstwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif., 90024. Tel. (213) 824-9831.

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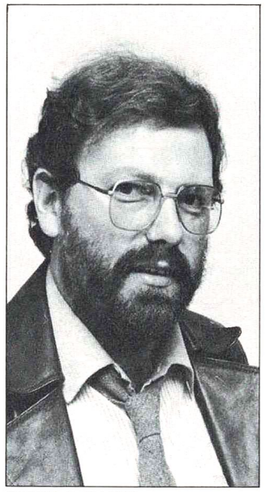
**SEPTEMBER**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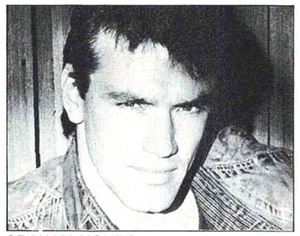
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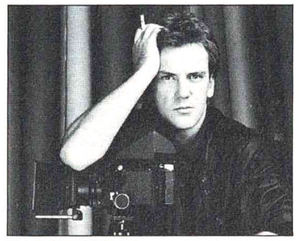

NICK GLEITZMAN

GRAEME DAVEY

# HOUSECALL

### THE THIN BLUE LINE
Every police force has its squad of super-cops — an elite group of highly trained and disciplined men whose task is to form the front line of defence against anarchy. Senior Editor **Greg Hunter** discovered the immense physical and psychological pressures operating on the officers of the NSW Tactical Response Group, an outfit which has distinguished itself year after year in the fiery cauldron of the Bathurst bike race riots. **Graham Monro** shot the photos which open Hunter's story on page 38.

### GOODBYE SUZY WONG
There's a special magic that permeates the great girlie bars of the Far East. **Paul Dougherty** found his own version of heaven in one such place — the now-defunct Pussycat Bar in the Wanchai section of Hong Kong — and in whimsical prose touched with humor and insight, he recaptures the joy of simply being there at the point where East meets West. Turn to **Frants Kantor's** illustration on page 54.

### MENGELE'S CHILDREN
Dr Josef Mengele, the infamous "Angel of Death", spared a small number of children from the crematoriums of Auschwitz in order to perform on them the most barbaric experiments in the history of science. Now, after 40 years of silence, two of "Mengele's children" recount to **Lucette Lagnado** the chilling details of their experience as human guinea pigs in the hands of the monster. That story starts on page 74.

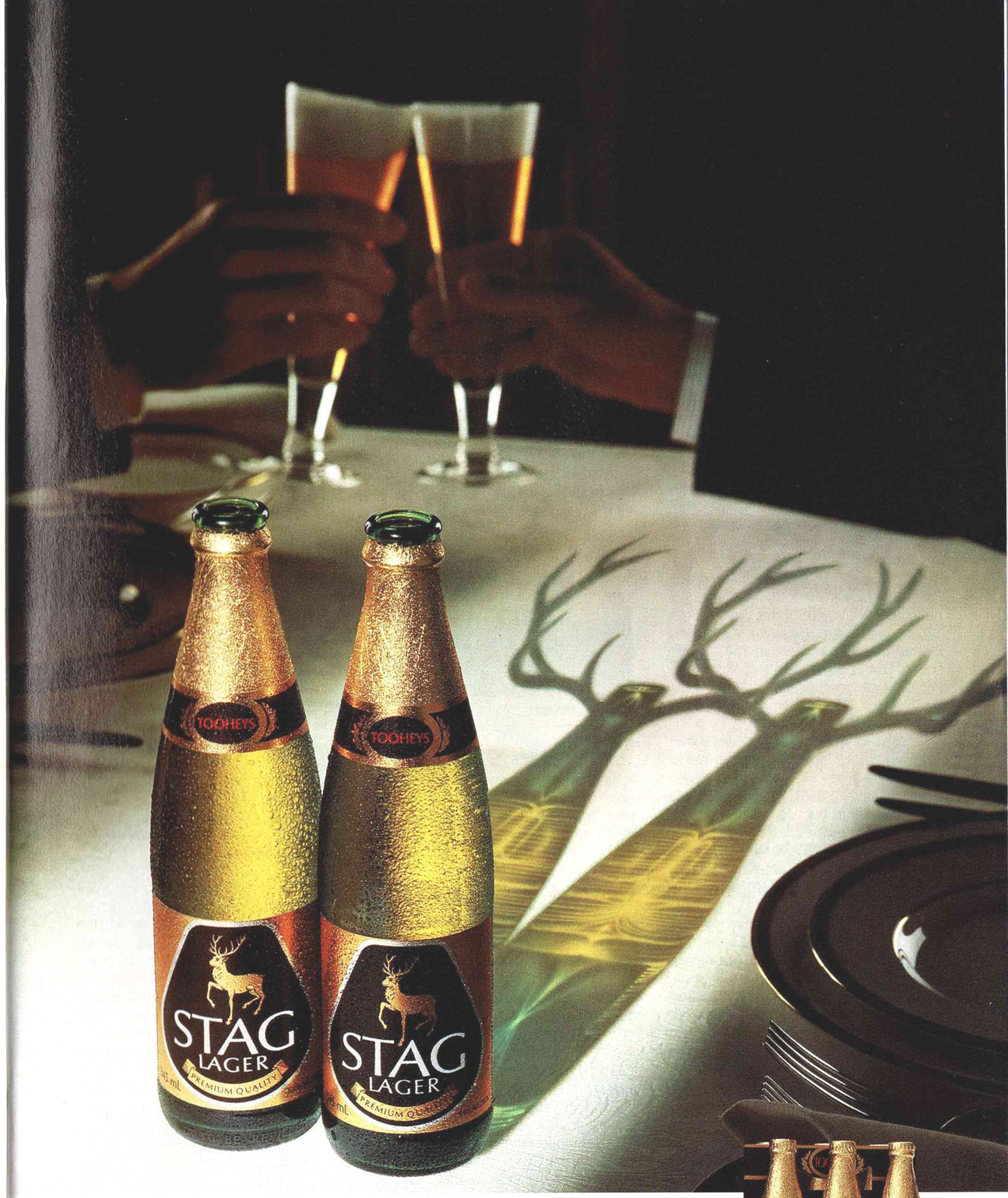
### BANNED!
When rock 'n' roll first reared its ugly head on Australian airwaves, the censors attacked their task with great relish and ignorance. **Glenn A. Baker's** history of record bannings in this country exposes the futility of censorship and the hilarious naivety of its proponents. For all the great moments in sex and drugs and depravity that have been withheld from your tender ears, turn to page 82.

### FIREPOWER
Ever pictured yourself holed up in a post-holocaust urban bunker, fighting off the street crazies who'd tear you apart to get at your meagre stock of provisions? **Roger North** has — and he's done his homework on which ten weapons he'd most like to take into that bunker. North's survivalist fantasy is a catalogue of destructive power, beginning on page 122 with a photo spread shot by **Nick Gleitzman.**

### MEAN CUISINE
More inspired madness from the pen of Senior Editor **C.J. Mackay**, who on page 107 tells how to turn deadly Aussie fauna into dishes that will delight and disturb the whole family. If ever there was a recipe collection for real men, this one is it. The hilarious illustrations were created by **Morna Wood.**

### CLIVE ROBERTSON INTERVIEW
If you've ever wondered what makes Clive Robertson tick, you're not alone. Robertson's enigmatic quality has lifted Seven's *Newsworld* from the doldrums to the top of the ratings, and that in turn allows him to get away with murder on the small screen. Senior Editor **Greg Hunter** found his off-screen persona even more interesting, particularly when Robertson recounted, for the first time, the extraordinary story of his suicide attempts. Turn to page 98 for a fascinating interview, **Graeme Davey** shot the portrait.





# PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian *Penthouse*— its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

### Off the scale

Well, I thought I had seen everything in the way of beautiful women. Then along comes your June edition to prove to me that I live and learn.

Your Pet Of The Month Kristina Dwyer rocketed me higher into the heavens than mortal man has ever ventured. She sure is a "Meltdown" and I've experienced some searing temperatures up here in the isolated north. I thought finishing schools were all finished, but there's a lot to be said for the continuation of these establishments if they're turning out the likes of Ms Dwyer.

What more can I say . . . she's a diamond on velvet, flawless in every respect. *P.S.* I do enjoy the articles in your quality publication — you're giving your readers 110 percent value. However, it's Kristina Dwyer who has convinced me to subscribe. Got to go, I need a cool drink. — *W. Eather, Koolan Island, WA*

*Kristina: fine finish*

### Worst wheels

What an idea! Listing the ten worst cars of the Eighties (June '86) without fear or favor was a brave act that won applause from this reader. I'm not in the habit of writing to magazines but I do believe in giving credit where credit is due.

Over the years I have read many lists of the best cars available but Worst Wheels was the first comprehensive guide to turkeys to steer away from that I've encountered. Your motoring writer's summation of each car on the list was incisive and amusing into the bargain. I only wish you'd done the story a couple of years ago. Is there anyone out there interested in a used Datsun Stanza? — *F. Willoughby, Carlton, Vic*

If only Peter McKay had written Worst Wheels Of The Eighties (June *Penthouse*) two years ago, I would never have sacrificed my entire financial life on a Triumph TR7, a car aptly described by McKay as "a malignancy on the face of the auto industry." Hopefully that story will save other *Penthouse* readers from mechanical misery, but it doesn't do me any good. Bugger it! I want revenge! Nothing short of castration for everyone involved in the design and construction of my TR7 would satisfy me completely, but I did get a real buzz out of seeing the thing get a guernsey among your list of lamentable lemons. Keep up the good work, McKay. — *Peter Brent, Sydney, NSW*

### Gone native

The woods are full of mysteries — *Old Jungle Saying.* It took a writer of the calibre of Frank Robson to lift the lianas on the ageing hippies of Far North Queensland with style and well-observed humor. His article Feral Man (June *Australian Penthouse*), tracing the annual migration of the mango-munching Fruit People, stood up as a contemporary, offbeat *Lord Of The Flies.*

I was highly entertained throughout but certain observations in the story had me laughing out loud. I particularly liked his reference to the "hippicrits" taking off up the Cape Tribulation road they had laid down their loincloths to protest against just months before.

I have to admit I was sympathising with the feral folk by the end of the piece. Not that I couldn't appreciate Robson's carving them up — I just reckoned that if I'd eaten more than 50 mangoes in one day I too would be dribbling a lot of shit. — *John Anderson, Sydney, NSW*

The subjects of the article Feral Man will have the last laugh on author Frank Robson when the Big One drops. A pile of cinders can't sit on a fat arse at a typewriter snidely ripping into the ideas of others.

The hippies up there have chosen their lifestyle, and why shouldn't they be allowed to go about it in peace? Better to be a free-wheeling jungle-dweller with a few half-baked ideas than a cynic with a crispy corpse. — *L. Murphy, Byron Bay, NSW*

### G-whizz

I was fascinated by the interview with Derek Llewellyn-Jones in your June issue — and astounded to read that "Australia's best-known gynaecologist, who has done more than any other man in Australia to banish sexual fallacy and put women in touch with their bodies", doesn't believe in the existence of the G-spot. I believe that says it *all* about the "contribution" that Australian men have made to women's understanding of *their* bodies.

Goodness me, our foremost brain on pudenda doesn't believe it's there! I'm sorry, that guy's credibility went out the door when I read that. He's right that no-one should feel inadequate if they reckon they can't find theirs — but that shouldn't stop them trying. I'd like to see the expression on his face when he sees how some women (like me) *literally ejaculate* from G-spot (and *only* G-spot) stimulation.

He does admit that he and Bettina Arndt disagree on that point—she says it does exist. Frankly, *she* is in a better position to know. — *Ms E.L., Newcastle, NSW*

### Teased

Hmm, frustration of the nicest kind. Your June cover may well go down in history as the most titillating ever, but pity me with the crushes I get for a woman's feet — and especially toes. That cover sent me over the edge, not only for the supreme beauty of Kristina Dwyer, but for that delicate dab of nail polish. Yet somehow I was denied even one further glimpse of her toots — agony for someone like me who's turned on to their erotic potential. They're either just out of sight, or in socks or those white boots. Perhaps in your subscribers' issue, as well as a couples pictorial, you might consider promoting explicit photos of feet? *Please.* — *J.T., Crows Nest, NSW*

### Sick Sikhs

I am a Sikh. Contrary to the impression in The Sikh Terror Plot (June), I abhor violence. Many of my friends are Hindu. Simply put, just as some of your Christian political leaders are crazy, so are ours — yet few are crazier or more sinister than the author of that terrible article. — *Name and address withheld*




# WILD FANTASIES!

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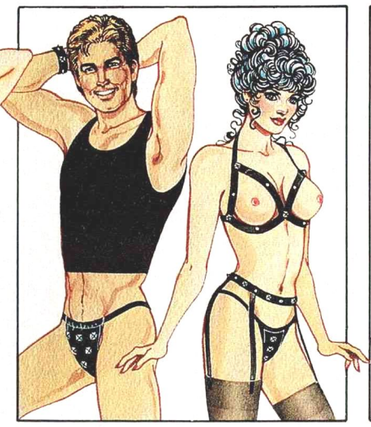

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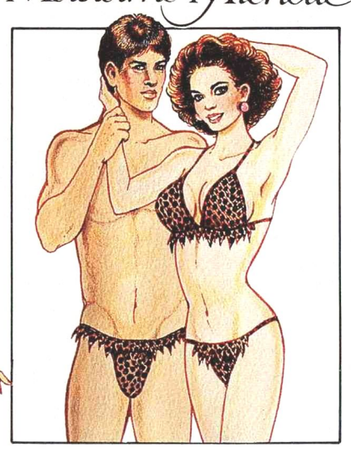

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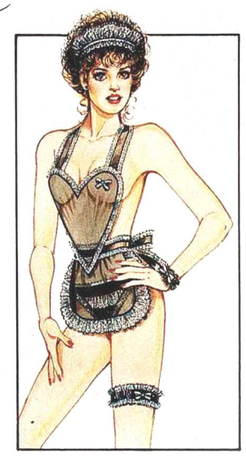

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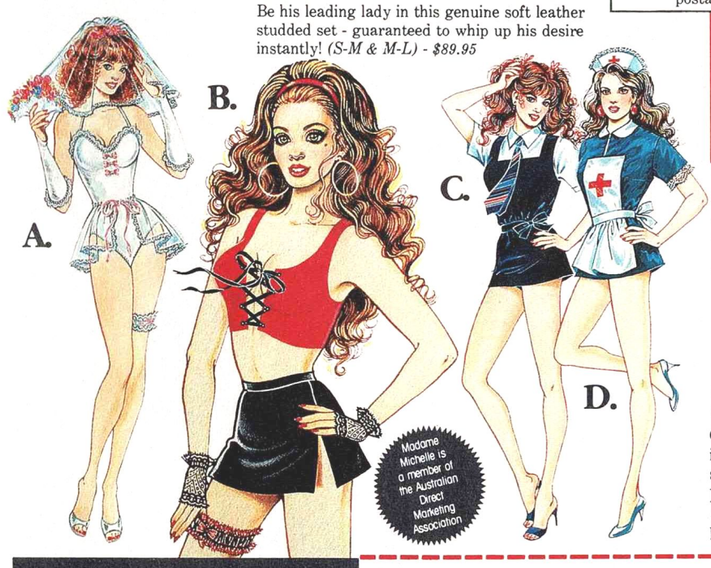


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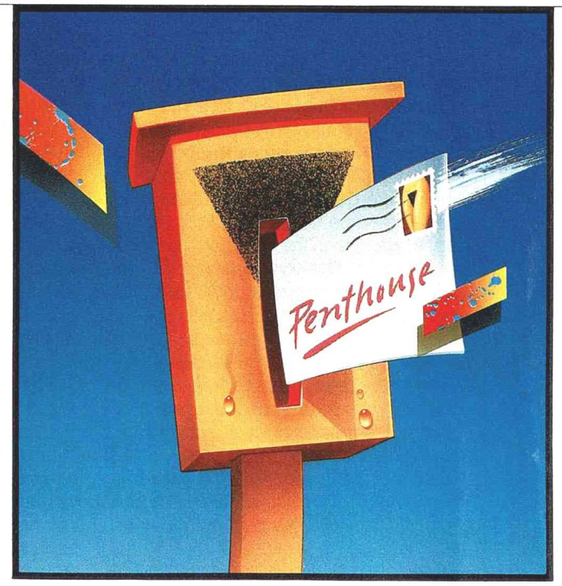
## Emulating aunty




Over the past ten years I've come a long way from a sweet, innocent, extremely naive 18-year-old to, with the possible exception of my Aunt Sally, the best cocksucker and blowjob artiste to be found. I left home when I was 18. My parents were very strict; my father is a Baptist minister and my mother teaches Sunday school and leads the church choir. They only agreed to my going away if I stayed with Aunt Sally. Sally was only ten years older than me but had a Master's degree in library science with a minor in economics. Mum and Dad approved of her highly and felt that she, despite being only 28, would be a fit guardian for their sweet little virgin daughter. How little they knew.

I arrived at Aunt Sally's house. She was very sweet and nice and gave me the very best she had. She didn't look at all like the photographs we had of her back home. Aunt Sally was a foxy woman, and after she taught me how to fix myself up a bit we looked so much alike that men often thought we were sisters. Sally lived in a nice house in a quiet suburban neighborhood and drove a fire-engine red sports car. When I asked her how she could afford all of these nice things living by herself, she just smiled and didn't say much. All she would say was that she was in the "entertainment" industry and she didn't bother to elaborate. She was somewhat mysterious about her work and odd hours. But I was to learn soon enough.

It all started about three weeks after I moved in. Aunt Sally had gone out, dressed to kill and carrying her purple gym bag, as she always did. Alone in the house, I was in her bedroom looking through her drawers for a pair of pantyhose when I found a ten-inch vibrator underneath some of her black-lace panties. I couldn't believe what I had found. I'd heard about dildos and vibrators from some of the girls back home, but I'd never actually seen one before, let alone used one. As I switched it on, its vibrations sent a shiver through me and gave me a knot in my stomach. Not expecting Aunt Sally to come home for a few hours, I let curiosity and temptation get the best of me. I was soon almost hypnotised by the rhythmic vibrations of my new find.

Holding the vibrator to my breasts, I could feel my nipples getting harder and my crotch and panties getting wetter and wetter. This was all so new to me, but it felt so good that I just couldn't help exploring my entire body with it. Well, I can tell you it didn't take long for me to strip naked and fall back on Sally's big brass bed with my new toy. I even tilted her big mirror in such a way that I could watch myself.

After teasing myself with it, I placed the tip of the vibrator into my moist, steaming crack and pushed gently. As I watched it slowly slip into me, I could feel my vaginal muscles tighten around it. I had been masturbating with my finger for years already but I'd never felt anything like this before. With both hands working that vibrator in and out of my hot little hole, I was soon beside myself in ecstasy. That afternoon I came in one loud and thundering orgasm after another. It was great! I felt so deliciously wicked and nasty watching myself masturbate in the big mirror. I was like an addict who couldn't stop.

I must have been at it for quite some time. I was so absorbed with ramming that humming fucker in and out of my tunnel of love and moaning like an animal that I didn't hear my aunt come into the house. You can just imagine my embarrassment when I finally looked up and saw her with one arm up leaning in the doorway, staring at me with a rather wry grin on her face. (She later told me that she had been standing there enjoying my "performance" for about ten minutes.) Before I could open my mouth to say anything to her, I was wracked by another mind-blowing orgasm. I thought I was going to just die, but all Sally said to me was, "When you're finished, come downstairs and we'll have dinner. I brought home Chinese." She didn't say anything about what she had caught me doing, but carried on as usual — except that every time she looked at me she had that same smile on her face. We made an early night of it, and all she said to me before turning in was, "Sweet dreams, baby." I went to bed that night red with embarrassment, but drifted off to sleep rubbing and fingering my pussy, thinking about the next time I could get that vibrator up my now yearning snatch.

I was out of the house for much of the next afternoon, still feeling quite embarrassed. When I returned home around six o'clock, I saw my aunt's car in the driveway and went straight to my room. As I entered the doorway I was surprised to find a brightly wrapped package on my bed. Attached to the package was a note which read: "Since you seemed to enjoy mine so much, I thought it was time you had one of your own, baby. With love, Sally." I ripped into the package to find a beautiful ten-inch vibrating dildo.

I rushed downstairs to find Sally waiting for me in the living room. She was standing there, feet apart, hands on hips, and wearing a short purple silk robe that barely covered her shapely arse or her proud, jutting breasts. She had that by-now-familiar coy, seductive smile on her face. She stood before me — wanton, raw sex personified. Rushing up to her, we embraced. I knew this was going to be quite a night, one that I'd never forget and which would change me forever.

After our touching embrace, Aunt Sally went to the kitchen and returned with a silver tray of shucked and iced oysters on the half-shell, two chilled glasses, and a bottle of wine. Next she dimmed the lights,

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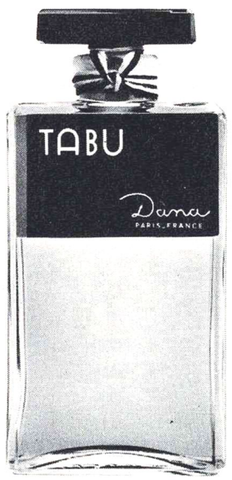


**The Forbidden Fragrance**

# FORUM

lit some candles, and put a tape on the stereo. I shouldn't have been surprised that it wasn't a musical tape, but the erotic sounds of heavy fucking and sucking that Sally and one of her lovers had made.

For the next half hour I sat on the sofa opposite Sally as she made an erotic show of eating those oysters. Occasionally, between slurping oysters and sipping wine, she would slip her hand down to finger her twat, then slowly suck the pussy juice from her fingers. After some more of this, she stood up and said, "It's time we expanded your horizons, sweet baby."

She took me by the hand and led me downstairs into her finished basement. The lights were dimmed low except for some stage light-type lamps hung from the ceiling, which bathed the pool table in a warm, pinkish glow. The pool table was covered with an orchid-color satin quilt, and Sally had about a dozen of her favorite vibrators and dildos lined up along the edge of it within easy reach. She placed me in a big leather easy chair, which had been pushed up to where I had an unobstructed view. She put on a tape of rock music, with a slow, heavy beat and a lot of sax. She lit some incense and said, "You wanted to know what I do in the entertainment industry? Well, Aunt Sally's gonna entertain you."

I was so excited. Sally walked around behind the pool table and stood with her back to me. She shot me a sultry "fuck me" smile over her shoulder as she deftly slipped off her robe, letting it fall to the floor around her ankles. She mounted the table in one swift, catlike motion. There she was, kneeling in front of me, resting on her knees, legs bent under her thighs spread wide. Her thatch of brown pubic hair was neatly trimmed into the shape of a heart. Sally reached back without looking, and selected a 14-inch vibrator that not only moved in and out like a piston but also made small circular motions while it hummed and vibrated. It was so big that she could just barely wrap her hand all the way around it. She was moaning softly as she worked that vibrator over her gorgeous tan body, paying special attention to her jutting boobs. She held each breast to her mouth, licking and sucking her nipples.

Turning her attention to her steaming hot crack, she ran that pulsating dildo up and down over her pussy lips and clit, moaning louder all the time. Then she brought the dildo, now gleaming with her pussy juice, up to her hungry mouth and licked and sucked it from its bulbous head down to the base. Still kneeling in front of me, her twat and thighs glistening from the flow of her pussy juice, she set the vibrator on full speed and slowly guided its massive cock head into her pussy, taking all 14 inches of it. Then she slowly pulled it almost all the way out. Using both hands, she rammed that big fucker in and out at least a dozen times in rhythm to the music, moaning like a whore in heat.

On the last upstroke, Sally left that massive vibrator pulsating and churning deep inside her at full speed, using her well-conditioned vaginal muscles to hold it in. Next, she spun around quickly on to her knees and elbows, thrusting her beautiful arse toward the ceiling. She began playing with her clit while the dildo was humming away inside her. Within seconds, Sally's entire body was shuddering in a violent orgasm that brought tears to her eyes. It was incredible watching her wailing out loud like a wild animal, hips and arse undulating in rhythm to the music, as she fucked herself.

Sally had all the practiced movements of a real pro. I couldn't believe it. Without missing a beat, she spun around again, kneeling, thighs spread wide. She then leaned way back and, again without looking, put a hand over the far edge of the pool table. When she pulled it back up, she was holding a beautiful 12-inch lifelike rubber cock that was covered in Karo syrup. Sally shook her head, her beautiful mane of brown hair falling away from her face. There was a look of pure unadulterated lust in her eyes as she dangled that glistening monster cock over her face. Slowly she lowered it and tickled its head and underside with her darting tongue. Resting on one elbow for support, she raised it up slightly, arching her back and neck. She then brought the sticky, dripping dildo to her hot waiting mouth. Clear syrup, oozing from her glossy wet lips, ran down her chin and cheeks as she slurped and sucked the dildo into her mouth, devouring it deeper and deeper until she had finally throated it all the way to the very base of its rigid shaft, moaning loudly with pure pleasure and delight the whole time.

Completely oblivious to everything else, Sally, thighs splayed wide, used one hand to slowly pull the rubber cock from her mouth and stroked the steaming slit of her twat with the other. As she withdrew the cock from her pursed lips, leaving only a slender thread of syrup and saliva between the two, her tongue darted out to lick up the excess around her smiling, wet mouth.

The vibrator in Sally's pussy was still giving her full measure and, caught up in another approaching orgasm, she began to writhe and squirm. Her hips and arse were rising in response to that incredible fuck onslaught. Now using her hands to pinch and pull her rock-hard nipples, Sally went over the brink. Her voice rising to a near wail, she went off like crazy. Her entire body bucked and jerked wildly like an electric shock had been applied to her, the whole time moaning and crying out with physical release and pleasure. No doubt Sally was enjoying and savoring every minute of it.

I was really enjoying it, too. This was the most fantastic thing I had ever seen. I didn't know it was possible for a woman to give herself so much pleasure and satisfaction. I couldn't take my eyes off her.

The show wasn't over yet. After that last orgasm, Sally didn't miss a beat. Repositioning herself on the pool table, she placed a heel in each of the corner pockets for support. With renewed vigor, she immediately launched into a routine of hot, nonstop action and almost continuous orgasm, one after another. And each one seemed better than the last. Before it was over, Sally had used all the seven vibrators and five dildos that she had laid out on the table. Even she lost track of how many orgasms she had.

I was so excited just from watching her. My own nipples were hard and taut against the material of my blouse, and my crotch and panties were soaked through. When Sally smiled that smile of hers and asked me if I would like to join her "onstage", I didn't hesitate for a second.

Aunt Sally was sweet and gentle as she helped me treat myself to the pleasures I had just seen her enjoy. Using my new vibrator, as well as my own fingers, Sally showed me how to bring myself off in countless orgasms. It felt so good!

After we both took cool showers, Sally explained to me that the masturbation show she had performed earlier for me was really a dress rehearsal. She would be doing the same act the following week at a stag party for about 50 guys. She also told me that she had been working as an exotic dancer and performing live sex shows onstage and at bachelor parties since university. She laughed and said, "In what other line of work can you get a roomful of guys to cream their jeans over you all at once?" — *Name and address withheld*

### Ladies' lunch

I have been involved with a woman steadily for about two months now. We enjoy each other's company and have a terrific sex life. Last week my lover told me she was meeting her best friend, Debbie, in the city and that I should meet them for lunch. Sounded like a good time to me.

Lunch was very nice. Debbie and I liked each other instantly, which made my lover very happy. After eating, we went for a walk and then decided to go somewhere for a drink. My lover suggested a nearby hotel. When we got there, Debbie went and got us a room — for "privacy," she said. I knew something was cooking. My lover suggested that Debbie and I go on up to the room. She would join us shortly.

Debbie and I made small talk in the lift. Once inside the room, she took my hand and brought me over to the bed. We started kissing. Debbie took my clothes off and then, to my delight, did a seductive striptease. This left me with an enormous hard-on, which she began to fondle and kiss. She mounted me, and we made love ever so gently. I could tell Debbie was starting to come by her gyrations, which were increasing with speed. I started climaxing, and then my come shot out, filling her as she groaned with pleasure.

When we finally opened our eyes, there was my lover, standing in the room smiling her beautiful smile. She was stark naked and carrying a bottle of wine, three glasses, and a candle. She came over, poured us each some wine, lit the candle, and sat on the bed with us. There I was, my lover on one side and her friend on the other. My lover is a full-bodied woman with long black hair down to her waist. Her friend is slender and firm with long golden-brown hair. They are so beautiful. A long-time fantasy of mine was about to happen.

There was very little talking. The two women looked at each other, smiled, and went into action. First, they started at my toes. Each woman kissed, nibbled, and gently caressed my feet and legs. They slowly made their way up my legs to my cock, which by this time was very erect and throbbing. They simultaneously licked and kissed my member until I thought I would explode. Then Debbie put her mouth over it and sucked me until I erupted in orgasm. All the while, my lover was kissing amd caressing my thighs, making me tingle.

To my joy, the afternoon was not over. My ladies were very excited by all of this and started hotly kissing and caressing each other. It was quite arousing. I wanted in, so I started touching their bodies, too. Before long, we were all over each other. Everyone was kissing and fondling everyone else. And once again, my cock was pointing straight out.

My lover told me to lie down. She got on top of me, and my swollen member slid right into her. It was so hot and wet! Her friend came over and straddled my face. I started licking her like crazy. We kept this up until we could stand it no longer. My lover started to come first; her moans were steadily increasing. Next Debbie started, and then I came more wildly than I'd ever experienced.

The two women collapsed on either side of me, and we all just lay there in a state of sheer exhaustion.

After we dressed and left the hotel, the three of us walked arm in arm to the train station, hugged, kissed, and said goodbye. Then we all got on different trains and went home. It was a glorious afternoon! — *Name and address withheld*

### Satisfied seeker

I am a 21-year-old student at a large university. I am very tall, with dark hair and an athletic build. Although I have never really had major problems attracting women, I have had my share of dry spells without sex.

This past weekend, my folks were holidaying at a nearby resort and I decided to drop by for a visit. The beach that they were on is not really known for its abundance of young people, but they can

*"I understand we're dining at your house this weekend, Prebish."*

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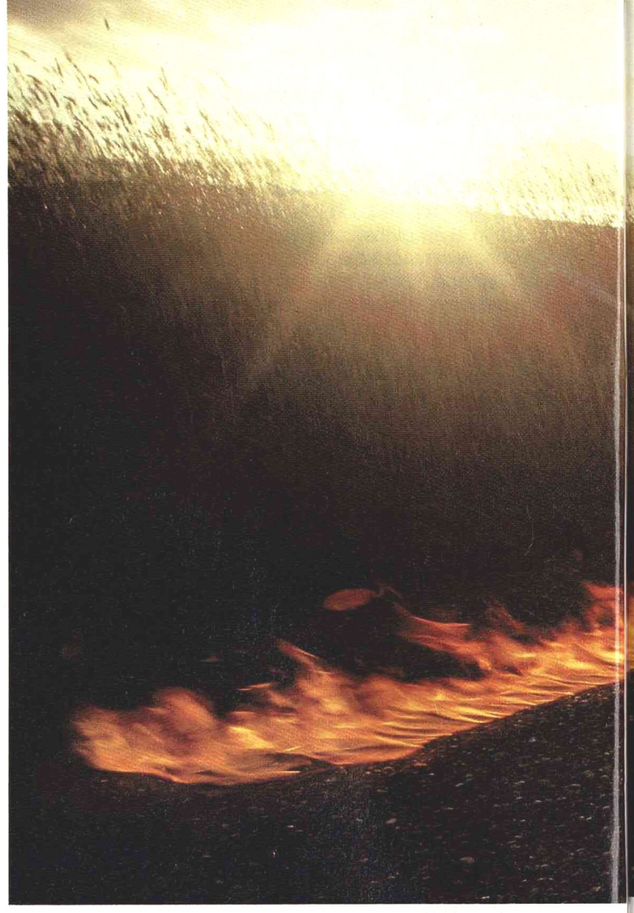

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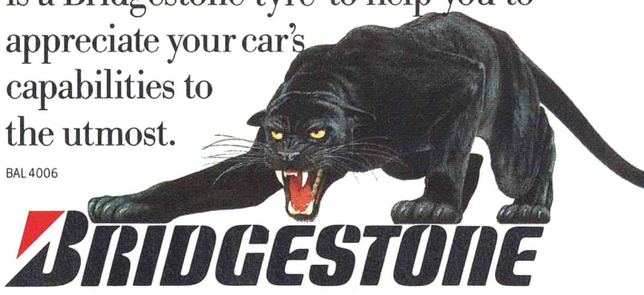

BRIDGESTONE

be found if one looks hard enough. It was during such a search that I discovered two sexy babes glistening in the sun, wearing skimpy string bikinis on their firm bodies. Since these were the best-looking females on the beach by far, I decided to hang with them for a while.

Candy was a trim blonde with long legs and a perfectly shaped, tight round arse. She also had small but sexy breasts and nipples. Sam was the more attractive of the two girls. She had wavy dark-brown hair and was blessed with ripe, firm, round breasts and incredibly sensual thighs, arse and crotch.

As we talked, I was able to steal opportune glances at the supple bodies from behind my sunglasses. I took note of the tufts of golden pussy hairs that were sticking out of Candy's bikini bottom. As Sam moved in certain positions I was also able to catch glimpses of her sexy bush. I said to myself that there was nothing wrong with looking.

The girls invited me back to the house they were staying at for a bite to eat. I gladly accepted their offer. Little did I know what these ladies had in mind.

I sat between Candy and Sam on the couch. Sam placed her hand on my already hard cock and gave it a squeeze. I threw caution to the winds as I leaned over to kiss her. As we kissed, I began untying her bikini top. I felt Candy grabbing my crotch and unbuttoning my shorts, which she quickly removed. I concentrated on removing their bathing suits as I slid off the couch and on to the floor, using the couch for back support. I was then given the divine pleasure of having two nubile sex kittens simultaneously lick and suck on my cock and balls. I was in heaven.

I was not going to let all the pussy go to waste, so I grabbed Candy, laid her on her back, and spread her silky thighs. I was on my hands and knees with my face between her velvety thighs as Sam wrapped her arms around my lower back and hung there as she sucked my cock between my separated legs. I was concentrating on Candy's hot, wet pussy, and she responded with passionate moans and squeâls. She had the sweetest-tasting pussy, and, as I licked her throbbing clit, she shivered as her golden box and my face were flooded with her nectar.

Meanwhile, Sam was still hungrily sucking my shaft. I shifted my position and lay on my back. I then pulled her up and positioned her so that her warm thighs were pressed against my ears as she sat on my face. I slid my tongue deep within her moist slit and she cried out and trembled with the first of her many orgasms.

I could hardly breathe as she ground her pussy into my mouth. As I continued to savor Sam's dripping quim, I became aware of Candy, who had her lips at the head of my pulsating cock. She then began sliding her head up and down my shaft, and I shot gobs of hot come into her throat. She hungrily sucked all my sperm and continued sucking until I got hard again. It did not take long for me, since I was also tasting Sam's hot box at the same time.

Candy then straddled my hips and grasped my throbbing rod and began sliding the head up and down her parted pussy lips. Sam climbed off my face and we began kissing passionately as I held her firm breasts in my hands. Candy put my cock at her opening and began sliding her satiny pussy down my shaft a millimetre at a time. I was turned on by the chorus of sexual sounds that these girls were making. In a short time, Candy was frantically humping my shaft and Sam was wriggling from my fingers, which were now buried inside her. Candy came shortly thereafter, slipped my cock out of her, and then lay panting on her back.

I was still hard, and was overcome by the need to feel my cock deep within Sam's delicious pussy, which I had been devouring. She lay on her back with her sexy legs spread wide and a horny look of anticipation on her face. I almost came again right there.

I slid my body along hers until the head of my cock was pressed against her box. She reached down and guided my shaft

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# FORUM

to her gaping labia as she pleaded for me to enter her. I proceeded with relish in long thrusts that went far into her depths, and then I stayed buried inside her as her arms and legs wrapped around my body, holding me tight. As our passion increased, so did the velocity of my thrusts. I noticed Candy — her face right next to our hips and a glazed look in her eyes — as she stared at my cock entering Sam's juicy pussy. I felt the come begin to rise and I slammed into the depths of Sam's vagina as I released several powerful ejaculations of my hot sperm deep within her. When Sam felt me coming, she started shaking with her own orgasm. I then rolled over and lay exhausted on my back. Candy was still horny from the show she'd just watched, and she started kissing me passionately. Although my dick was temporarily out of action, I made good use of my hands and fingers as I quickly got her off by rubbing her hard clit with my thumb while thrusting two fingers in her snatch.

We all then spent an enjoyable half hour cuddling in each other's arms with our legs intertwined. These women provided me with the best sexual experience of my life. They said that I made them feel better than anyone ever had. I will remember them and the experience we shared always. — *Name and address withheld*

### Library of love

I am a student and have grey eyes that women find attractive. However, I have never been all that lucky with them in general.

One winter night I headed over to the library to do some studying. I didn't expect to learn what I did that night! I went down to my carrel in one of the more secluded spots in the library. I heard noises around the corner, and I went to investigate. I was excited by the sight that met my eyes. Two women in the throes of passion were doing a sixty-nine. I instantly came to attention. I stood there for a few moments before they noticed me, my hand unconsciously caressing my throbbing member, which was yearning to join the fray. One of the girls looked up and her eyes fixed on my anxious cock. "Like what you see?" she coyly asked.

They continued on as if I were not there. Even though I was really horny, I stood transfixed by the spectacle. One of the girls was tall and had red hair and perfect tits. The other was a short blonde with the nicest arse I've ever seen. The blonde girl paused from her lovemaking to look me over. "Ooooh," she said, "he's cute. Why don't we use him?"

Suddenly they were on me, licking me and taking my clothes off. They both admired my ample love tool, which was begging to satisfy them. The tall redhead, who said her name was Marilyn, bent down and started to give me an incredible blowjob. The other girl, whose name I didn't even know, licked my balls. Between their efforts I almost blew my load, but they sensed I was going to erupt. They stopped and pushed me on the floor. Marilyn eased her hot box on to me. She started to buck wildly while her friend fingered her clit. She moaned and then shuddered in orgasm. I sent my huge load into her and she collapsed on top of me. Marilyn eased off me and winked knowingly at her friend. "Do you think he's ready?" moaned the friend. She took my limp cock in her mouth and in a few minutes it was ready for another round. The blonde stopped and got on all fours. "Give it to me doggy-style," she begged.

She didn't need to ask twice. My piston eased into her from behind and started to pump. Marilyn was so turned on that she was getting herself off on a book. She was humping the corner of the book, which was glistening with her juices. I felt that I was going to come again really soon so I went at the blonde really hard. She groaned her appreciation and spasmed over and over in orgasm. I pulled out and came all over her luscious buns.

We lay there exhausted till we realised someone might find us there. We quickly dressed and decided to move the party back to my room. After that day my luck with women has changed for the better. — *Name and address withheld*

### Happy ending

During my time at the small college I attended, one of my favorite electives was a swimming class I took every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon. On one such afternoon, having completed an exhausting series of laps, I was back in the men's change room enjoying a hot relaxing shower.

When I finished showering, I found it odd that the black bikini briefs that I usually leave draped over the shower door were now missing. I opened the door, expecting to find them lying on the floor. They were not, nor could I find my towel — or any towel for that matter, clean or dirty! Since my swimsuit had my locker key pinned to it, I could not fetch my clothes. Luckily, I didn't have another class to attend, but I wondered how I was going to get to my room.

A late afternoon at my college saw a marked lull in student population; this rest occurred between the end of afternoon classes and the beginning of the evening's studies about three hours later. During this period, you could easily go the entire time in the change room without anyone seeing you. I realised then that I would probably be nude for quite some time. I weighed my options in a plan to traverse three hall corridors from the men's change room to the combination-lock locker I had. (It was in this locker that I had stowed a spare pair of underpants.)

I decided to leave the men's locker room by the exit leading outside to the playing fields. If I didn't get caught, I could walk as casually as possible through a back parking lot to the doors leading to my locker.

The sun of a hot, late-spring afternoon made me feel free. The warm wind felt good blowing through all my hair. It was a fantasy of mine come true — I was completely nude, out-of-doors, and without a way of covering myself. At the same time, I was more than a bit terrified; my heart thumped in my chest and my mouth was bone-dry.

Always looking, I began walking briskly. The recently watered grass felt good between my toes and my limp member was freely bouncing up and down. It was then, perhaps, that I realised I was having too good a time living out this fantasy. My cock was coming alive in an erection. Every vein in my dick bulged; the head of my throbber was cherry-red. (What I wouldn't have given at that moment for a towel or even an old rag.) I wanted to jerk off, but I knew that was not possible.

Then I saw Suzy, a beautiful woman of Japanese descent whom I had been admiring from afar for an entire semester, coming off the soccer field and down the grassy hill — toward me! I thought I was going to die right there out of sheer embarrassment. My cheeks were burning, I felt lightheaded, and my brain was telling me, "Run, you fucker," but my feet weren't responding.

She stood before me, sweating and out of breath, but smiling. Her ebony eyes were glued to my flagpole, watching as a stringy drool of precome deposited itself in the grass before me. It was a long uncomfortable minute before she spoke.

"Come in here with me," she said, "before someone else sees you." That was all it took. I allowed myself to be led into the women's locker room. (At this point, I really believed I hadn't any other choice. At the very least, I reasoned, I could find myself a towel.)

Suzy's legs were incredibly long and shapely, sliding off a tight, well-defined arse. Her breasts weren't very big, but the large nipples I could see rocketing out from them gave this bookmark between my legs something more to quiver about.

"Could you get the water in the shower nice and hot for us, please?" Suzy kissed me and stroked my penis, which nodded to her in return. A few minutes later she returned, naked, to share my shower. At that moment I saw her not merely for that beautiful Oriental body, but as an intelligent woman seeking pleasure and hoping for the reward that would feed her desires. All thoughts of escaping to my room or being discovered left me — I wanted to be inside Suzy.

As soon as she closed the shower door we embraced, our hands everywhere in a

wordless search for pleasure. With newfound passion, I fondled her breasts, sucking on those nipples, touching them, stroking them, fingering them in every way conceivable. Lathering up my hands, I ever so slowly rolled those tits beween my soapy fingers. Suzy closed her eyes and moaned softly during all of this. Her fingers ran through the hairs of my chest, pinching my nipples and turning my cock into cement. At one point, she was down on her knees, slurping and sucking my trembling rod like an anxious calf. When she rose to embrace me, my tongue enjoying the sensuous taste of her mouth, I nuzzled my red-hot rod against her inner thighs. Suzy spread her legs "bow-legged" fashion, and I slipped inside that warm pocket as far as I could go. She let out a moan.

Our thrusts were slow at first, as I savored the moist tightness of her pussy. I would almost pull out at times and then charge back in, which drove her crazy.

"I'm going to come," I said, catching my breath. But with a long, drawn-out "Oh!" Suzy came first and then I, seconds later, liberated my load on the wave of an uncontrollable groan.

I slipped out of her and we concluded our shower. We dried off well, using several towels. I used my towels to make a crude skirt and shoulder wrap. As I was about to leave, I felt Suzy touch my shoulder.

"Let's do that again soon," she said. Then she kissed me and left — the books for her next class in hand — by the exit to the playing fields. I left by the doors leading out of the gym.

After enduring a few wolf-whistles from some passing students, I finally arrived, towels intact, at my locker. There, hanging on the door handle, was my swimsuit, the gym-locker key still attached. Despite the pleasure Suzy and I received because of this incident, very shortly after all this happened I replaced the key lock on my gym locker with a combination lock. — *Name and address withheld*

### Suntan to go

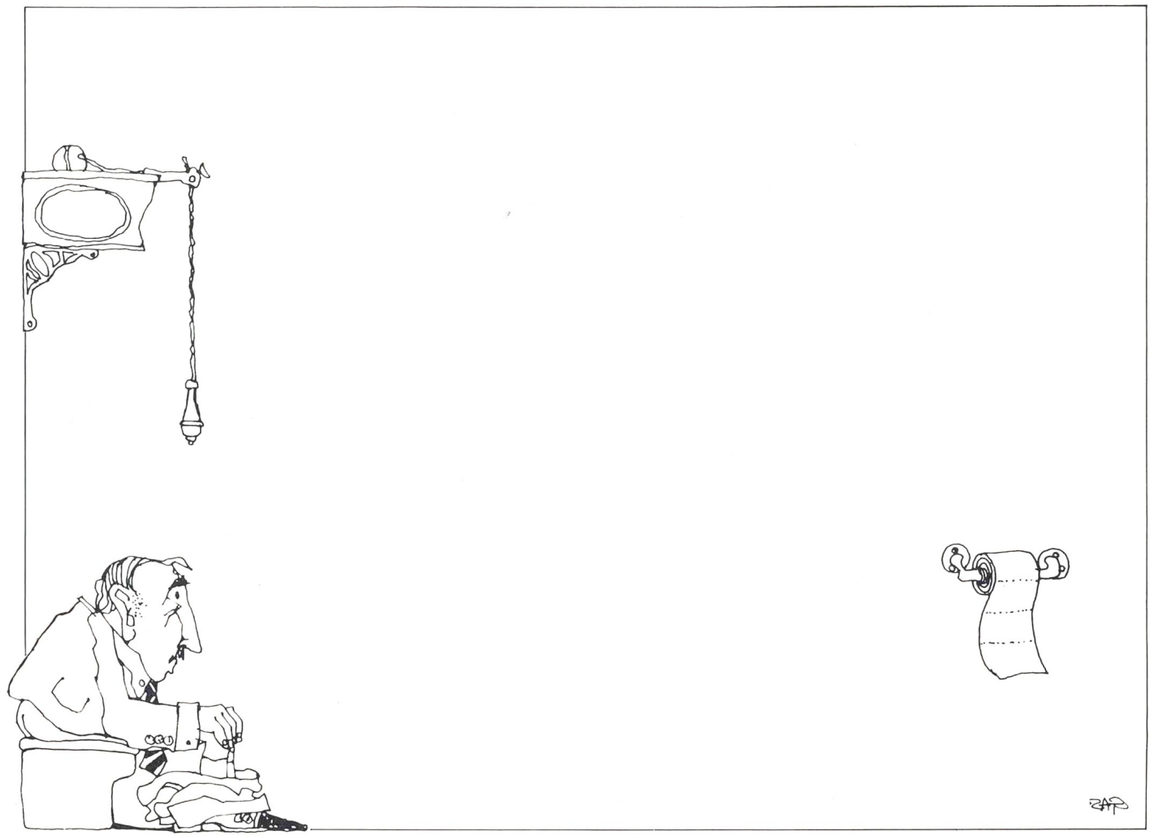
I attended a smallish university with my fiancee, Tina. During my annual trip home I had an experience I'd like to share with you.

As usual, it was my job to pack the car. While I was bending down to check the tyre pressure, my cock slipped out of my jogging shorts. I looked up at Tina, and she obviously noticed my seven-inch instrument of pleasure hanging out. In fact, she grabbed it and slipped it back into my shorts for me. A short time later, we were on our way home.

We were on the road for about half an hour when Tina said, "Will you put the top down on the car — I'm hot!" I pulled the car over, and while I was putting the top down, she slipped off her pants. Underneath she had on a pair of high-cut red-and-white shorts. They were tight against her firm thighs. She said she wanted to tan while I was driving. Naturally, I agreed. She reached down beside the seat and released it to the reclining position. Then she pulled off her tank top to expose her round, firm tits.

I pulled back into traffic, and we were on our way again. She leaned forward and pulled out a bottle of suntan oil from the glove box. She splashed the oil on to her tits and rubbed it in very carefully. The vigorous massage caused her nipples to stand out. Her skin was golden brown; the sun was shining on her voluptuous tits.

I went over a bump and the abrupt jerk conveniently spilled the bottle of oil on to her shorts. She quickly tugged them off. The oil had soaked through to her pelvis. Her bush became matted, and the oil ran on to her clit. She propped up her arse and separated her legs. She grabbed a towel from the backseat and rubbed her bush dry. With her left hand she pulled her cunt lips apart and slipped her two right fingers in. She swung her arse and pussy around to give me an eyeful. The pink flesh stood out next to her tan fingers. Her fingers moved in and out of her twat faster and faster. Suddenly her head dropped back, and she let out a long moan. She removed her fingers and began to lap up her love juices.



**Penthouse readers have always enjoyed life at the top.**

APB 0919-A HKN0204 Foster Nunn Loveder

# FORUM

My dick grew with each passing moment. Tina looked down and saw my cock growing inside my shorts. She yanked it out and wrapped her mouth around it, and with each tongue motion she sent me further into ecstasy. She started at the top of my shaft and licked vigorously to the bottom. Working her way back to the top again, she slowly took it all. The slow, wet, warm movement made my balls ache. I filled her mouth with my come with a force so powerful I thought I blew the back of her head off.

She looked up at me with come still running down the side of her mouth and said, "I want more." She told me to pull over. After climbing on top of my lap she slipped my cock into her oily pussy. We made love until the sun went down. She came a few times and then fell back into the seat. Later I learned she had planned the day so I would never forget what happened. — *Name and address withheld*

### The birthday fairy

Last night we witnessed something that we will never forget. One of our brothers in vice, Allan, turned 20. It's a ritual to go out with a brother on his birthday and celebrate the start of his third decade. It was Friday night and the traditional uni parties were in full swing. We planned to hit a few parties and wind up at a local bar.

At the first party, we went to get Al a beer. The line was rather long and when we returned, to our surprise, we found Al sitting in the corner with a young, voluptuous fresher. We started to think we would never make it to the bar. After five minutes, he came over to tell us that they were going back to his room. We decided that we'd hang out and drink a few more beers. The beers were beginning to take effect and we were starting to feel a little horny. Since the girl-guy ratio wasn't very good at the party, we decided to leave. We went back to our house to drink there for a while.

We had almost forgotten about Allan, but when we walked by his room we decided we'd take a look at how he was doing with his new friend. Since the door was locked, we went around to the balcony outside his room. As luck would have it, the light was on and the shades were open. Our voyeuristic tendencies were showing. We had a perfect view of the entire room, and especially of the bed on which the two were lying. They were obviously feeling a little intimate. Allan leaned over and planted a long kiss on the girl's neck. We could only imagine what we were about to witness. Before we knew it, her blouse and bra were lying on the floor and his hands were roaming freely over her supple body. In what seemed like the blink of an eye, both were completely naked, and the evening's activities were about to commence.

We couldn't help but notice that Al's penis was fully erect, and we could see the glistening liquid of love slowly emerging from her steaming cunt. It was becoming increasingly difficult to conceal our own erections, barely five or six feet from the couple in the room immersed in passion. We heard her hoarse voice whisper: "Go down on me, Al!" Like a well-trained soldier in the combat of love, Al's experienced tongue repeatedly stroked her engorged clitoris and soon her entire body started shuddering in the throes of orgasm. We were all surprised that he did not drown in her love juices.

Al had been mastrubating the whole time and was on the verge of climax himself. His partner wanted more, and was anticipating what would come next. Al was not going to let her down. He mounted her and injected his throbbing cock into her glistening slit. We mustered every ounce of self-control to restrain from cheering him on. We decided to remain inconspicuous observers, so that we would not interrupt a very special birthday night. After a few minutes in the missionary position, he reluctantly withdrew and rolled over on his back to let her take charge. She straddled him and started bucking wildly. We saw his face tense up and we knew that he was about to come, but it looked as though she was going to beat him to it, as she was thrashing toward her second orgasm of the evening. The pounding grew faster and faster as he filled her with his white gold. He withdrew, looking spent. But his birthday night was not over yet.

Al's energy was returning as his date started greedily licking her own love juices off his growing eight-inch rod. With a groan, Al said. "*I'm* taking charge now!" We didn't know what to expect, but there was no time to wonder as Al helped the girl get on her hands and knees. He slowly inserted his prick from behind as her look of anticipation turned into a look of pure unadulterated ecstasy. She arched her back so she could take his full penetration. The furious pounding increased as we watched.

The pace quickened to a feverish rate, as he was getting ready for his final orgasm. She started to shriek in pleasure and then she howled, "Harder, Al, harder!" We could not believe our eyes or our ears! The situation was almost unreal. We could tell that Al could not hold out much longer. His face went flush and we all knew what was to follow. He let out a guttural sound as he shot his load into her yearning pussy. She responded with her own volley of primordial groans, and fell limp on the bed with Al slumping next to her. The look on his face was a combination of exhaustion and pure satisfaction.

The girl rose from the bed, dressed, kissed Al on the lips, and said: "Happy birthday!" With that she left, unaware that her exhibition had given us an evening that we would never forget. We walked back to our rooms, dreaming of our birthdays. — *Name and address withheld*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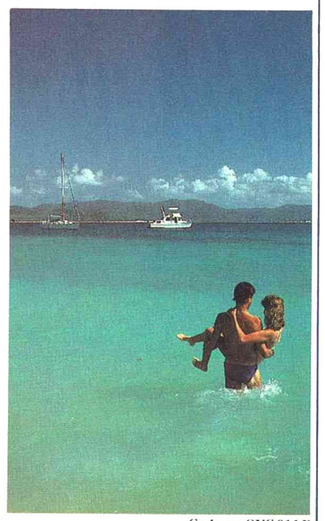

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VOL 2323

# THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS

## ANGER

### MAIL ORDER MADNESS

Ever since, as a credulous eight-year-old, I wrote all the way to America for a pair of X-Ray specs which promised to let me see clean through Miss Johnson's dress to the naughty bits beneath (even a clear view of her pelvic bone — all I should reasonably have hoped for — would have been better than nothing), I have been a pathetic victim of the dream merchants. I have, believe it or not, paid thousands of bucks to Maharishi Mahesh Yogi in order to learn how to fly and become invisible; I have wrestled with bullworkers, shelled out for subliminal tapes to give up smoking, doused myself with pheromones, dabbled in hypnotism, happily handed over small fortunes to an assortment of alternative healers, clairvoyants and lunatics, and even flirted somewhat painfully with a penis enlarger — all to no avail.

This record of dedicated and spectacular stupidity has led me to speculate on what the world would be like if all the promises dished up in the classifieds were actually true. Looking into a hypothetical crystal ball like this is a tough task, but it would be a snack if I were to start by ordering the subliminal cassette promising "Unlimited Mental Power." While I was at it, I could probably use a "Winning Self-Image", "Increased Personal Power", "Pinpoint Concentration", a "Magnetic Personality" and "More Enjoyment In Sex" (what's the use of all this if you can't enjoy a good root?) At 35 bucks a pop, I'd better throw in the "Prosperity — Financial Success" tape for good measure. Alternatively, I could just go down to the newsagent and win Lotto, either by learning "The Lotto Secret" (no astrology, no guesswork) or by rushing off my cheque for $17.50 to learn the secrets of the Kabbalah ("Nostradamus was a user and he said: 'He who will mastermind the Kabbalah will control the world' . . . After many years of research, the writer has produced this stunning system . . .")

In the Brave New World where classifieds come true, no-one would be saddled with a small/limp/unsightly dick, low self-esteem, the wrong sexual odor, the lack of hair or a devastating opening line, or the disconcerting inability to Read Anyone's Mind ("Truly incredible! Incredibly true!") or to Hypnotise Anyone, Any Time ("Use this strange new method for complete control over others!") With those essential attributes of a healthy, happy life in tow, we could then concentrate on eliminating the petty frustrations that mar our existence. For instance: "Beat Traffic Tickets. Save your licence. Stop paying fines. The secrets of how to get out of those troublesome traffic violations." Or what about this: "Get Out Of Debt Free — In 90 Minutes. No Gimmicks." Or "How To Increase Your Credit Rating." What about lack of personal prestige? No problem: "Anybody, even a grade school dropout, can quickly and easily obtain 'instant' university degrees by mail — without any study — once you know how and where to get them." Want some really heavy duty letters after your name? What about a neat little Doctor of Divinity Degree from the Church of the Modern Apostles, in exchange for a $60 offering? ("Even nicer than our Certificate of Ordination, this document is your admission to the world of learned men and women.")

Money problems would, of course, be a thing of the past: "How to buy a business for no money down and sell it for a fortune"; "How to buy everything at real wholesale prices"; "How to buy cars for $50"; "Utilising just two hours per day, enjoy the thrill of becoming rich and famous."

After a lifetime of disappointments at the hands of the dream merchants, I'm ready to spit the dummy. Unfortunately, there are many who cling to the belief that The Answer lies buried somewhere in six-point type in the back pages of *Australasian Post*.

The *Sydney Morning Herald* recently reported the case of an American who, when told by a clairvoyant that he was soon to inherit a fortune, went out and blew his life savings at the track. Pissed off when the promised windfall was not forthcoming, he used the US equivalent of Consumer Affairs to sue the mystic for all she was worth (a considerable sum, no doubt). Arch-conservative Sydney radio personality John Pearce used the case as a launching pad for yet another shot at Consumer Affairs, claiming the department was the last resort of the idiotic and greedy and should be abolished. The problem with this, however, is that the world is teeming with idiots. A brief glance at the classifieds is evidence enough of that, but lest there be any doubt, consider the case of the mail order shark who placed an ad saying: "This is your last chance to send $2 to . . . Act now!" and was living on easy street until a court ordered him to return the thousands of contributions he received. — *P. McDonald*

Illustration by Drahos Zak

# LUST

## HANDLING HERPES

Evidently, what I'm about to "confess" is enough to consign me to the social garbage dump as a leper of the Eighties. You see, I'm a herpes sufferer — at 25. From what I've read and been told, this disclosure is enough to prompt women to keep their distance with the proverbial ten-foot pole. Is this strange?

This may be the first time anyone's ever admitted to you that they suffer herpes. Yes? Now *that* is strange. Estimates have it that something like 100 million people suffer recurrent attacks. In the USA alone, more than 300,000 new cases are diagnosed each year. The herpes virus is believed to have infected mankind for at least two million years.

So what's new? The STD conspiracy theory, in which herpes has been unjustifiably linked with AIDS purely by virtue of the fact that both diseases are incurable. There are now treatments, such as the much-heralded Zovirax, which reduces the frequency and severity of herpes attacks. But I probably won't be buying it, and the reason isn't solely the fact that it costs about $12 a hit . . .

Meanwhile, doctors are advising people who want to be sure they're not going to catch anything to avoid all possible contact with herpes carriers. This is strange to me. I have herpes. I lead an active sex life. I have had steady girlfriends who don't have the disease. I'm sure I've never infected anyone.

Make no mistake. When they say herpes attacks are hell — and worth avoiding — they really mean it. It's *terrible* — open sores on the penis, incredible muscular and nervous discomfort. There is nothing nice about a herpes attack.

But the sores heal. The pain goes away. Soon you want to have sex again. Having experienced an attack, if you have any feeling for humanity, you'll not want to inflict it on anyone. So how do you cope?

This may sound a bit condescending, but I believe it's a fact: you don't need *drugs*. You have to *use your brain*. You don't have sex when you have any hint of sores. I have perhaps one attack a year now (touch wood), but I can recognise the symptoms at a very early stage, a few days before any visible signs: an uncomfortable tension in the lower back and stiffness in the legs. I can *feel* it. I turn the tables: I attack the virus.

My own rationale is this: I think of an attack as my body imploring me to pay attention to its upkeep. That may sound absurd, but stress, vice and inadequate diet seem to contribute to the onset of an attack. At the first sign, I'm on my back under a blanket each evening in front of the TV taking care of myself. I eat fresh fruit and vegetables — heaps. I don't drink or otherwise indulge. And I use my brain, literally: a series of meditation exercises acts as a shortcut to relaxation — during the ads. Generally, I clean up my act.

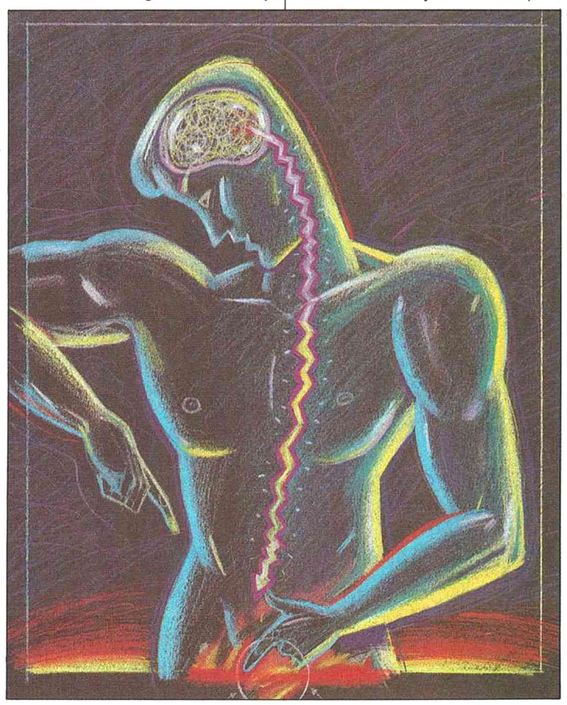

Illustration by Chris Payne

Everyone can devise their own approach, but I'm suggesting that we don't have to be at the mercy of a drug's effectiveness. It seems to work for me. I cope.

One thing's for sure: there's no drug treatment for what can happen to your self-esteem. When I first contracted the virus five years ago, it was like a huge, ominous mental block in the early stages of relationships. You have to confess — to yourself, as much as anyone — that you have it and that you must take extraordinary care of yourself. There is nothing romantic about breaking off that first kiss to tell a woman you have herpes, but in the early days I would suggest you do it anyway, just to get it through to yourself. If it's on your mind, you'll feel a whole lot better. When you do this a few times and realise that you don't infect women you sleep with if you follow the rules, there doesn't seem to be this big confession to make. Frankly, I don't think of it. I'm not shy in bed, and I go for it.

If it looks like a one-off, I leave it at that. But if we're to get together some more, I generally find it enters my head in the next week or so — and I spit it out before it becomes a nervous issue. Hopefully, she'll ask questions about it, during which time I'll explain that the last thing I want to do is inflict herpes on anyone, and that I wouldn't have made love to her if I thought it was an issue (which I wouldn't).

If during an attack you still desperately want to shtupp her (or vice versa), I suggest you wear a condom, for Chrissakes. But very carefully. *Don't ever touch your sores*. If you think how gruesome genital herpes is, think how much you'd like to transfer the virus to your eyes. Wash your hands at every opportunity, though this should be a ritual before any sexual contact, anyway. Otherwise, simply abstain from sex for a few weeks until it passes (but remember that your tongue and mouth don't necessarily carry the virus.)

To the poor bastards who can't seem to shake attacks over a period of years, sure, Zovirax will seem a Godsend. But a reappraisal of lifestyle and attitudes could be in order. Sufferers should line up a good straight heart-to-heart with a friend or professional to get to the bottom of any *dis-ease* that may be contributing to a nervous system imbalance.

I dare say herpes can be a springboard to a better understanding of yourself sexually. Remember, too, that the longer you harbor resentment about catching it, the more you set up just the right conditions for further attacks. Forgive — and then forget. — *C. Bond*

# AVARICE

## PROFIT PROPHECIES

Anyone interested in making money through investments ought to be thoroughly familiar with the Law of Economic Gravity, which was formulated by myself a couple of years ago in that well-known think-tank and corporate consultancy, the corner pub.

The law states simply this: what goes up must come down — and the other way round, too.

Based on years of research and experience, it is, like all good and true laws of nature, so blindingly obvious one wonders why it hasn't been put into words before. Well, it has been: they call it the business cycle and some of this century's greatest economic brains have devoted their lives to its study.

We don't have to go that far. All we need is the basic principle: if a price is high, one day it will be low; and if a price is low, one day it will be high.

Take mud, for example. At most times the price of mud is very low, very low indeed — if it has a price at all. The demand for mud is, usually, miniscule to zero. But if you hang around long enough — it may require a couple of generations — one day someone somewhere somehow will say: "Mud. I must have some mud. How much for your mud?"

Or take Cliffminex NL, a share which, on the strength of a "chance" conversation in a bar involving a rabbit and a first-class company scammer, soared to great heights and then plummeted to ignominious depths — whence it should never have risen in the first place. If, like me, you happened to miss the ride up, you were stuck with a share worth approximately two-tenths of stuff all. Stick it away and forget it.

Some time later along comes a simple Pommy migrant who is not at all simple; he wants to get into mining shares. He looks around and there are all these spivs and sharks and earnest promoters with drill logs and assays and grams per tonne and specific gravities and outrageous premiums on their worthless shares. The Pom shuns these respectable companies and goes to good old Cliffminex, which had passed through the hands of all three of those West Aussie wheeler-dealers whose exploits gave Perth-based mining companies a reputation they are still trying to live down.

Cliffminex was in fact like the town bike. Everyone had been through her and had dumped her. When Garnet Harrison came along she was cleaning out dunnies at the local pub. Now Garnet was able to perceive that beneath her grime and rags there was still a lady; not only that, she was a lady you didn't have to spend heaps on taking out to expensive restaurants.

As he said at the time of mounting his takeover bid for Cliffminex, "I don't have to pay anything for goodwill, because Cliffminex had no reputation at all, except as a disaster — or worse."

Of course Cliffminex, now called Minoil, didn't go on to become Miss Australia, but Minoil has been scrubbed up enough to be quite a respectable little addition to anyone's portfolio. If you want to buy some, watch them for a while, see when they come off their high price and jump in when they are low.

(*Disclosure:* This writer has shares in Minoil and is always on the lookout for some poor mug to take them off his hands so he can get out at a profit — therefore be warned.)

The big trick with stock market investing is going in or getting out at the right time. How do we know when is the right time? Simple: you go in when you see potential and you get out when that potential is realised.

Potential is there when a thing is cheap for reasons other than that it's about to go out of business. It could be cheap because it's momentarily out of fashion, because the industry it operates in is having difficulties, or maybe it's just been left behind in the rush. Whatever, if you see a share that last year was one dollar but is now only 60 cents, check it out. If the reason is discernible but you reckon there is potential for the thing to come back, well, back your judgement and take a punt.

Okay, now when do you get out? When you're making a profit. The basic rule here is a good one: don't hang on for the max. Few people sell out at the top. When Poseidon reached $280 a share only about five shares were sold at that price. A million went at much lower prices and you'd have had a better chance of making a profit by selling on the way up than on the way down.

The rule then, restated, is to leave a little for the next bloke. Don't be greedy and want the lot because you'll have trouble flogging it off unless *the buyers* can see potential. So take your cut and cop it sweet. Nobody ever went bad taking profits. — *David Quicksilver*

Illustrations by Graham Rendoth



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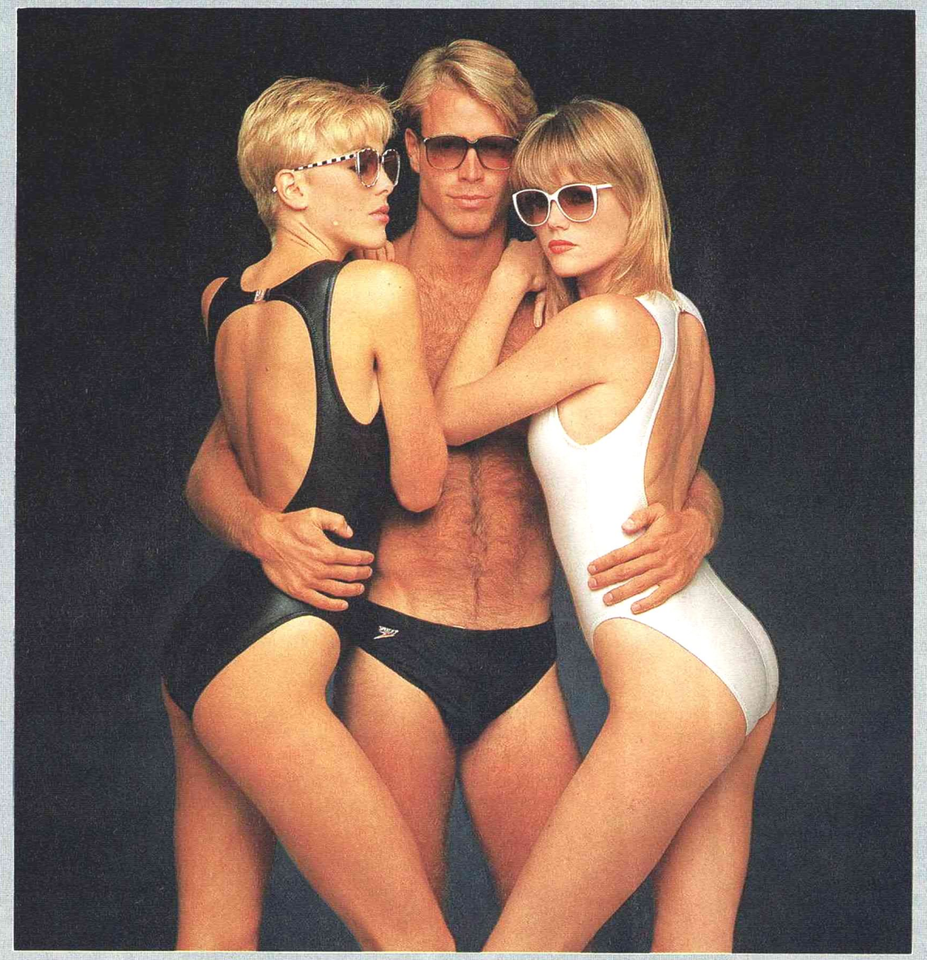

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# GLUTTONY

## THE BARON OF THE BAROSSA

After just ten minutes with the man, it's hard to look at winemaker Peter Lehmann without imagining a wreath of vine leaves around his noggin and a toga enveloping his chunky form. Not to be too fanciful here, but you don't even have to squint your eyes to see that this bloke does a very good impression of Bacchus, that good-timing Greek god of the grape. The creases in the Lehmann visage tell tales of indulgence, laughter, lust and love of life. And when he opens his mouth to loose some joke that would straighten the hairpins in your maiden aunt's bun, the picture is complete.

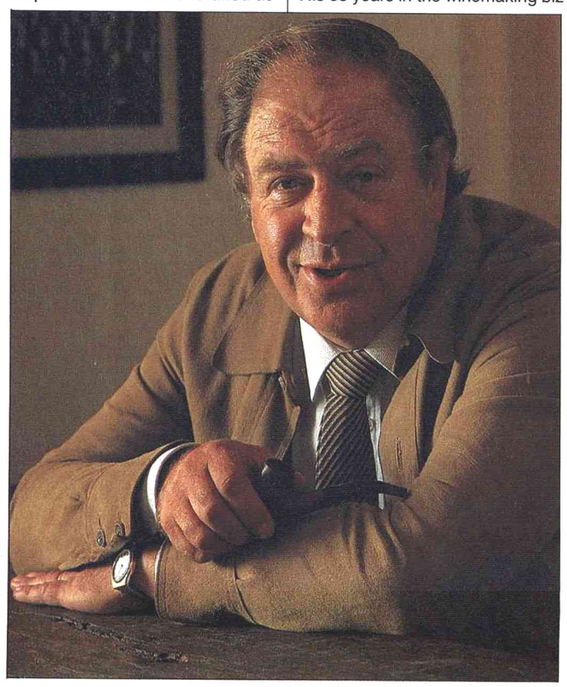
It may have taken five generations of good Lutheran Lehmanns on Barossa soil to do it, but they have produced the closest Australia's got to a deity for the wine drinking man. Tell that to Peter Lehmann himself and he'll tell you you're twanging the wire.

Lehmann's been called a lot of things in his 56 years. And amid a long list of ribald epithets, such descriptions as "miracle worker", "savior" and "prophet" appear to echo the deity theme. Lehmann shrinks from them. Give him "The Baron Of The Barossa" any day.

Lehmann earned the Biblical tags from the grape growers of the Barossa, many of whom, like Lehmann, have links with the valley stretching back many generations. While tourists continue to flock to the deeply traditional region, many of those who earn their living from its soil are facing financial ruin. Years of overproduction of certain grape varieties combined with changing wine vogues have resulted in much of the prime fruit being left to wither on the vine. A massive oversupply of Rhine Reisling last season, with two million litres already in storage from previous seasons, has seen the minimum price for the variety fall from $385 per tonne to $190. Where growers can sell their produce at all, the return barely matches their investment. Some growers are opting to rip up sections of their vineyards for a $320 per hectare payment from the Federal Government in its "vine pull" scheme aimed at reducing the crisis. In the Barossa, destroying a healthy vine can be tantamount to infanticide.

Peter Lehmann fits into the picture as the key force behind Masterson Wines, a company which, since its formation in 1979, has bought up sizeable percentages of the surplus fruit from the beleaguered growers. From the grapes Masterson makes wines to be sold as bulk and some to be marketed under their own Peter Lehmann Wines label.

Earlier this year the Masterson tanks held 250,000 litres of unwanted reisling, yet the company held to its commitment to buy more. Around 200,000 litres of the surplus was sold to be fortified as dry sherry. The fate of the prime reisling prompted Lehmann to wryly quip: "Those masked tasters on the park benches are going to notice a hike in quality."



It was as much to say: "You win some, you lose some" — which could well be the motto of Masterson Wines. The company takes its name from Sky Masterson, a die-hard gambler from author Damon Runyon's colorful *Broadway Stories*. Runyon is Peter Lehmann's favorite author — and once again, it doesn't require much effort to imagine the burly bull-artist slinging it with the best of the guys and dolls over a strudel and a poker game at Mindy's in a Runyon tale.

According to the aficionados, Lehmann's bull-artistry is matched only by his artistry in creating wine. His 38 years in the winemaking biz began when, as the 17-year-old son of a Lutheran pastor, he began working at Yalumba in 1947. In 1959 he moved to Saltram as chief winemaker, and during his 20 years with the company he earned a reputation as a maker of excellent wines and forged his close relationship with the Barossa growers.

In 1979 Saltram was sold to Seagram, the biggest wine and spirit company in the world. Seagram policy decreed that contracts with grape growers, some generations in existence, would no longer be honored. Lehmann could not accept the situation and left to form his own company in conjunction with Cerebos and the South Australian farm equipment suppliers Anders. In November 1979 the foundation stone of Masterson Vintners was laid .

In 1980 Peter Lehmann Wines produced Rhine Reisling, Pinot Noir, Shiraz Cabernet, Cabernet Sauvignon and vintage port. Lehmann's Semillon Sauternes were first made in '81 and his highly praised Chardonnay debuted in '84. For a succinct appraisal of the quality of Lehmann's wines, go no further than Murray Tyrell, owner of our oldest surviving family wine company. Tyrell has a cellar full of them. He calls Lehmann the finest winemaker to come out of the Barossa in the last 30 years.

Lehmann can live with that. He loves drinking his own wine, sometimes getting drunk on his own brilliance. And he'll tell you that as he pushes his chair back from a hearty repast, sipping on his own Sauterne and lighting up a B&H.

"To those who say smoking has a detrimental effect on your tastebuds, I say bullshit," Lehmann observes. "Some of the best wine tasters in Australia enjoy the occasional cigar or cigarette. But that reminds me of the two old girls remembering their sex lives. 'Ivy,' says one, 'Did you ever smoke after intercourse?' 'To tell you the truth, Gladys,' says the other, 'I never thought to look.'" Where are you, Mr Runyon, when we needs you? — *C.J. Mackay*

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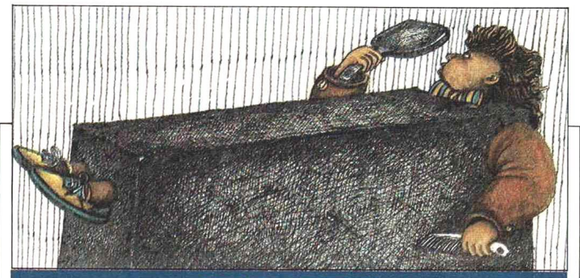
# VANITY



BRIEF NOTES

Underpants have two primary purposes: to prevent laceration of the lance when undoing the fly, and to absorb skid marks before they stain the strides. Most of the available styles will perform these vital functions well enough.

End of story? Not quite. As the Holeproof jingle said, "One day, you're gonna get caught with your pants down." Let's hope so, anyway. And when you do, you'll want to present your credentials in the best possible light. If a woman may be judged by the quality of her undergarments, the same is true of a bloke and his jocks.

Vanity, however, isn't the only consideration when it comes to wrapping up the family jewels. Before shelling out on the latest in phallic fashion, you need to think about comfort and hygiene. No use putting up with a nasty rash or maddening itch in exchange for a brief moment of glory that may never come.

With these factors in mind, let's consider the newest entrant in the Grundy Stakes: boxer shorts. Their fashion appeal lies mainly in the fact that they aren't new at all; your father and his father before him were into boxers long before Y-fronts were popular. Now marketed in various sexy and novelty design patterns that would have labelled dear old Grandad a raging pillow-biter, they made a huge impact in Europe and the States last year.

Francois de Givry, who runs an enterprising clothing company called St Tropez, has been targetting the Aussie male in the past year and has done reasonably well with his boxer range, although they're more a novelty gift item here. De Givry reckons boxers are more comfortable than jocks, and that "any woman will tell you a normal, well-built man looks better in boxer shorts." He also cites American research showing that briefs, which hold the testicles closer to body and thus raise their temperature, create a climate too warm for the unhindered manufacture of sperm. Since no-one has ever suggested the standard jock as a contraceptive device, this effect is probably of no great importance. Anyway, the St Tropez Clothing Company will let you dangle 'em free in six sizes and a large assortment of cute prints (the cute look is definitely in, apparently) for around $14 a pair.

From a comfort point of view, boxers don't have the adaptability of the jockey brief. Getting a tight pair of jeans over them would require numerous adjustments to the angle of the dangle, with no guarantee of a good result. However, they are made of pure cotton, and that's where hygiene comes in. For the average guy, pure cotton beats synthetic fabrics because it's cooler, doesn't sweat, and doesn't cause itches or rashes. In other words, it doesn't end up smelling like . . . an old pair of jocks. Polyester briefs often have a cotton gusset for these reasons.

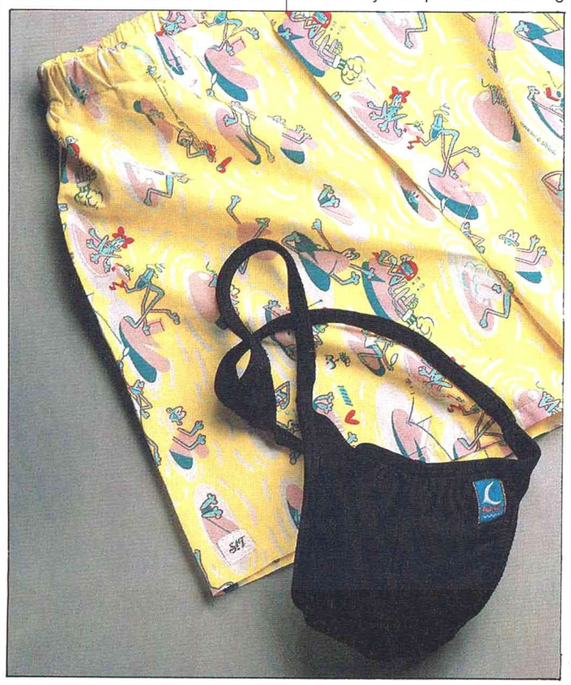


Photo by Geoff Howden

Running concurrently with the Boxer Rebellion is an upsurge of interest in the ultra-sexy G-string. Once purely a novelty item (popular as a buck's party gift among those who couldn't afford an inflatable doll), the G-string has emerged from the closet to take its place in the mainstream Grundy market. Again, they come in numerous cute designs for the corny at heart, in stretch nylon or pure cotton (a much better choice for most people), and with or without a "seat", for anything up to $25. They may look sexy, but they fail to perform one of the vital functions (see: skidmarks), and unless you actually enjoy the irritation caused by a strip of cloth running clean up your crack, the safe route is to give them the flick.

Leaving aside Calvin Klein's current preoccupation with unisex Y-fronts (might be big in the States, but still guaranteed to cause howls of derision in Aussie locker rooms), we're left with the most practical of all underwear designs: the standard brief or jock. Even these have undergone a transformation of sorts. Rifle through the odd socks drawer and you'll probably come up with at least one pair of gaudily colored jocks featuring some appalling horse, clown or motor car motif — or even worse, a Jockette of the Month (remember?). These days Jockey produces a complete range of hipster-style undies with tasteful stripes and subtle prints. According to Jockey's sales manager David Thomas, the revival of interest in dressing well definitely extends to the underwear department: "Men are more aware of how they look in a change room, and they want to look smart."

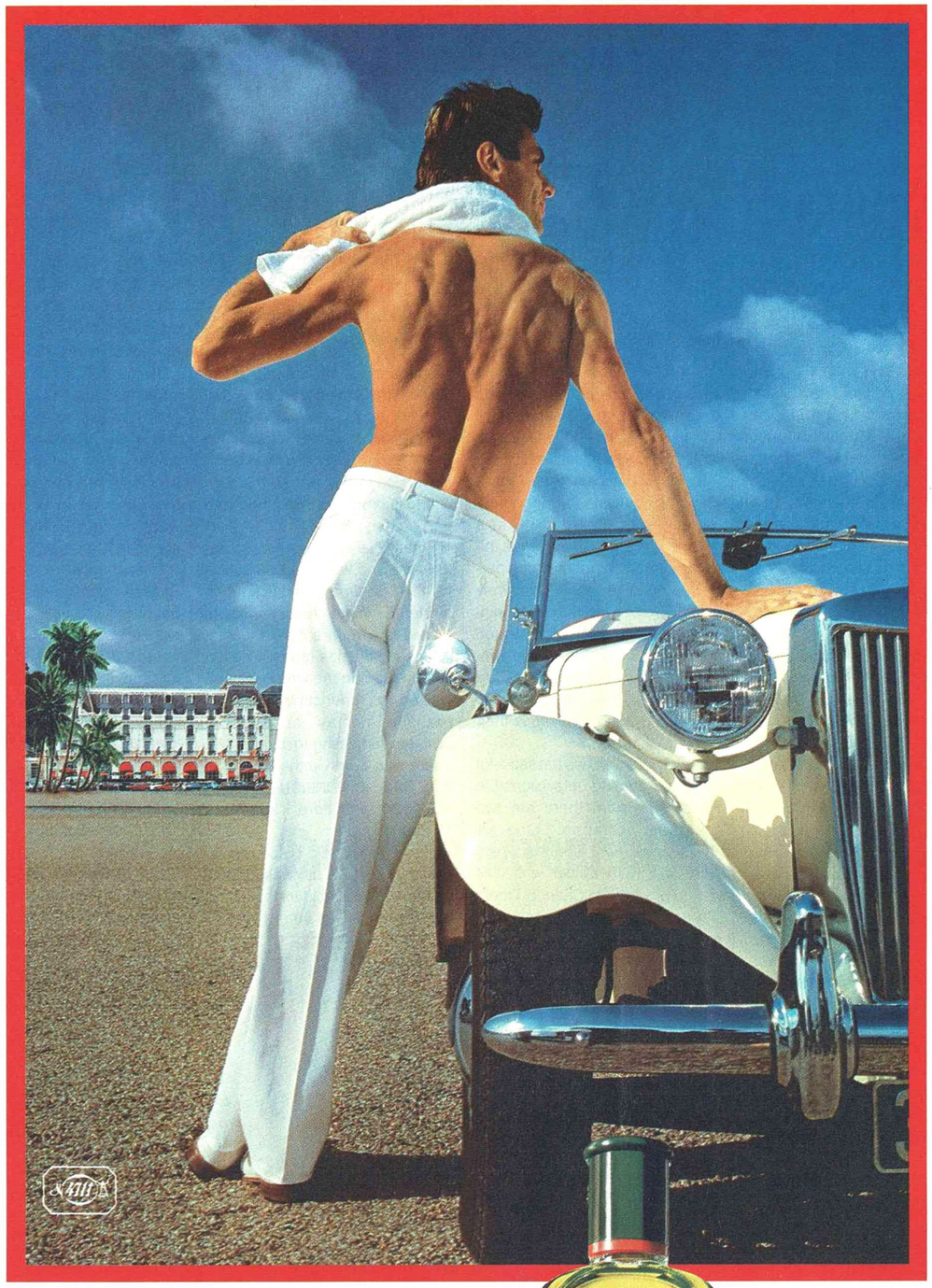
That being the case, why not go the whole hog? Blokes who have the bucks and want the very best are getting into the range of French and Italian imports, at anything from $8 to $20 a pair. Brands like Eminence, Homme, Zegna, Port-Cros and Benji all confer the advantages of pure cotton and incorporate the fashion for sexiness.

Buying underwear at these prices presents a ticklish dilemma: since you can't try them on, how do you know they'll fit? A colleague recently did an undie raid on a salubrious Double Bay men's shop and later found (he insists he's not bragging here) that the eight pairs he purchased wouldn't let him breathe where he needed to most. Since the imported brands all feature an individual "cut", the solution is simple: find the one that most suits the requirements of your crotch, and stick to it (no pun intended).

With those tips to guide you, buying underwear should no longer be a hassle. You might even find it an uplifting experience.
— *Peter McDonald*



A PART OF HIS WORLD.



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# ENVY

## WEST IS BEST

In this article, I hope to satisfy some of your curiosity about the Soviet Union, and then maybe you will understand even more why a man would jump off a ship *twice* to try and leave.

First of all, I should tell you that not everyone in the Soviet Union is miserable and envious of the Western way of life. Many Russians lead a very happy life, because when you don't have anything to compare it to, you don't realise how bad you've got it. I, however, did learn that there were many great things outside the Soviet Union from talking to the tourists I would meet during the time I was working as a comedian on a Russian luxury cruise ship, *The Love Barge*.

What surprises me is that many people don't think we have comedy in Russia. To you, "Russian comedian" must sound like "Mormon hippie." Of course, there are some restrictions on your material. You are not allowed to talk about subjects like politics, sex, or religion, but that still leaves many topics we could joke about — like fish, or buttons . . . You have to be very careful about what you say onstage. If you say, "Take my wife, please" — when you get home, she's gone! One thing that *was* better in Russia was show business. Here, it's very hard to find an agent, but in Russia, agents always find *you*.

When I am asked how I got out of Russia, I sometimes sense a feeling of disappointment when I tell people that I did not defect. I think, to Westerners, there is something very glamorous and exciting about defecting. Maybe they're right. I don't think we'll ever see a movie about a guy who fills out a visa application and then waits for a reply, but it still is the most popular way to leave. As a matter of fact, four out of five dissidents prefer it to defecting, but it's not as simple as it sounds. It took over two years for me and my parents to get permission to leave. In that time, the government does everything in its power to discourage you. They investigate you, get you fired from your job, and turn your friends against you. It's just like being on *60 Minutes*.

My parents and I patiently awaited approval of our exit visas in our tiny, one-room communal apartment. This living arrangement made it very awkward for me as a boy growing up. There was no privacy at all. Whenever my parents wanted to make love, they would tell me to look out the window. One time, my father asked me what I could see out the window. I said, "Our neighbors are making love." He asked me how I could tell. I said, "Because their son is looking at me."

During this wait, we passed a lot of time watching television. On Soviet television, there are two channels. Channel One is propaganda. On Channel Two, there is a KGB officer who tells you, "Turn back to Channel One!" Occasionally, they stop the propaganda long enough to run Soviet soap operas like *One Day To Live* and *Search For All My Children*, or game shows like *Bowling For Food* and the Russian version of *You Bet Your Life*. (If you lose, you don't go home with party gifts!).

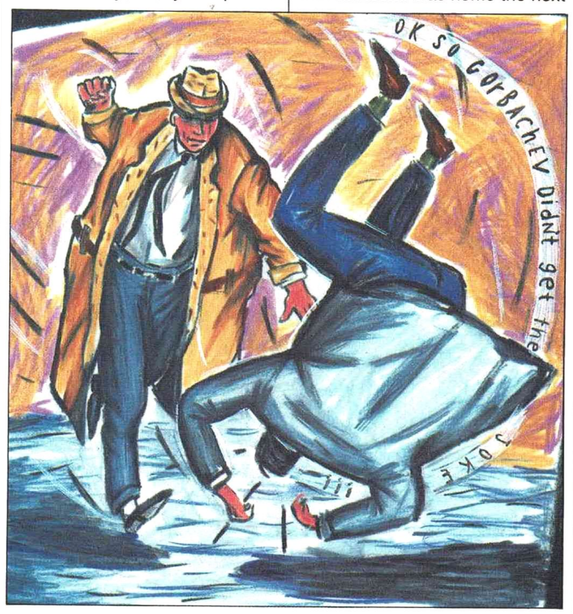


Illustration by John Michell

Finally, we received permission to leave and we found ourselves for the first time on an American airplane. What luxury! Soviet planes are different — the rest rooms are outside (and it's no fun if you're facing the wrong way). It was on the American plane that I realised I may have some problems adjusting to my new life. There was a sign in the bathroom that said NO FOREIGN OBJECTS ALLOWED, and here I was on a 12-hour flight!

Once we found a place to live, the first thing we did was order a telephone. They told us to be sure that someone was home the next day between nine and five, and they would bring us our phone. The next day! We couldn't believe it! I realise that many Westerners find this an inconvenience, but when we ordered a phone in Russia, they told us to have someone home between 1963 and 1976.

To this day, supermarkets are a constant source of amazement to me. There is so much selection and always new and sometimes confusing (to me) products — like scented toilet paper. What a country! Although for a long time, I wasn't quite sure when you were supposed to smell it.

Even though we knew very little English when we arrived, we bought all the newspapers. They were filled with so many things we never had in Soviet papers — like information.

Many of you have probably heard of the Soviet newspaper *Pravda*. Translated into English, *Pravda* means "the truth," even though it is filled with lies and misinformation. I have seen publications of equal quality in the West, but they usually have a picture of Linda Evans on the cover and most people know not to take these papers too seriously. The sad part is, in Russia, *Pravda* is the equivalent of *The Age*. Nobody questions the legitimacy of the articles — twice. I used to have a *Pravda* paper route when I was a boy, but I quit because the government kept making my route larger and larger. I got tired of riding my bike to Czechoslovakia.

One of my most interesting experiences in the West was performing in Las Vegas. I didn't really know what to make of everything, but I'll tell you this — I like your version of roulette much better!

Besides all the wonderful freedoms that my countrymen envy, the West also has many other little features that I feel make a big difference — things like warning shots. Those are great! In Russia, they don't shoot up in the air. They shoot at you, and that's the warning for the next guy! — *Yakov Smirnoff*



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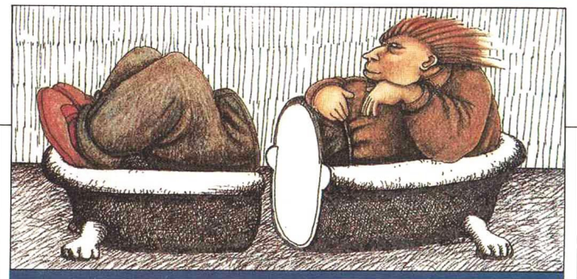
# SLOTH



## THE ART OF INERTIA

I write these words to alert the travel industry to the fact that they're missing out on a major market.

I refer, of course, to the slothful traveller — the lounge lizard, the overweight imbiber, the reader of inordinately long novels, the barfly and the people-watcher. The mistake the industry makes is to fill its brochures with pictures of slim, sunburnt fools expending large quantities of energy, usually with the aid of expensive and complicated — if not dangerous — equipment.

Holidays are promoted as one mad round of exertion: up at sparrowfart for a few laps of the pool, breakfast of whole-grain health croissants and calorie-reduced fruit juice, and then a morning jog along the beach, kicking sand in the faces of the lazy. After a packed lunch, preferably eaten on the top of an isolated crag, it's off to the surf for an exhilarating few hours of water polo or blundering about on those precarious little two-man sailboats. Then back to the pub for a bracing cold shower, a quick pick at a depressing smorgasbord and into the disco for a night of writhing.

It's about time the industry realised that the prospect of a fortnight of this freezes the gizzards of a sizeable section of the population. In fact, there's a fortune waiting for the operator who puts together a package aimed at those for whom inertia is a way of life.

They'd have to find a hotel which serves huge, greasy breakfasts until at least 11.30 am — a hotel proud of the fact that it doesn't have a gym and an overfit "camp leader" trying to chivvy you round a jogging track. Lunch would go on late into the afternoon, and on a shady verandah would be comfortable sofas for sleeping it off.

The pub would provide huge, deep baths for a comforting predinner soak. Dinner itself would be huge and designed to make the nuts-and-salad crowd gag with disbelief. The specially-trained staff would respond promptly to the raised eyebrow signalling for another slice or two of chateaubriand or a refill of the gin and tonic.

Exercise — if such a thing dare to be contemplated — might be confined to a gentle stroll around a large garden thoughtfully provided with loungers and summerhouses, or a short walk to a large and luxurious motor cruiser equipped with air-conditioning.

It wouldn't be cheap — but there must be thousands like me who'd be willing to pay to get away from the hearties with their sweat, suncream and sprains. There *are* people who like to sit around a table all afternoon exercising an organ frequently neglected in Australia to the point of atrophy — the brain.

I suppose the closest approach to the ideal is the cruise; but on the less expensive, crowded ships the passengers are a mix of joggers and marathon ragers. On the more expensive vessels the chief sport seems to be running a book on whose pacemaker is going to conk out first.

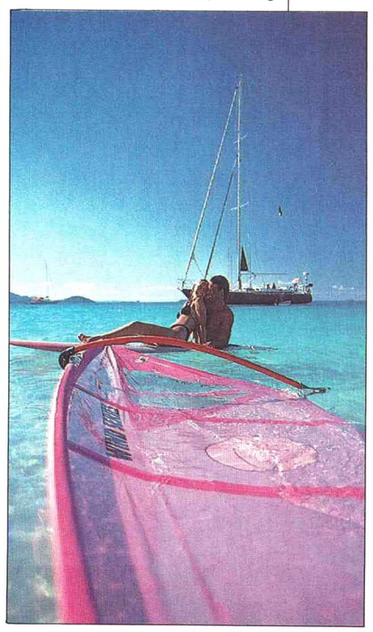
There are several small island resorts which appear to offer an appealing prospect to the slothful, but they, too, can't guarantee that you won't be seated next to some musclebound maniac whose conversation is limited to sporting injuries. However, Hinchinbrook and Orpheus Islands on the Great Barrier Reef have made it their business to attract the lazy and those who need relief from an energetic working life.

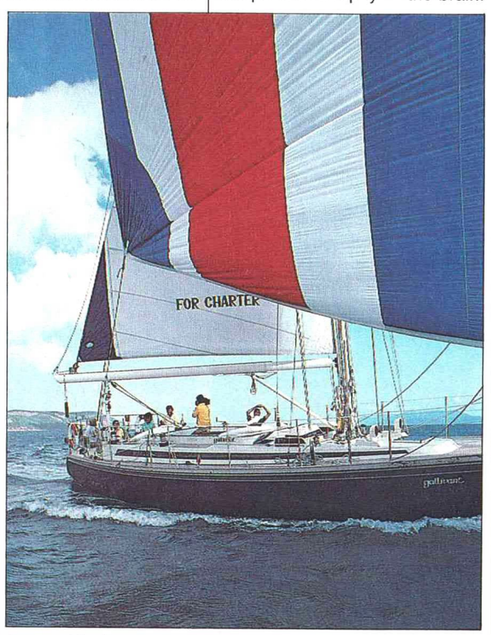
Probably the best solution, though, is a chartered yacht with a crew. It's popular in the Caribbean, but it hasn't yet caught on in Australia as much as it might. The best of the fleet is *Gallivant*, operated by Hamilton Island Charters in the Whitsunday Passage. She offers something most unusual to those whose sailing experience is limited to a wallow around Sydney Harbour with yachtie mates: head room. There are *real* beds, not bunks with lumpy mattresses; catering can be as simple or as lavish as you want, and there's a huge cockpit with seats around a long table for endless lunching.

If you do become energetic and want to sail the boat yourself, there's none of the heave-me-hearties stuff; the sails are electro-hydraulically operated, controlled by the pushing of a button.

Crewed charters aren't cheap, especially in high season, but if you can rustle up a party of six congenial companions, the costs can be spread quite comfortably. When you do the sums, a five-day cruise works out at $138 per head per day, and that includes food; the only extra is liquor.

For the truly lazy, it's the best deal I know. More information from Hamilton Island Charters on (079) 46 9144. — *Fred Baker*






*Chartering a yacht with crew makes an ideal getaway for lazy holidaymakers.*

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The new 4Runner stands out in a crowd. Flared guards ride high over chrome spoked wheels. But it's what's underneath that counts. New 4Runner's independent front suspension improves ride comfort, controllability and stability on the road. And double-acting, gas-filled shock absorbers help tame the roughest tracks. Big disc brakes haul you down from highway speeds and power steering makes light work of tight city car spaces.

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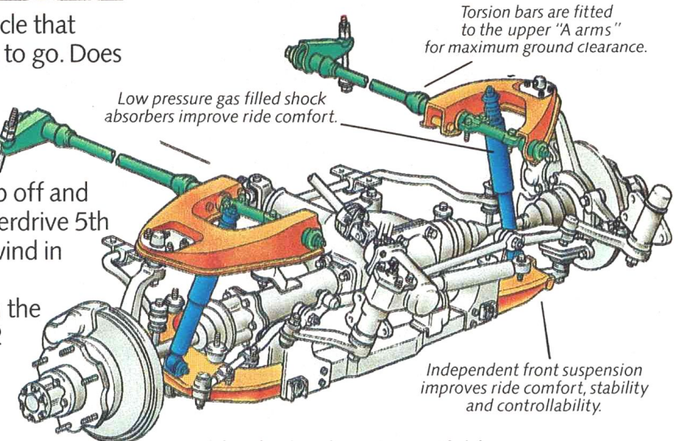
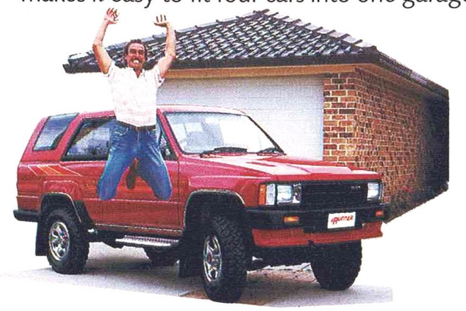

Torsion bars are fitted to the upper "A arms" for maximum ground clearance.
Low pressure gas filled shock absorbers improve ride comfort.
Independent front suspension improves ride comfort, stability and controllability.

4RUNNER

## YOUR FOUR CARS

If you can only be happy with a city car that's at home off the road and a highway cruiser that's happy hauling a heavy load, see your Toyota dealer. He'll show how 4Runner makes it easy to fit four cars into one garage.



**TOYOTA**

Oh what a feeling!

When society spins out of control, the Tactical Response Group steps in

# THE THIN BLUE LINE

BY GREG HUNTER

*Mount Panorama, Bathurst. Easter Saturday night, 1985.* At around 7pm the crowd began to congregate outside the police station for the usual fun and games: piggy back fights, donuts, and (just to get the adrenalin pumping) the occasional lobbing of a burning toilet roll or bottle or rock in the direction of the boys in blue. Senior Constable Alan Barwick, who had co-ordinated the Tactical Response Group's plans in the event of a riot, decided to shed his administrative role and slip out into the swelling ranks of disgruntled bikers. Posing as one of them, he began relaying information to his colleagues on likely pockets of danger.

Two burning toilet rolls arced gracefully on to the roof of the station. Moments later a Molotov cocktail exploded, spraying the paddy wagon with flames. And suddenly the familiar

PHOTOS BY GRAHAM MONRO/T90

# BLUE LINE

hard rain was falling everywhere — missiles of every kind — but this time with an intensity that caused Bathurst veterans in the TRG to shake visibly in their GP boots.

Barwick, realising his position had become precarious, managed to sneak back into the compound. He grabbed some bits and pieces of protective riot gear from injured TRG men who lay scattered about the floor and raced out to join the men on the thin blue line. Eight hours later the same men, bloodied and utterly exhausted, would still be holding that line, but Barwick would not be among them. He caught a large rock full in the left eye and fell to the ground, momentarily unconscious. When he came to, he saw that his life had been saved by another officer who was holding his riot shield over Barwick and simultaneously trying to protect himself from a hail of missiles and rioters wielding iron pickets.

More than a year later, Barwick is still having treatment for his injured eye. Others came off far worse. Constable Paul Vella was enveloped in flame from head to toe when a Molotov cocktail exploded at his feet; before the fireman could extinguish the flames he inhaled them right down into his stomach. Sergeant Bert Evans has been boarded out after being whacked across the back with a steel pipe. Constable 1st Class Geoff Pope was hit in the midsection so many times the lining was completely torn away from his stomach. Sergeant Bruce Murden is still unable to eat solids after breaking his jaw in three places; half his face remains numb and his mouth is held together by an elastic band. Numerous TRG men sustained broken ribs and arms; in all 118 police officers were injured.

Senior Constable Barwick didn't really know the man who saved his life. "I'd seen him around but had hardly spoken to him," Barwick recalls. "But as a result of his action we've developed a fantastic rapport. The comradeship that was forged up on that mountain within the TRG was quite incredible; no matter what happens, it will never, ever be broken."

Comradeship is what the NSW Tactical Response Group is all about. When the dust settled over the infamous Star Hotel (Newcastle) riot of 1979 and the Stage Door Tavern riot of 1980, the police hierarchy realised that the Age of Individualism was over. If police were going to survive when heavily outnumbered by half-crazed mobs of missile and weapon-wielding hooligans, they were going to have to work as a team.

The Tactical Response Group, founded on that premise in 1982 and comprising the cream of uniformed cops in NSW, demonstrated at Bathurst on Easter Saturday, 1985 precisely what a highly disciplined, highly motivated, exhaustively trained and extremely fit team of policemen can accomplish against fantastic odds.

One hundred TRG men stood toe-to-toe with 1000 armed rioters urged on by 2500 bloodthirsty supporters; they were hammered by rocks, car parts, bricks, traffic signs, iron bars, star pickets, barbed wire and toilet rolls soaked in petrol. They held the line from 8.30pm until five the following morning, at the same time effecting, along with other police, 93 arrests on charges of rioting.

"If I gave you one of those heavy riot shields," says Barwick, "and told you to just stand in a corner for eight hours and hold it, you couldn't do it. But the spirit that night was such that if those blokes had been ordered to go out there and cop it for another eight hours, they would have done it. It's recognised in police circles around the world that their performance was brilliant."

There are rough equivalents of the NSW TRG in other states. South Australia has its Star Force; Victoria has the Special Operations Group; Western Australia has its recently formed Tactical Response Group. Each of these elite outfits combines the functions of NSW's Tactical Response Group and SWOS (Special Weapons and Operations Squad). The NSW TRG works closely with plainclothes SWOS men in siege situations, but essentially its brief is to combat civil disorder, hooliganism, criminal activity and terrorism. When society spins out of control, in a minor or major way, the TRG steps in to contain the situation, quell the disturbance and pick up the pieces. It is the front line of defence against anarchy.

> "If those blokes had been ordered to go out and cop it for another eight hours, they'd have done it"

That's a heavy brief, and it's becoming more so as this decade of escalating crime, violence and disorder unfolds. "Disaster" and "emergency" in this country once referred almost exclusively to acts of God; today they routinely describe the affairs of misguided men: the Russell Street bombing, the Milperra massacre, the annual Bathurst barbarity, and so on.

There's no limit to the scope of TRG activity, but its responsibilities include crowd control (demonstrations, riots, strikes, sporting crowds etc), containment of disasters and emergencies, saturation patrols (of high crime and hooliganism rate areas), searches (including bomb searches), security (VIPs, royal visits), escorting of dangerous persons, close personal protection, co-ordinating with SWOS in emergency, hostage and siege situations, canvassing (house-to-house inquiries concerning major crimes), and supporting general police in difficult or dangerous situations. TRG is on patrol 24 hours a day, and is usually the first to arrive on the scene when an emergency call goes out. Officers check in to work at 7am knowing that by the end of the day they could be just about anywhere and doing just about anything. Life in the TRG is seldom boring.

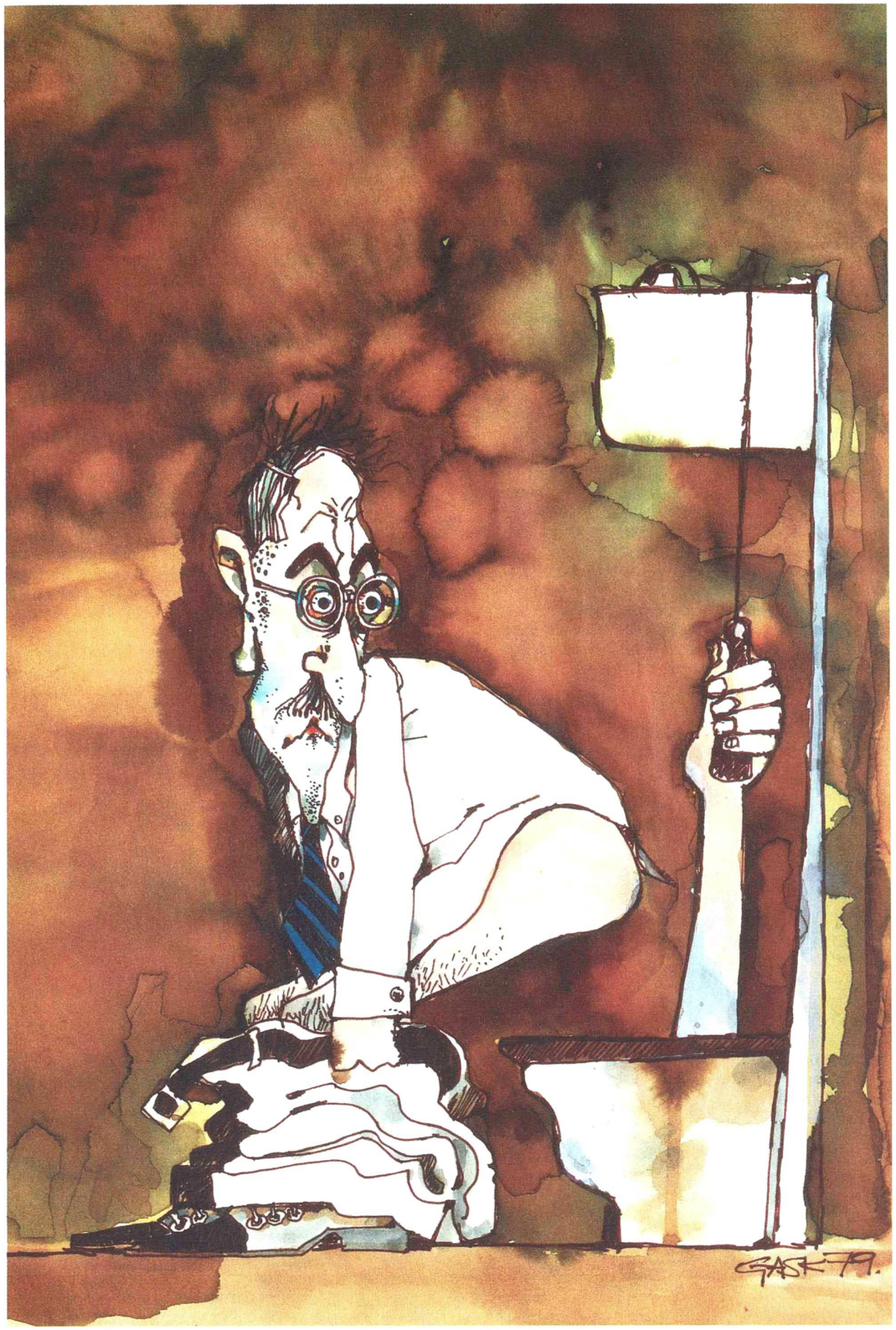
Every elite group has its knockers, especially in this country. When the TRG was formed four years ago, it was ridiculed by general police who labelled members as "Terribly Rough Guys" employed by the "Tampon Removal Group." The suggestion was that TRG men were trained thugs with a licence to kill — or at least, to bash and maim. According to Senior Constable Barwick, "General divisional police would come here to do their training and then find their mates had shunned them. The reason, naturally enough, was jealousy."

Even now, according to TRG men, an undercurrent of derision remains — although it's diminishing with every successful TRG operation. One officer comments: "Although we get ribbed all the time, divisional police are very keen to get into the TRG. We all know that we're much better trained and prepared than the average copper. The training we get should be compulsory for every policeman as soon as they join the force."

It never will be. There isn't enough money around for that. Only the best street cops get a look in, and they're subjected to rigorous physical and mental evaluation before being shunted through the five-week Initial Training Course, with its heavy emphasis on physical fitness. TRG training, though, involves much more than push-ups and sit-ups and running around the block. The course includes survival shooting techniques, tactics in armed encounters, baton training, crowd control and riot prevention, theory of crowd psychology, drill and riot formations, introduction to body armor, chemical agents and gas masks . . . and so on.

TRG men operate in teams of four, and so teamwork is stressed throughout. According to the Controller of the TRG, Superintendent Neville Tamlyn, "Everyone in the Group knows exactly what's expected of them and exactly the capabilities of their team members. You don't have that among general police, but it's vital in the sort of work we do."

It's also a major consideration in the process of sorting the wheat from the chaff. The selection panel first removes the fat-



# BLUE LINE

ties, the unfit, the unmotivated and the undisciplined, and then it looks for recruits who will be good team men. "We try to shy away from the loner, the unpredictable type," says Barwick. "We have to, because to create a good working relationship in the TRG the men have to be good mixers."

The Operations Element — a core group of 93 full-time TRG men — is very much the elite within the elite. The pressure is always on them, both from within and without. They know that if they screw up, there are 60 Divisional TRG officers (men who have completed the training and returned to their divisions) lined up on the waiting list for a guernsey on the A-Team. Apart from that, the TRG is a prime target for all those people who have no particular fondness for "pigs." Allegations of Fascist-style tactics (especially in the annual Bathurst post-mortem) are par for the course.

"We are the front line," says Barwick, "and so if there's going to be controversy, it's going to be with us. It's very hard for a copper to go up to Bathurst — and he's had the shit kicked out of him last year — and find that this time they want to shake his hand. Some bastard did that to me this year, and frankly I would sooner shove it up his arse. We don't get any special consideration from Internal Affairs because we're TRG — no anonymity, no preferred treatment — so we do the job the way it should be done . . . by the book. Nobody can condemn us for that."

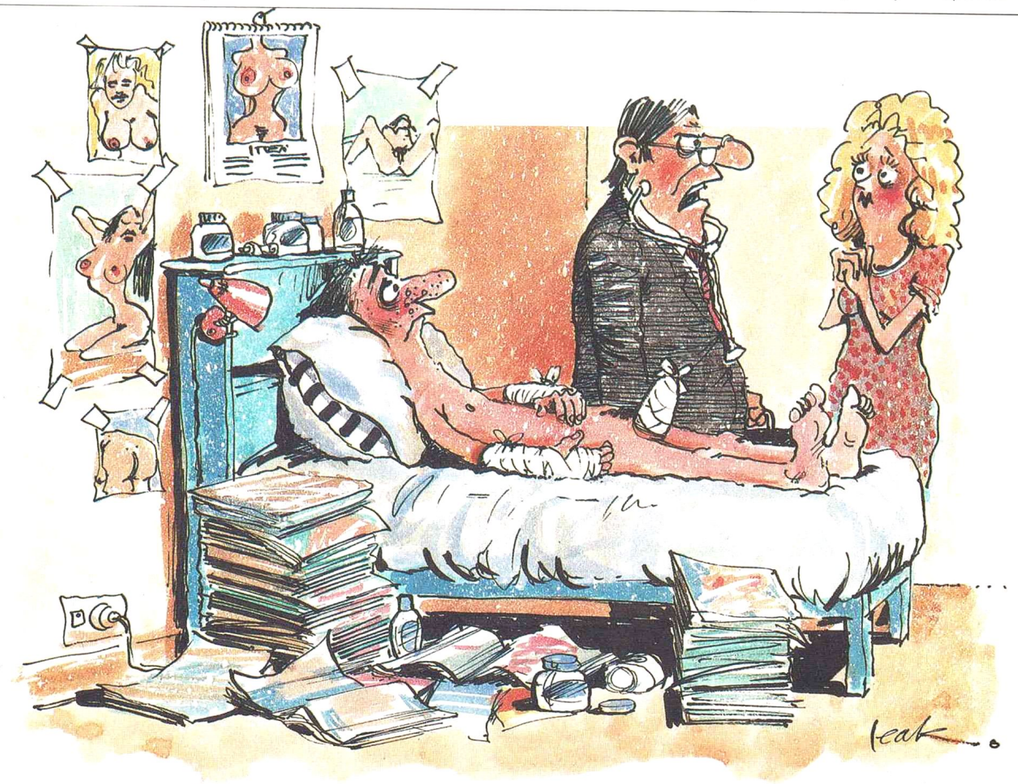
And so, as Barwick points out, "It all comes down to the *type* of person that you have on the TRG. Our fellows are handling high-risk situations *every day*. We train for it — sure — but there's no way you can simulate the exact circumstances and feel of a particular situation. When the chips are down, our blokes will be as tough as they have to be — and there are some very, very tough men in the TRG — but the fact is that the Group contains some of the best-mannered cops in the state. They are men with the right *attitude*. They understand their powers and their limitations. They are *modern* policemen."

As you'd expect, there's a sprinkling of gung-ho types within the ranks — Vietnam Vets, Green Berets, martial artists, even a former Commonwealth Games wrestler — but the majority of TRG men are "self-motivated, very fit, very experienced, general knock-around coppers," according to Barwick.

All are characterised by an obvious affinity for hard physical training. They lap it up. Inspector Dave Ferguson, an ex-SWOS man who's presided over the training of TRG men since the Group's inception, proudly recalls: "At one five-week Initial Training Course I think we had a total of 60 injuries among the 24 men — but that didn't stop anyone from finishing the course."

As the name implies, the Initial Training Course is only the beginning. There are specialised courses such as Mapping and Roping and Rappelling, and a monthly ongoing training day for both Operations and Divisional Elements. TRG men, particularly the Operations Element, can't afford to let their fitness levels slip. Superior endurance can be a key factor in protracted riot situations. Apart from that, the routine workload is too demanding. In the month of February 1986 alone, the 43 members of the Central Operations Unit (based in Sydney) attended a total of 314 incidents including armed hold-ups, sieges, serious domestics, bomb searches, assault and robberies, break and enters, hotel brawls, persons demanding money, shots fired, stabbings, persons gone berserk, and so on.

This is bread and butter stuff for the TRG, and it's dangerous work. But leaving Bathurst aside, the injury rate for TRG operations is not overwhelmingly higher than for general police. The Group was founded on the premise of minimising the danger to the public and police during emergency and riot situations, and the emphasis on safety carries over into all areas of operation. "Our men are trained to be more aware of potential danger than the average policeman," says Inspector Ferguson.



*"I'm afraid your son has the worst case of RSI that I've ever seen . . ."*



"And they're more careful. For instance, if they're attending a serious domestic they would not confront an irrational person in the kitchen, because that's where the knives are kept."

Specialised protective equipment is integral to the safety first approach. "For instance," says Superintendent Tamlyn, "look at this job sheet: 'Man Gone Berserk With Shovel.' Now if the local divisional police attended that, they'd have no equipment to protect themselves with. But our blokes arrive with the full riot gear so they can defuse the situation without anyone getting hurt."

Even so, Tamlyn admits, "We do have a lot of injuries on training days — mostly arms and legs — and during brawls and riots, which we attend more often than regular street police. Our men are called in on serious matters and they are the front line, so we expect them to receive injuries. We have a lot of sophisticated equipment but we seem to wait too long to use it because we don't want to harass anyone with it — we'd rather deal with a situation without it. The goal is to effect an arrest or quell a riot with a minimum of force."

In an early morning raid on a Sydney house in September last year, Constable Matthew Moss of the TRG was blasted at close range with a shotgun. Pellets lodged in his heart and arm, and Moss was off duty for several months. Such injuries are exceptional; typically the damage in standard operations is limited to the odd broken arm or jaw resulting from an unexpected blow during a brawl or domestic. But aside from physical injuries, there is a darker perspective from which the immense pressures of TRG work can be viewed.

Senior Constable Barwick explains: "Let me take the example of Bathurst '85. The hospital afterwards was an incredible sight. When you see a man with a depressed fracture of the cheekbone, it's shocking. Our blokes saw senior colleagues subjected to horrible injuries — their careers finished — and that has to have a psychological effect. Or consider this: how does a man cope with a child asking his mother, 'Why are all those people trying to kill Daddy?' I know several cases where that's happened, and there's no answer. This is something that has never been looked at — how do we overcome the psychological problems?"

The greatest difficulty is identifying exactly how those problems manifest themselves. "That type of injury you would never admit to, because it's not *acceptable*," says Barwick. "So nobody knows exactly what the psychological effects are. But I'd say the main problems would be at home. If a TRG man has just attended a six-hour siege, he can't be expected to just go home and go to sleep, can he? There's no wind-down period where the Department gives you the next day off . . . I know the problem is there, because I've seen blokes change. I've changed *myself*. You don't see it until something happens that reminds you of the person they used to be."

Barwick would like to see an enlightened approach whereby each TRG man could be psychoanalysed every three months to uncover signs of stress. "But it will take something like this: one of our blokes has been at a siege all day; he goes home and has a blue with his missus, who doesn't understand his job; he pulls out a gun and away it goes — another siege. Then the Police Commissioner would act. But if someone was put off with stress right now, I really don't know how it would be handled."

For the Tactical Response Group, the Bathurst bike meeting is a ready-made proving ground — an annual test of preparedness, commitment, and ultimately, courage. After the carnage of '85, the bases were loaded this year and Superintendent Tamlyn was taking no chances.

> "You are not heroes. If there's a riot, you're going to be so shit scared your hair will stand on end"

The objective of his Major Strategic Plan No 1: Take Bathurst by the scruff of the neck and overcome the hooligans without sparking a riot.

*A secluded training venue north-west of Sydney. March 18, 1986.* Two hundred and seven men, both Operational and Divisional, were assembled here for the biggest briefing operation in recent police history. The subject: Bathurst '86. About three-quarters of these men were veterans of previous Bathurst encounters; all had volunteered for this year's assault on the mountain. (Only 20 TRG officers turned down the invitation to a night they might never forget.) And, despite the likelihood of yet another conflagration, all were unabashedly keen for a taste of the action on Mount Panorama.

At the initial briefing, Tamlyn took pains to suppress the development of a football tour mentality. "You are not heroes," he told the assembly. "If there's a riot on the mountain you're going to be so shit scared your hair will stand on end."

The essence of the Controller's strategy was simple. Unlike in previous years, the TRG would establish an active police presence on Mount Panorama from the outset, and nip any trouble in the bud by immediately arresting offenders on any charge that would stick. Alcohol consumption would be limited and the TRG would have sole responsibility for maintaining law and order on the mountain. Tamlyn's rationale: "We've tried a low-key response in the past and it hasn't worked. It's gotten out of hand, and now I feel it's time for active policing. If they all do the job of constant, active policing, I can't see there'll be any problems . . . There'll be none of this 'We'll behave if the TRG goes away' business — we'll make *sure* they behave. Why should we bow down and say that we *cannot* control these drunken hoodlums? That's a defeatist attitude."

The briefing was conducted along military lines. Officers memorised operational orders on communications, logistics, rostering, accommodation and command structure. Outside, in an area set up to simulate the layout of the police compound on Mount Panorama, they practised bussing and debussing, baton control and hands-on control. The last is of the utmost importance to Tamlyn: "It's very embarrassing to have more than two officers struggling to handle one offender. If two of our men can't do that without any trouble, they shouldn't be on the TRG."

The nuts and bolts of the Bathurst operation were left to Senior Constable Barwick, who based his planning around a simple axiom: "A team of one hundred TRG men in full riot gear is an immoveable, impenetrable force. They have proven that in the past and they'll prove it again if need be."

As it turned out, they didn't have to. The TRG's tactics (combined with the alcohol restrictions which reduced the attendance by 50 percent) resulted in the quietest Easter Saturday at Bathurst in recent memory. As a headline grabber, Bathurst '86 was a fizzer.

The NSW Tactical Response Group won its most significant victory at Bathurst this year. While Superintendent Tamlyn and his men congratulated each other on a job well done, race meeting organisers bleated over the low attendance, local shopkeepers wailed about lost business, and the customary allegations of TRG brutality were vehemently dumped in the lap of the new Police Minister George Paciullo, who promised he'd "look into it." That, it seems, is the price of peace on Mount Panorama.

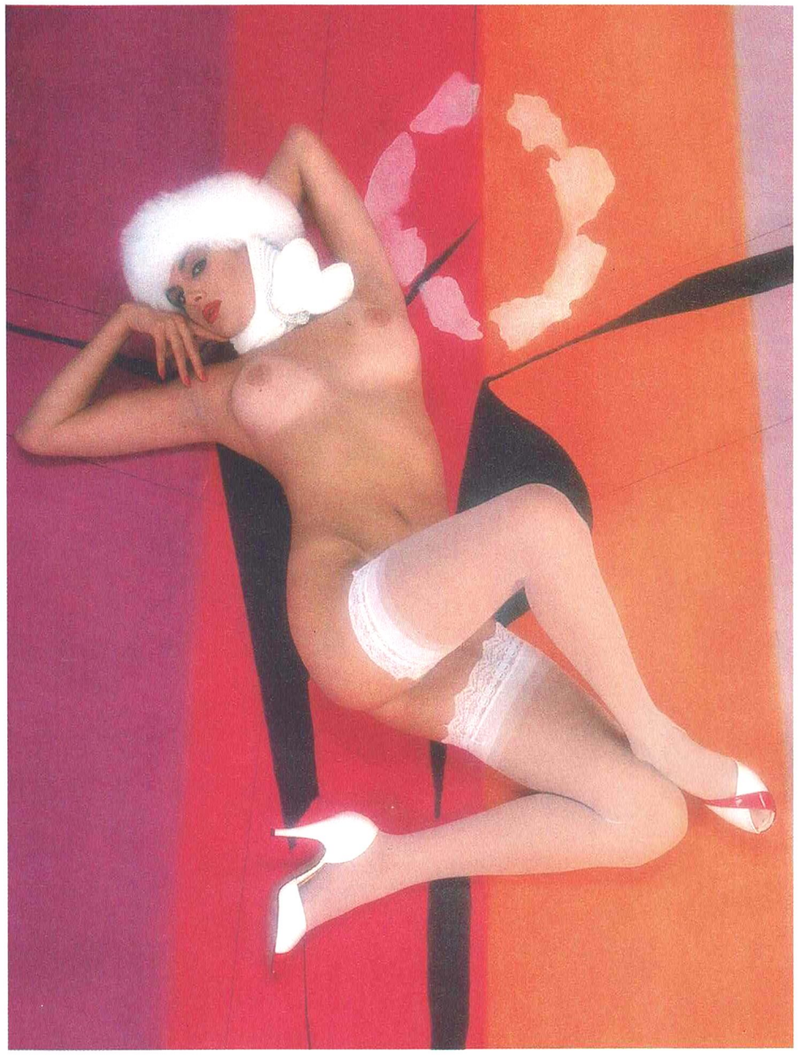
It's likely that the saga of Bathurst is not yet finished. It's certain that for the TRG, the battleground may shift but the battle will *never* finish. Superintendent Tamlyn: "Our job is to combat anti-social behavior and we will always be ready for it. If hooligans want to take us on anywhere, we will go anywhere — and we will nip that sort of behavior in the bud every time. No matter what they do, they will never, ever better us." Let's hope he's right.

# TONGUE TIED

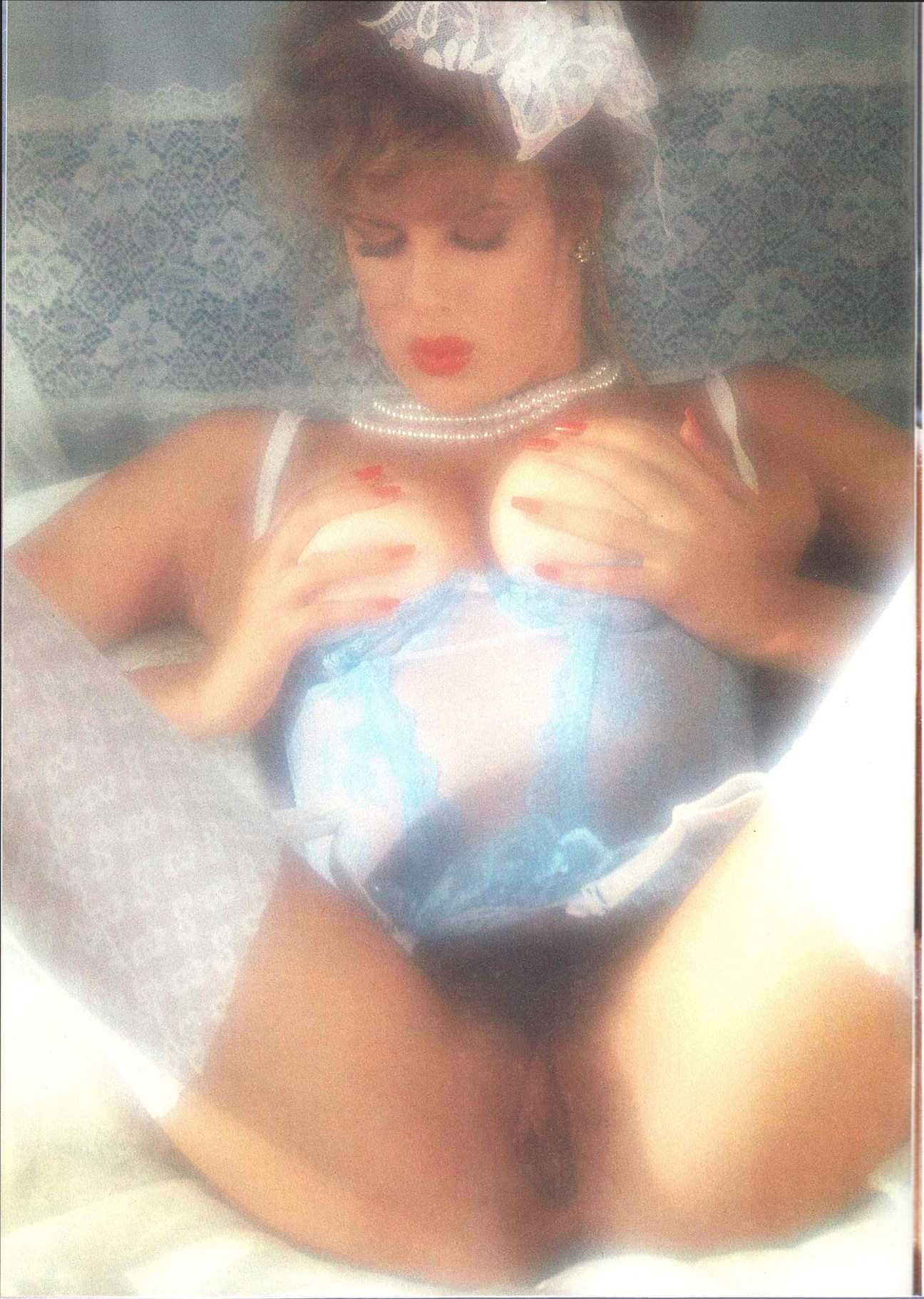
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JERRY PASTERNAK

"I don't take this sort of treatment lying down," warns Krista Pflanzer, "... usually." Questions about her personal life are, she continues, generally met by her own brand of inquisition. "If a man wants to get to know me, he's got to spend a little time and let things surface. I'm frankly sick of having to act like some kind of recorded message about myself ..."

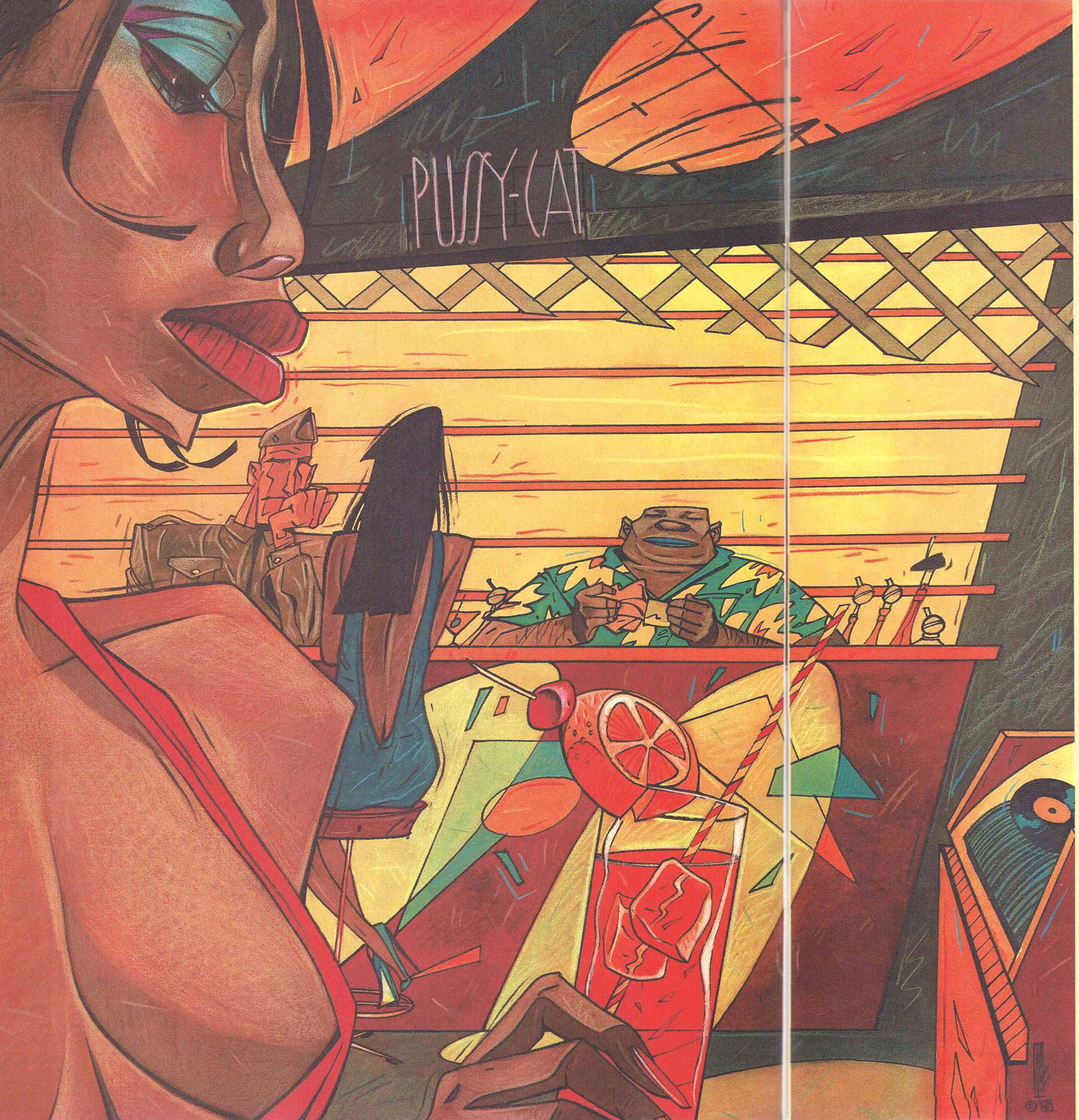
Naturally, Krista gets asked lots of questions. "So to sort things out, I go for the throat. I really give it to those smoothies who feign interest in every gruesome detail about my past. It's my way of having fun. If they can't hack the pace, it's ta-tahs then and there . . ."



"Love's a game, but the rules are boring. I need fire in my relationships. When I've decided I've met a Mr Right, I can be as timid as a kitten, but he's got to work for it.



"Believe me,
I'm an expert
at giving a
tongue
lashing.
You've just got
to take my
word for it that
it's all worth
it in the
end . . ."




# GOODBYE SUZIE WONG

Were Hong Kong's Wanchai bars the legendary wonderland for the flesh and spirit?

BY PAUL DOUGHERTY

It was in the Pussycat Bar at around three o'clock on a weekday afternoon that Nigel Gunthorne made the only intelligent observation any of us had ever heard him make.

I recall it now because word has just reached me that the Pussycat Bar has closed. Along with the Vietnam War, the Sixties, and Creedence Clearwater Revival, the best and virtually the last of the classic Wanchai bars has vanished into history, and another saga of the China Coast has closed with it.

There are still "nightclubs" in Hong Kong. But beware of them. Because the big-money travellers in the Orient these days are the ubiquitous Japanese businessmen, almost all are modelled on the notorious bars of the Ginza or Akasaka. Tabs as high as $400 are routinely presented for a few beers, a plate of little nibbly things, a chat with a hostess, and nothing else to show for your money.

There will be many who will not mourn the passing of the old Wanchai bars. They were raunchy places, inhabited mostly by

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR

# SUZY WONG

whores and sailors. And yes, you could be taken down — if you regarded paying a couple of bucks for the colored-water "whisky" the girls drank as a con; or if you thought the $15 to $20 "buy-out" entitled you to any more than literally taking the girl out of the bar (subsequent private arrangements were strictly between you and her). But by and large, they were places where people got what they paid for. And they were one of the very few places where East really did meet West.

The Pussycat was pretty typical of the genre, but a cut above most of them. Sometimes it was bursting at the seams with sloe-eyed houris, rambunctious drinkers, and beer-fuelled lust. The day Gunthorne made his remark was not one of those times. In fact, if you ever really wanted to know what dead time was, you could forget Devil's Island, or the Trappist cloisters. You just had to drop in on a Wanchai bar around mid-afternoon on a day when no ships were in.

We were there because Mr Wu, our esteemed Cantonese teacher (I was studying it because I was working in the town and it's what 98 percent of the population speaks), had fallen ill in class, leaving the Hong Kong civil servants amongst us with the choice of returning unscheduled to their respective government offices, or finding some other way to occupy themselves. This was a tougher choice than you may imagine for dedicated government servants. If anyone had gone back, it was explained to me, he would have compromised the others.

Inspired by this spirit of solidarity, I accompanied Gunthorne, one or two other more shadowy functionaries, and a raffish artist fellow into the cool darkness off sunbaked Lockhart Road. In point of fact, I believe I suggested the venue. The Pussycat had been a haunt of mine for some months, for reasons I will shortly explain.

There were perhaps five bargirls in the room, all neatly turned out in the regulation mini-cheongsam, black net stockings and high heels. Two were playing that incomprehensible card game involving several packs that only bargirls can master, and the rest were asleep in various postures at booths or tables.

As Ah Fung shuffled around getting the beers, Gunthorne (name changed to protect the editor) took in the room with his usual slightly pop-eyed stare, and then announced: "Whores, journalists and firemen. All of them bone lazy."

The conjunction of whores and journalists doesn't faze anyone in this fatally misunderstood profession. We tend to make a mental note to check what this bloke's been up to that may get him in the papers, and dismiss the slur. And I suppose journalists react the same way. (Just a little joke, heh, heh.)

No, it was the inclusion of the firemen that took me momentarily aback until the true magnificence of Gunthorne's insight began to dawn. I mean, when you think about it, there *is* something common to all three callings, and a very specific thing: each is characterised by long periods of inactivity punctuated by brief bursts of intense exertion.

I first made the acquaintance of Wanchai, that wonderland of the flesh and the spirits (most of the latter seemingly made in New Territories backyards) when I arrived in Hong Kong to cover the riots and bombings of the Cultural Revolution overflow in 1967.

Between riots, I did the conventional tours with the Old Hands of places like the Ocean Bar, the Cave, the Blue Sky, and the four or five Suzy Wongs, but found the penny-ante exploitation of both employees and customers in most of them a little off-putting.

> Customers were mostly on their way to kill or die in Vietnam; the Pussycat Bar was a make-believe world outside of time

Most of the Old Hands, by the way, scorned Wanchai. They did their socialising in nearby Causeway Bay, in places like the Happy World, or the President — known to all and sundry, for unexplained reasons, as the Harry S. Truman. These were places with basically one thing on their minds. They had bars, but they also had cubicles. The girls had numbers, and between rounds, the boys would order, say, "half an hour with number 17", and would go missing for a shout or two.

But these were brothels. Wanchai was a cut above these basic though eternal institutions, and the Pussycat was a cut above most of Wanchai. It's for that reason I think it's worth talking about. Because if there was anything good, or worthy, in the world of the Suzie Wongs, then it was summed up in the Pussycat Bar.

I found it by accident one night when the tram to Happy Valley, where I was then living, was halted by a bomb on the tracks. Those who lived in or visited Hong Kong at the time of the Cultural Revolution will remember those tiresome summer nights when hundreds of little paper package bombs would blossom throughout the city, and about one in every 50 would turn out to be real, and blow some poor soul apart.

This one had halted my tram right by the intersection of Louard Road. The street bombs were such a feature of life then that they had long ceased to be stories, so I hopped into the nearest bar, which happened to be the Pussycat, to have a beer while they sorted out the traffic. It was a pleasant enough place, with booths along the walls, tables in the middle, and a good expanse of bar at the rear, all bathed in a cosy yellow glow. It boasted the conventional array of bargirls, tidier and better looking than most, and — major advantage — no Filipino band.

At the bar, and drinking alone, I found a rather deadly Englishman from the Special Branch, who happened also to be in my Cantonese class. He didn't stay long, having either accomplished what he was there for or been thwarted by my arrival, but before he left, he introduced me to Spring Water.

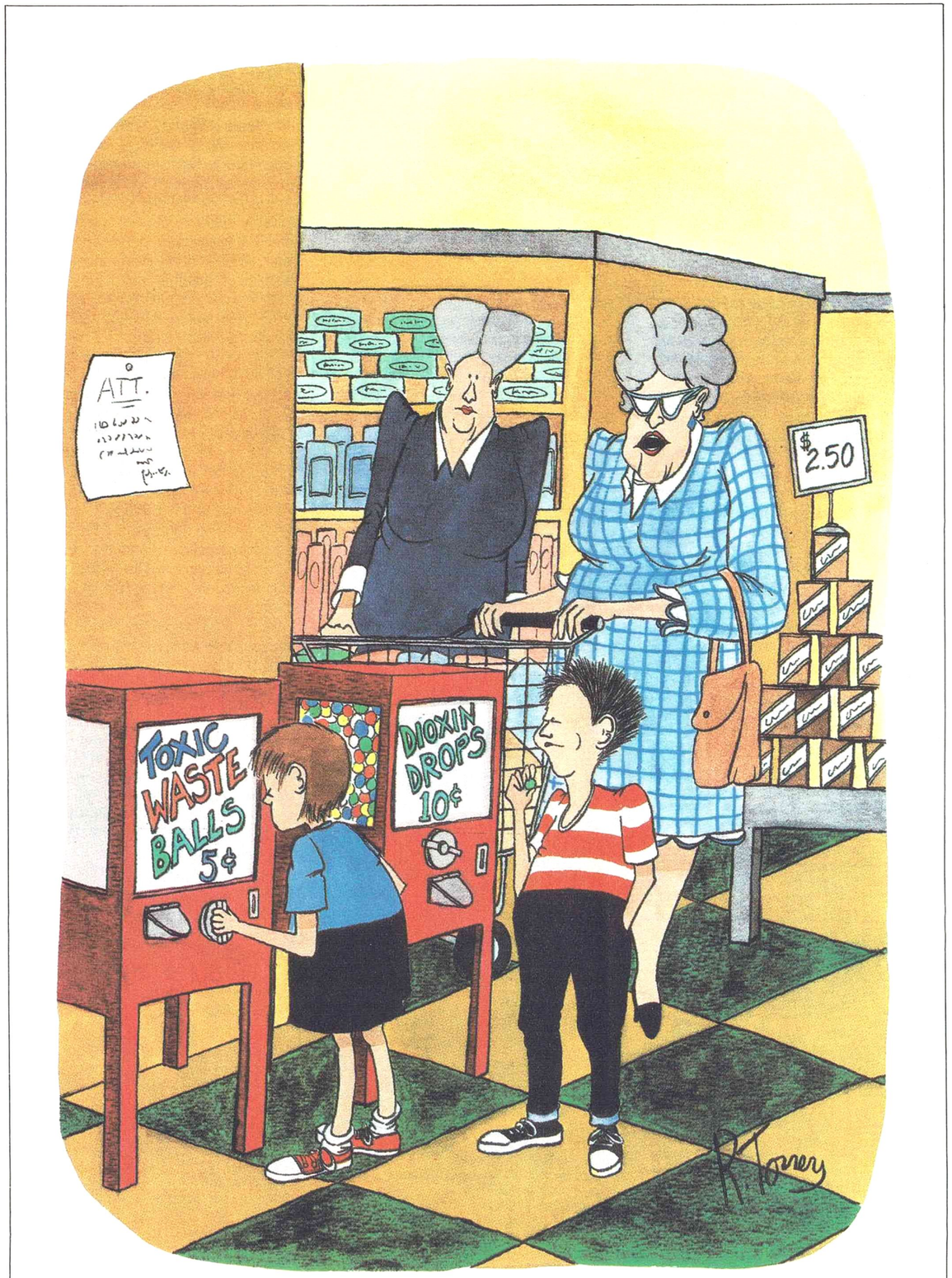
She was considerably taller than most Chinese, with fine-boned northern features and a distinctly aristocratic bearing. Her age was difficult to estimate. She was certainly in her late fifties or sixties then, but in the 10 or 12 years during which I observed her, she did not appear to age in any way, so who knows?

It was Spring Water, I was to discover, who lent this otherwise ordinary bar its special qualities. She was, in the old-fashioned phrase, a lady.

From what the Special Branch man told me that night, and other conversations over the years, I put together something of her story. Her husband had been a professor of English at a large university in Shanghai. In 1949, when the revolution came, he paid an exorbitant sum to smuggle her out, promising to follow when he could. She made it, he didn't and Spring Water put her only asset — a knowledge of English — to work in the place it would do her the most good, as a *Mama-san* in Wanchai.

I think that night she assumed I was a cop, being large and Western and in such company, and when I got the check out of the glass several beers later, I was glad she had. Instead of the $HK3.50 to $5 I'd previously paid around Wanchai, these were on the tab at $1.50, which converted to about the price of a beer in an Aussie saloon bar. (Very reasonable for The Wanch.) This error in pricing was rectified in subsequent visits, when my true status as a non-policeman became evident, but it then became a still reasonable "locals' price" of $1.80 for a San Miguel or $2 for a Carlsberg (a beer I much preferred).

So I started drinking in the Pussycat, and not for the reason most will assume. In fact, although it occasionally took some willpower, my relationship with both the place and its personnel remained entirely chaste. The reason was simple. If, even once, I had assumed the status of a regular Wanchai punter, instead of drinker, then I'd have




*"I can't believe the junk these kids eat today."*

# SUZY WONG

been someone who bought girlie drinks.

This needs explanation. Men who buy girlie drinks must *always* buy girlie drinks. So it is written in the annals of Wanchai. Otherwise, face is lost all around. Here's the way it goes. The girl you buy the original drink for will be waiting for you next time you enter that bar, and will expect more of the same. If you don't buy them, it's a reflection on her entrepreneurial ability, so she pesters you to. This precludes any other conversation. She is earnest in her pestering, because her percentage of the HK$10 (in those days) drink price is a major part of her income and the rest of it is the reason the bar employs her. If people regularly fail to buy her drinks, she'll get fired. But first, you'll be pestered by every other girl in the bar — assuming you're silly enough to keep going back there. This proceeds logically from the assumption that, as you are a man who comes to Wanchai and buys drinks for bargirls, it's the bar's responsibility to keep presenting you with girls until you find one you like, and then you'll buy drinks for her.

If you continue to refuse, the management itself has failed and lost face, along with every girl in the place, and the doorman, bouncer, barkeep and bottle washer. Chinese people hate losing face, and they hate people who put them in this position. So by buying that first innocent girlie drink, you have either ensured for yourself a lifetime of too-expensive drinking or the hatred of everyone in the place.

To each his own, but I like neither paying good money for colored water nor drinking in an environment where everybody hates me. I avoided all this in the Pussycat by not buying that first drink — and if you don't think that ensured my chastity in the place, then you don't know much about Oriental bargirls.

Having so smugly expounded all of the above, honesty compels me to add that I did in fact buy the occasional girlie drink. Every now and again, Spring Water herself would quietly approach and suggest that it might be in order to spring for a girlie drink. She would then nominate some young girl, generally a newcomer, who wasn't doing too well that month. Conversations among the regular drinkers would then be briefly halted, and for the duration of the drink, I — or whichever other of the regulars Spring Water had chosen — would go through the motions of being a proper bar customer.

Honor satisfied all around, the young lady would then resume her station out on the floor among the sailors and Green Berets, observably a bona fide drink hustler. Some, at least, of these girls were among the 30 percent or so of bargirls in this place who did not supplement their drinks income by going out with the customers. Although some of them were spectacular lookers, these girls always found it harder to hustle drinks, and we were always pleased to help out when directed, while staying comfortably outside The System.

*"I've got great big teeth? Look who's talking!"*

We were a motley crew, the Pussycat regulars. Most were journalists, photographers, advertising men, an artist or two, a dentist, the odd civil servant, and the occasional Special Branch man (we were probably their favorite file). What drew us there? Partly it was the personality of Spring Water, whose courtly demeanor made the place less crass than most. But mainly, I think, it was the lure of the exotic, the chance to observe life's rich tapestry joyfully unravelling. Compared with other drinking venues like the Correspondents Club, the China Fleet or the Cricket Club, the Pussycat was rich in humanity.

The bargirls were mostly supporting families, either in Hong Kong or back in China, who didn't really want to know what their daughters were doing; and the customers were mostly sailors and servicemen on their way to kill or die in Vietnam. For both, in varying degrees, the Pussycat Bar was a make-believe world outside of time, and both sides played the pleasure game with the urgency of people close to the edge.

There were some memorable fights, although fewer than you would expect, and some memorable people passed through those tinselled portals. There was the wasted MI6 man who had succumbed to the booze, an even worse hazard for spies than for journalists. And then there was the substantially-built ocker known to Wanchai as Christmas Father, because he frittered away an entire inherited hotel chain on bargirls (mostly in other bars, to the considerable annoyance of Fat Benny, the Pussycat manager).

Christmas Father was astonishing. I once sat with him as he played stud poker in a Wanchai bar with three bargirls. Not only did he buy them several hundred dollars worth of drinks, one of them was cheating him so openly she would occasionally read off what was in her hand without turning the cards over. When I could no longer resist pointing this out, he replied happily, "I know, but isn't she wonderful?"

Then there was John Bell. He was a special. John was one of those extraordinary characters the China Coast used to breed in abundance until Shanghai was closed to foreigners and Hong Kong became too expensive.

An itinerant editor, he had refined his technique to such an extent that he was able to produce a monthly magazine with three days of work a month, with his printer and a technical advisor doing most of the actual labor. This enabled him to become an expert in little-known Chinese dialects, like Hokklo and Chiu-Chow, and in various arcane forms of Buddhism. Living as he did on a rather different plane to most



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'WUNDERBAR'.

A natural reaction to your first glass of the world's favorite German beer.

# SUZY WONG

people, John was completely unaware that he strongly resembled Robert Redford. He was also unaware that several of his fellow patrons had told the bar staff he *was* Robert Redford pretending to be John Bell.

A man secure in nature's beneficence, he accepted it as no more than his due that each night when the bar closed, its nubile workforce would be squabbling with each other for the privilege of going home with him. This went on for several months, and made a lot of bargirls famous among their peers. But then, alas, John's scheme for the magazine got too perfect, and the owners found it would come out just as well if he didn't come in at all.

This didn't bother him too much. There was always work of some kind around. And sure enough, a Chinese film company offered him a small part literally within days of his dismissal. He trekked out to the New Territories, where in classic Hong Kong fashion, the whole movie was shot in one weekend in a beachfront hotel.

John didn't worry about the script, as the whole thing was to be dubbed into Cantonese anyway. Unfortunately for his continued amorous career under false colors, the character he was playing turned out to be a particularly nasty homosexual, "The Man In The Green Hat", whose function in the production was to temporarily disrupt a romance between the Gable and Lombard of Cantonese moviedom.

All John knew was that he had mimed through a series of confrontations, mostly in a nightclub, and had been punched out painlessly at the end, courtesy of a stand-in. What he didn't know was that (off-stage, needless to say) his character had ruthlessly seduced the hero, and generally made a beast of himself.

When the movie was screened the following week in all the leading Hong Kong cinemas, John's former fan club was dumbfounded. Despite their professional shrewdness, most were simple country girls under the satin polyester. They made no distinction between the evil character and the innocent playing him, and John's dream run abruptly ended.

The bargirls themselves came in all shapes and styles. There was Suzy Wong (not her real name?), a girl of such astounding and ethereal beauty that even the sailors didn't really care that she never went off with anyone. They just kept buying her drinks and hoping they'd get lucky. Suzy Wong was the stuff of legend. Some said she was an upper-crust family girl from the mid-levels, working to pay her husband's gambling debts and save him from ruin. There were even those who believed she was Spring Water's daughter, a rumor based mainly on that enigmatic lady's eagle-eyed guardianship of Suzy Wong's welfare and virtue, at least as far as the Pussycat customers were concerned. This extended even to seeing her off in a taxi each evening at the end of her shift. (Of course, there were always a few cynics who held that the taxi was actually delivering Suzy to the arms of wealthy Taipan or Chinese millionaires, who were shelling out thousands for her services. If they were, they were getting their money's worth.)

There was Carmen Chan, a senior bargirl who had brought her three sisters up through the bar and married each of them off to American servicemen, letting her own chance of escape slide by in the process.

There was Wizer, the classic Cantonese bargirl — feisty, with flashing eyes and a quick tongue. The others called her Wizer because she was that rarity: a bargirl who liked beer, and what she liked was Budweiser.

Wizer was responsible for the second most memorable remark I ever heard in the Pussycat Bar. She was playing one of the standard bargirl games one night with a massive American sailor. This involved a barrage of seductive ploys of the eye-gazing, lap-sitting, thigh-flashing variety, culminating in the victim eagerly shelling out HK$100 to the management for the privilege of buying her out. Somewhere between the bar and some nearby hotel, she would, as they say in the *News Of The World*, make her excuses and vanish, thus depriving the sailor of that which he thought he had bought and paid for.

> A scream of pure rage filled the room. "You Cheap Charlie," she shouted. "You break my sock."

On this occasion, however, Wizer made the mistake of cutting back to the bar to collect her share of the buy-out money just as the sailor himself came storming back in to complain. An argument ensued, to put it mildly.

There can be no arguer on Earth remotely capable of matching a Cantonese bargirl in full flight, and Wizer was one of the best. After a full-scale shouting match, she very soon had the sailor believing she had simply dropped back to pick up her purse, and that he had grievously misjudged her. Mortified, he tried to make his apologies, but Wizer was in high gear and refused to be mollified. As she made to march away, the sailor put out his hand to grab her, but only managed to get hold of her black net stocking, which tore.

A scream of pure rage filled the room as Wizer whirled and saw the damage. "You Cheap Charlie," she shouted. "You break my sock."

And with those immortal words ringing through the bar, she whipped off her high heels and beat the sailor with them as he fled into the night. Another hundred-dollar misunderstanding successfully concluded.

There are more poignant memories. Like the night a young American photographer called Bob Ellison was in the bar with us. He was just 21 years old, but he'd seen and photographed some of the worst fighting in Vietnam, and had just escaped from the seige of Khe Sanh. Ellison was never without two Leicas draped around his neck. Somehow you never noticed him put them to his eye or press the button, but days later he would present you with a stream of astonishing images, often of incidents you had been quite unconscious of, even though you were there.

He was a freelance, and he hadn't really cracked it yet. He'd decided there was more that had to be shown at Khe Sanh, and he'd come to the Pussycat for his final R & R drink before returning. He flew back in the next day and was mortared on the landing strip. On the day he died, *Newsweek* came out with one of his earlier Khe Sanh pictures as its cover. He never knew he'd made it.

Another image that lingers uncomfortably in my mind is that of the little cigarette girl. She was about 11, and she used to manhandle a massive tray around the room, laden with cigarettes and candy. Hers was another of the families that had made it out of China less than intact.

I met her once by chance in the street near my house. She was with her two brothers, neatly dressed in school uniforms. It turned out she lived in a squatter shack on a nearby hillside and was keeping the two boys in school with her cigarettes and trinkets.

She had the heart of a tycoon, that little girl. On her tray, she used to carry a little furry bear with a drum. When you slipped a coin into the slot on his back, he played you a drum roll. It was a tough customer who could resist her quiet request to make the bear play. I didn't even buy cigarettes, and I used to do it.

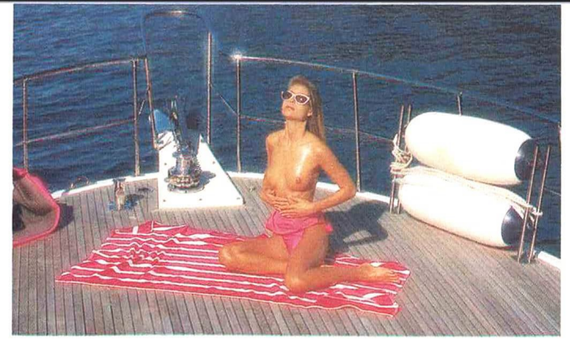
She wasn't there last time I was through town. I hope she's developing million-dollar estates in the New Territories. I hope Spring Water's got her feet up somewhere, drinking tea and playing Mah Jong. I hope Carmen Chan found a Yank to marry, and joined her sisters in San Diego.

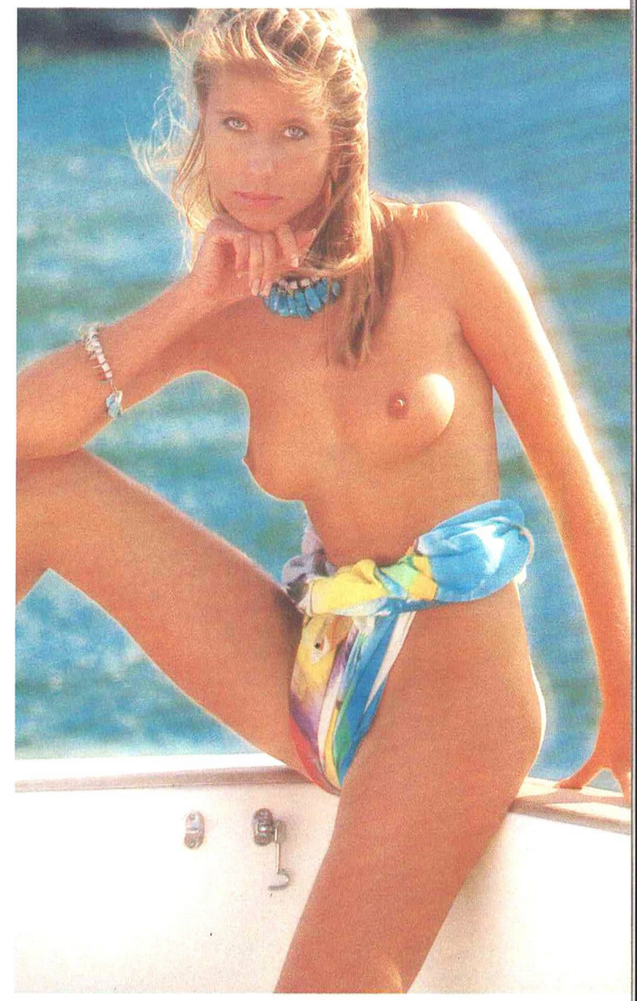
And goodbye to you, Suzie Wong. I hope you got your debts paid off, however you did it, and took your perfect legs and angel's face back up The Peak. It would be nice to think the spirit of Wanchai lives on in some upper-crust Chinese drawing room.

# MARIANNE

Boat from Ranger Marine, Church Point; Swimwear by Brian Rochford and Covers; Wetsuits by O'Neill; Accessories from Nice Things; Towels and Robe from Derek Scott; Sunglasses from Jonathan Scents; Diving and Sporting Equipment from Cape Byron Imports and AMF Head.

# SOLACE



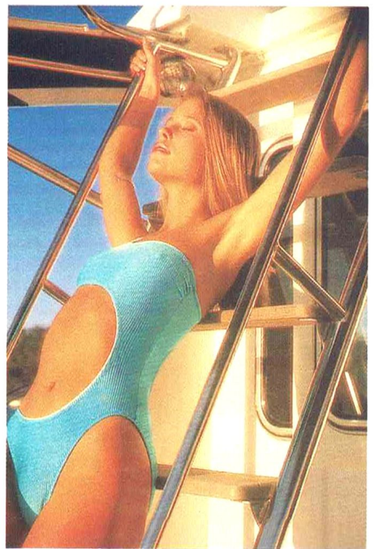


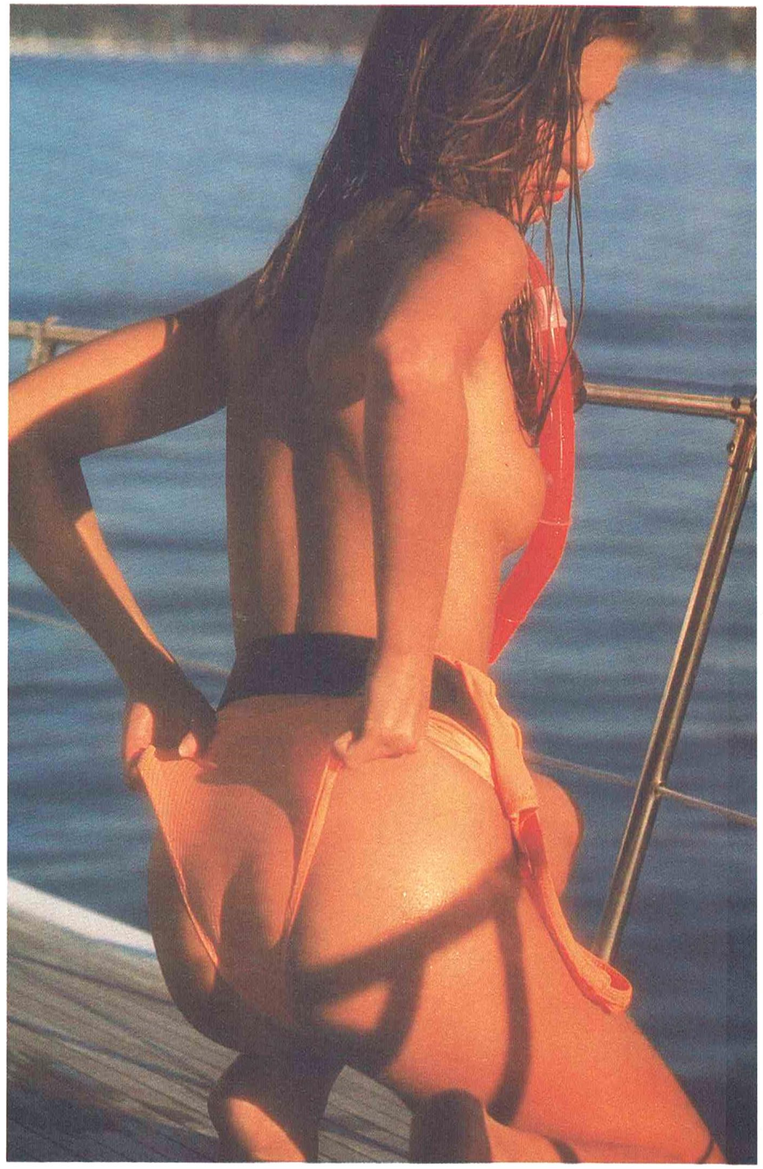
Some people say that the planets rule our lives — so they ask me what star sign I am." Here Marianne permits a smirk. "I tell them the sun — our sun — is my sign. It's a star, isn't it? It mightn't be in the Zodiac, but it rules my personality. When the sun shines, I want for nothing more," she beams. "Only I don't bother making hay — I'd rather roll in it . . ."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEREMY TAYLOR

Twenty-one-year-old Marianne Aspinall may be the toast of Sydney, but the excitement she generates pales in comparison to the toasting she urges from the sun. She hunts down its rays, shifting her towel and torso like some cosmic beacon — to harness and absorb.

It's her solar solace; she frowns at the cheek of a cloud. For her, only magnificent, direct heat will do. This is one fanatical sunseeker — the reason she abandoned the frigid climes of northern Europe. Just what is it about a woman's Scandinavian roots?





She is solar-powered, this one. At night it emanates from her hot flesh, and radiates from the exquisite flashes of eyes and mouth — perfect efficiency. But she rests early. The morning's glory urges her to meet it with alert wits.

Hmmm, we can only envy the sun. Marianne opens her heart to it daily. She permits the sun to draw her hot sweat to her skin's surface. There is *nothing* half-baked about Marianne . . .

MISS MARIANNE ASPINALL/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

He sent thousands
to the crematoriums.
He was the Angel of Death, but
decreed that some should live.

# MENGELE'S CHILDREN

BY LUCETTE LAGNADO

Josef Mengele's passion for selecting victims for the gas chambers at Auschwitz earned him the title "Angel of Death." With a flick of the wrist, he decreed which new arrivals would be killed and which would be saved. He consigned thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands, to die in the crematoriums.

The few exceptions were the youngsters Mengele handpicked for use in his medical experiments, such as the twins on whom he could test his genetic theories. Once pulled from the lines, these children were sent to a special compound, where they were subjected to the most barbaric experiments ever performed in history.

In the secrecy of his Auschwitz laboratory, Mengele poked and probed the children, convinced that twins held the key to mass-producing a master race of blond, blue-eyed Aryans who would rule the world. The experiments ranged from daily blood tests and X-rays to injections of noxious chemicals to operations of unparalleled horror: castrations, attempts to change the color of the eyes and the hair, and even executions under the guise of surgery.

At times it seemed as if Mengele loved "his" children, believing, as he did, that they would help him make important scientific discoveries. He visited them often, chatted with them, played with them. He was said to be especially fond of the youngest ones.

Some of the twins also grew to like the monster Mengele, substituting him for the fathers they had lost —

PAINTING BY ALAN REINGOLD

fathers killed by Mengele. During "recreation hours" mandated by Mengele, the twins played innocent games under a sky made brighter by the flames pouring out from the crematoriums.

Until last year, when his remains were discovered in a grave in Brazil, Mengele was the world's most wanted Nazi war criminal. Rewards of up to $4 million were posted for his capture. Even now that he is believed to be dead, he remains a subject of fascination: a Nazi who belies Hannah Arendt's famous characterisation of the "banality" of evil.

Josef Mengele was far from banal. The pampered child of a wealthy Bavarian family, "Beppo" , as he was affectionately known, was charming and carefree. He was one of the most popular young men in the small Danube town of Gunzburg where he grew up. None of his friends ever saw a hint of the murderer, nor even of the sadist he would become.

At the age of 19, Mengele went off to the University of Munich, where he excelled as a student. Diligent, methodical and ambitious, he earned a doctorate in anthropology as well as a medical degree. He received the highest honors and went on to get another PhD at the University of Frankfurt.

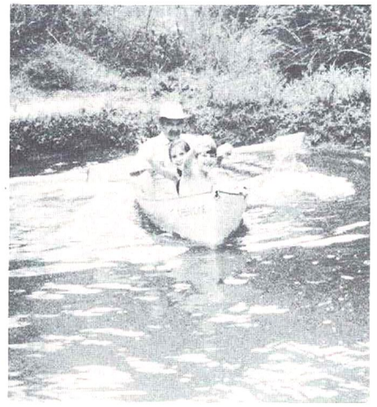
It was in Frankfurt that Mengele came into contact with Germany's leading scientists, many of whom were passionately interested in the field of "racial biology." The Gunzburg heir was instantly captivated by Nazi theories of racial superiority. As a genetic scientist, he longed to develop ways to improve the species by eliminating "inferior" stock. And what better way to test out the theories than by experimenting on the perfect genetic specimen: identical twins?

Auschwitz, with its unlimited number of human guinea pigs, offered Mengele the opportunity to test the Nazis' racial theories. Assigned there in the spring of 1944, Mengele contrasted with the thuggish, uneducated SS officers who presided over the camp. He was cultured and refined, elegant and polite. Inmates heard him whistling tunes from his favorite operas as he selected victims for the gas chambers.

Mengele was also a hard worker. He made a good impression on the Nazi hierarchy, pleasing his superiors not simply with his work, but with the "attitude" he brought to the job. Mengele was unfailingly courteous and pleasant, whether chatting with Nazi officers or sentencing a mother and her babies to death.

The polite smile and the friendly demeanor remain the most intriguing aspect of Mengele's personality. Though consummately evil, Mengele managed to deceive colleagues, superiors, and even his child victims into thinking he wished them well. It was as if Mengele was the only one who showed concern.

Several of Mengele's original twin "guinea pigs" are alive today; theirs was



the untold story of the Holocaust. Most of them began their descent into Auschwitz by witnessing their entire families being led away to be killed. Month after month, they saw scenes of death and destruction. Yet, somehow, they never lost their childlike faith in life.

Some of the twins were convinced that the handsome, gentle Dr Mengele truly loved them — that at the bottom of his evil heart, beneath the layers of sadism and cruelty, there lay an untapped core of goodness, a soft spot reserved especially for twins.

"Mengele's children" are now inching into middle and old age. Forty years after the war, they are still haunted by memories of the death camp. When no-one is looking, they pull out old photographs and faded letters. They peer at the pictures of dead parents and siblings, or of themselves before the horror. Even with their spouses and babies, friends and neighbors, there are moments of despair: a flash of the doctor's face, with his enigmatic half-smile. These are the times when they realise they may never escape the shadow of Mengele and his experiments. They can still see the Auschwitz inmates, thin and lifeless, awaiting shipment to the gas chambers. The spectre of Mengele seems to follow them wherever they go.

For many of the twins, the passing years have failed to bring the longed-for relief from the losses they suffered. They are tormented by what they imagine their parents and siblings have endured. And they feel a residual guilt at having been twins, and having spent the war with the privileged status of being a Mengele child.

In many ways the twins are still the frightened concentration camp inmates of yesteryear, anxiously awaiting the sound of Mengele's footstep, dreading the arrival of the Red Cross trucks which would take them for the inevitable ride to the laboratory.

Magda Zalicovitz was a young woman of 29, married and with a son of her own, when she and her twin brother were directed to the twins' barracks. Mengele ordered Magda to leave her little boy behind, in the line of Jews marching to the gas chamber. After the war Magda was reunited with her husband, and they had another child and moved to Israel. Their new son is intelligent and handsome and has become a pediatrician, receiving numerous awards for his research.

But Magda could never forget the blond, angelic little boy she had left behind. Again and again, she relived the fateful moment when Dr Mengele stepped up to ask her the question that both saved and damned her. Was she a twin?

For 40 years Mengele's twins have kept silent about their past, rarely discussing their ordeal even with family and loved ones. Eva Moses Kor, who, along with her twin sister Miriam, was a Mengele guinea

**Far left, top: Magda Zalicovitz today, with her twin brother; Far left, below: Mengele with neighbor's children in South America; Middle: Auschwitz twins; Left: Eva Kor today; Below: Victims as they were freed from the Nazi death camp.**

pig, was determined that her story should be told. She also wanted an indictment of Mengele, who, she felt, had to be brought to book for his crimes.

In 1984, Eva contacted her sister in Israel and together they founded CANDLES (Children of Auschwitz, Nazis' Deadly Laboratory Experiments Survivors), an organisation of Auschwitz twins. Eva organised a reunion of the twins at the site of their ordeal, the Auschwitz concentration camp, on January 25, 1985, the 40th anniversary of their liberation. Attracting worldwide attention and prompting renewed calls for Mengele's capture, the twins' story sparked a manhunt for Mengele of unprecedented dimensions. Ultimately, it led to the discovery of the grave in Brazil alleged to be Mengele's.

One by one, government and private Nazi-hunters deferred to the experts, conceding the skeleton was that of Mengele. The world's largest manhunt was called off. Only the twins remained unconvinced, unmoved by the weight of the scientific evidence.

They could still see him, standing there, smiling his cynical half-smile. He had been their tormentor — and their savior. He had sent thousands of adults to the crematoriums, but decreed that they should live. He was, and is, the Angel of Death, Dr Josef Mengele.

Lucette Matalon Lagnado and Shelia Dekel are co-authors of *Mengele's Children*, a book to be released next year. Lagnado spoke to many of the twins who survived Auschwitz during her research into the book. *Penthouse* asked her to interview two of the survivors — Magda Zalicovitz and Eva Moses Kor — on their memories of Mengele and Auschwitz.

***Penthouse:*** How old were you when you were sent to Auschwitz?

***Kor:*** I was nine. It is impossible to forget. We arrived in early spring of 1944. There were six people in our family — my mother, father, oldest sister who was 14, middle sister, and twin, Miriam.

***Penthouse:*** How many survived?

***Kor:*** Only Miriam and myself. The rest of the family perished immediately.

***Zalicovitz:*** I was 29. We arrived at Auschwitz in a cattle car; it was two o'clock in the morning. Our family was together in a wagon, but then we were separated. My little boy and I were told to go on the left side, toward the crematoriums. People were yelling, "*Tzvilinge, Tzvilinge* [Twins, twins]" when I saw a very nice-looking man coming toward me. It was Mengele. He was with two SS men and my brother, Tzvi.

***Penthouse:*** What happened?

***Zalicovitz:*** My brother had told Mengele he was a twin and that he had a sister. They were looking for me, but I was already on the way to the gas chambers. Pointing to me, Mengele asked me, "Are you the twin of this man?" I said yes. He noticed my child. "Who is this little boy?" he asked. "It is my son," I said. "Leave the boy with your mother," he ordered.

***Penthouse:*** What happened to your son?

***Zalicovitz:*** Later, I asked, "Where is my little boy?" There were people standing around and they said, "Do you see those crematoriums? Your son is up there. Your whole family is up there, and one of these days you will be up there." It was the same day I had arrived that I learned that my whole family had been killed. My son was seven years old. I wanted to die. There was a barbed-wire fence where people used to commit suicide, but when I ran to it, people took me away.

***Kor:*** When the cattle car doors were opened, people poured out. I turned around and saw that my father and two sisters were gone. It must have been only a few minutes, and they were gone forever.

***Penthouse:*** When was your first meeting with Mengele, and what do you remember about him?

***Kor:*** It was the following morning. As was the custom, we had to stand on roll call. Every morning, no matter the age of the children, no matter how cold it was. Roll call could last for 15 minutes to half a day. Everyone had to be accounted for. Once that was done, Mengele and his entourage would come.

***Penthouse:*** What did he look like?

***Kor:*** He was very elegant — immaculate. After the war, I saw movies starring Tyrone Power. I do not want to be unfair to Tyrone Power, but he reminded me of Mengele. He was like a movie star. I think that many people are unperceptive and naive. Some girls looked at Mengele as a father figure. I heard older girls say of him: "Oh, he looks gorgeous." They had a crush on him. Maybe it was a way to survive. I think that if Mengele asked them to go to a movie they probably would have gone. Those were the 12 and 13-year-olds who were developing into young women. He was extremely good-looking, debonair. He could be a charmer.

***Penthouse:*** How did he treat you?

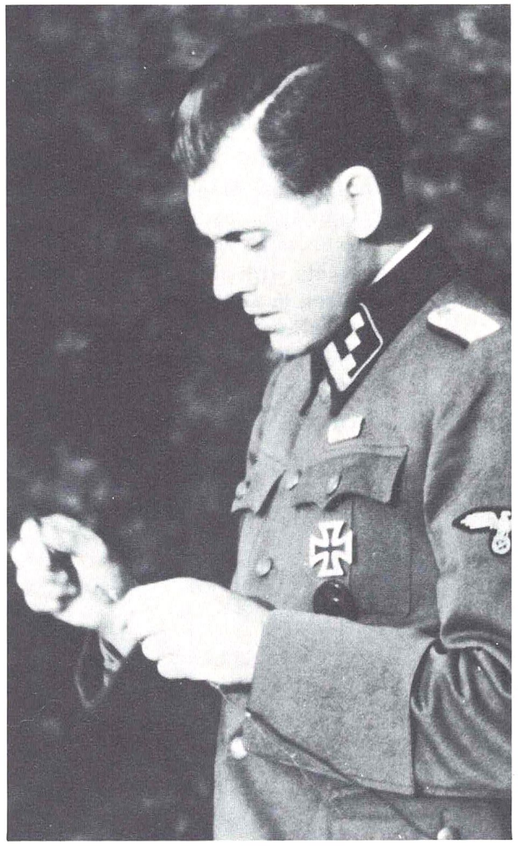
***Kor:*** I was very defiant. I could never accept that they treated us like animals. Even in Auschwitz I was defiant. Obviously, he liked some of the twins more than others. Some of the twins were very pretty, and some were very young, and he paid more attention to them. I was skinny and defiant, so who wanted to bother with me?

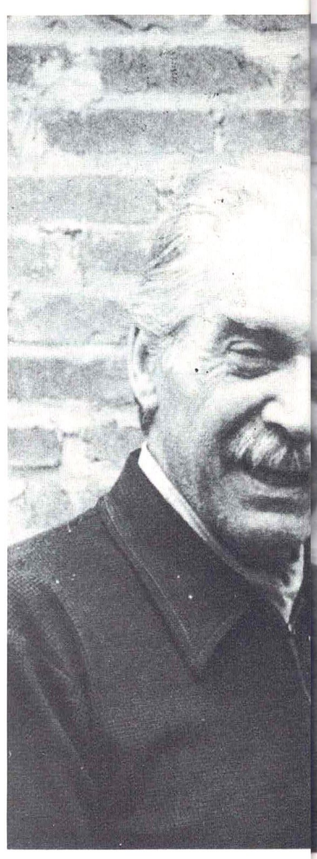
***Penthouse:*** Do you remember the experiments?

***Kor:*** I remember most of them very well, but some of them I have blocked out. There were genetic and medical types of experiments. There were regular blood tests — two, three, or four times a week, not every day. There were other twins who had blood taken every day and even twice a day.

***Zalicovitz:*** I also worked at the hospital as a nurse. There was a bloc of doctors — anthropologists, eye doctors, ear doctors . . .

**Right: The Angel of Death in full uniform; Far right: Josef and Rolf Mengele in Brazil in 1977.**





They had a laboratory where they performed all types of tests while you were naked. They took X-rays; they gave us injections; they drew blood; they examined our hair; they looked into our eyes, especially our eyes.

*Kor:* They would take blood from one arm, while simultaneously injecting us with chemicals in the other arm.

*Penthouse:* Were you always with your twin?

*Kor:* Always.

*Penthouse:* That must have been terrifying for a little girl of nine.

*Kor:* We all developed coping mechanisms. I knew I had to put up with it and get it over with.

*Zalicovitz:* There were rumors that children were opened up.

*Penthouse:* Can you tell me about the triplets who were in your barracks?

*Kor:* They were blond with curly hair. They were the only set of triplets, and they were the darlings of the SS. They were always being picked up and admired.

*Penthouse:* Were they subjected to experiments?

*Kor:* Certainly; not only that, two of them died. I remember when they died. You see, in addition to participating in the experiments, we had to take care of the younger twins. We dressed them. When Mengele went through the barracks, everything was picked up from the floor. Mengele could not stand dirt. He wouldn't put up with it.

*Penthouse:* Do you remember Mengele coming for his inspections?

*Kor:* He came every single morning, wearing an SS uniform, boots — very shiny boots — a hat, and carried a stick.

*Zalicovitz:* He lived outside the camp and would come on a horse. He was the only SS man to do that.

*Kor:* I was very, very scared.

*Penthouse:* How did he make the selections?

*Zalicovitz:* Only with the finger! They would have a roll call: "Everybody outside!" With his finger, he would select who would live and who would die. Mengele was constantly making selections.

*Penthouse:* When were you aware that Mengele was selecting people to be gassed to death?

*Kor:* On the first night. We were told that all the children were being killed. I said, "That is ridiculous, we are children and we are alive." But they told us that our group was special — we were twins — and that Dr Mengele came in every day to make experiments on us.

*Penthouse:* Did you sense that you had a special status as a twin?

*Kor:* We were very special. Nobody dared touch us except Mengele. When we walked through the camp, people would see us and cry, "Children, children" and try to talk to us. Most were poor women looking for their children, who thought maybe their sons or daughters had survived.

*Penthouse:* Did the twins have privileges that other inmates did not have?

*Kor:* Definitely! We were allowed to keep our own clothes, maybe because Mengele wanted us to look as nice as possible when he was looking at us. One day my twin sister became ill and I knew that I had to steal some food for her, some potatoes. I did not know whether, if I was caught, I would be killed or not. I was caught, but all they did was yell at me. I heard the supervisor say, "She is from Mengele's barracks." It was a privileged status.

*Zalicovitz:* Yes, but they were experimented on all the same.

*Penthouse:* While Josef Mengele may be the consummate devil, can you admit that thanks to him a few children survived?

*Kor:* That is an intriguing question; namely, what type of relationship existed between us, the guinea pigs, and Mengele, the savior, the monster? It is difficult to answer . . . The relationship between Mengele and us was very complex, and I am not sure I can ever explain it.

*Penthouse:* Do you have nightmares about Auschwitz?

*Zalicovitz:* I have nightmares for the children, that nothing should happen to them. My son is in Lebanon, and I worry that something could happen to him.

*Kor:* I have had them, but I would honestly say that facing the ordeal has helped me. Since I established CANDLES, I have had a much easier time. Not that it does not hurt, but I am not hiding any of my feelings anymore. I am bringing them out.

*Penthouse:* Was it a longtime dream for you to decide to look for the twins?

*Kor:* I do not want to seem idealistic, for you to pin something on me I do not deserve, but it was a very personal need rather than a dream. I had to understand what was done to us — Miriam and me. To know why she is so ill so often, and why I have so many problems. I read some of the books about Auschwitz, but to my great sorrow, the books by the great Holocaust scholars never mentioned Mengele and the twins. I thought that if I could locate the twins, we could sit down and see what we remembered. We could piece it out, figure what really went on there. Then I thought there is one person who would know everything that was done — Dr Mengele. When I learned that he was free, I thought: "That is impossible!"

*Kor:* Was there any interest?

*Kor:* In the beginning, no. I sent about 500 letters. Nothing.

*Penthouse:* In 1984, when there was a concerted effort to locate Josef Mengele, perhaps the biggest manhunt in history, were you pleased?

*Kor:* I felt that the world does care. I had dreamed about that all these years.

*Penthouse:* How did you feel in June 1985, when Rolf Mengele announced that his father was dead?

*Kor:* I thought that this is the biggest phony-baloney I have ever heard, the way the body was uncovered and Rolf Mengele's willingness, after 40 years, to make himself known to the world voluntarily, enjoying the attention. It did not fit. I was outraged by Rolf's suggestion that he is also his father's victim.

*Penthouse:* Where did he make that statement?

*Kor:* He said on a David Frost documentary that he did not choose to be Mengele's son.

*Penthouse:* Isn't that true?

*Kor:* Yes, but then, he should have acted differently.

*Penthouse:* In what way?

*Kor:* If I were Rolf Mengele and I was a decent, caring human being, I would have made an effort to meet with my father's victims. I would want to hear from the twins. i would have wanted to personally express my feelings and regrets for what my father had done. I would have wanted to know more about my father and what these victims remember about him.

*Penthouse:* Are you bitter that the Mengele family has never tried to make amends?

*Kor:* I do think the Mengele family could send us a letter. That does not take much time or money. It is the thought that counts, but here there is not even the thought. If Rolf Mengele was half the man he claims to be, he would meet with us face-to-face.

*Penthouse:* Are you saying that Rolf Mengele is a phony?

*Kor:* Most certainly he is a liar. Rolf Mengele was very young when his father disappeared after the war. What could he know about his father? I don't think he can shed much understanding about what his father was all about. I think all he is doing is cashing in on his father's crimes.

*Penthouse:* Does it surprise you that Rolf married a blonde, blue-eyed twin?

*Kor:* It is what his father wanted him to do . . . Let me tell you, Rolf is his son, but Mengele also called us "my children." In the camp we were called "Mengele's children."

*Penthouse:* Does that mean there is a parallel between the twins and Rolf Mengele?

*Kor:* We were both influenced by what happened.

*Penthouse:* If Josef Mengele were not dead, what would be the one thing you would tell him?

*Kor:* You tried, but you did not destroy us.

# MENGELE'S SON: "I'M ASHAMED."

BY GERALD POSNER

The sky was that steel-grey color that saturates Europe in the middle of winter. People were fidgeting and getting restless. Finally, the locomotive pulled into its destination. My legs were cramped and my back ached. As I stumbled out into the glaring midday sun, there was Mengele in a long, black-leather trench coat.

It was February 1986, not 1944. The ice fields belonged to southern Germany, not southern Poland. The Mengele was Rolf, the only child of Josef Mengele.

It was a rare chance: an opportunity to talk to the son of the most wanted war criminal from the Third Reich — the man dubbed the "Angel of Death." Rolf Mengele represents the second generation of those who worked toward the Final Solution by killing millions during World War II.

He is the lawyer who knew where his infamous father was hiding from justice, but the tie between father and son was too strong. He could not bring himself to turn in his father, even a father who was a virtual stranger and accused of some of the worst crimes of the war.

Now Rolf Mengele has become the only member of the powerful Mengele dynasty to break ranks and speak to the public. He has been ostracised by some Mengele family members who want to take their secrets to the grave. He provided background information to *Bunte* magazine in June 1985 regarding his father's life. But he had never before agreed to a wide-ranging interview with no advance notice of the subjects to be covered. He had agreed not to avoid any question, and he kept his word — from Bitburg, to the Holocaust, to his guilt for failing to report his father, to his own shame.

His father has become a symbol of the evil of the Holocaust. His story resembles a Greek tragedy: a charmed and gifted life that led to the Third Reich's largest extermination centre and, inexorably, to his own destruction.

By the time Germany surrendered in early 1945, Josef Mengele was already on the run. By June he had run directly into the arms of American troops. Recently unearthed evidence establishes that Mengele was captured by the American Army, held for two months under his own name, and, incredibly, released — even though his name was on a score of wanted lists throughout Europe. The confusion rampant at the close of the war worked to Mengele's advantage. The Americans never realised he was Europe's most wanted SS captain.

Following his release from US custody, Mengele settled into a fugitive but comfortable life. Until 1949 he hid on a farm in Southern Germany — right in the middle of the US occupation zone. He even received regular visits from his wife and one of his brothers, but no-one thought to follow the family. The American forces were so confused, they thought he was dead. While he lived in their midst, they did not even look for him.

In 1949, as the trials of his fellow SS doctors resulted in an ever-increasing number of death sentences, Mengele decided not to count on continued American inefficiency. Straight from the pages of an ODESSA novel, his family bought his escape through Austria and Italy to the last port of call, Buenos Aires.

For the next ten years, Josef Mengele lived a life of ease. Originally settling under an alias, by the mid-1950s he felt so comfortable in Juan and Eva Peron's "Fourth Reich" that he reassumed his true name. In 1956 he flew to the Swiss Alps for a skiing vacation and, posing as "Uncle Fritz", met his 12-year-old son Rolf. Over the next few years Mengele became brazen. He bought part of a large pharmaceutical company, took out a mortgage in his own name, and was even listed in the 1958 Buenos Aires phone book. The Nazi hunters would merely have had to ask directory assistance for his number — but no-one was looking.

Finally, in 1959, the excruciatingly slow West German bureaucracy issued its first arrest warrant for him. Fourteen years after Auschwitz, someone had finally taken the time to charge him with a crime.

In 1960, all hell broke loose. Adolph Eichmann, the SS colonel who was responsible for administering the final solution, was kidnapped from Buenos Aires at a location only five minutes away from Mengele's last house in the Argentine capital.

Mengele was on the run again. First to Paraguay, where the former chief of the Nazi Party and a neo-Nazi army captain perjured themselves to make him a Paraguayan citizen named "Jose Mengele." But the Israelis were not far behind, and Mengele fled to Brazil. Although the Israelis came face-to-face with him in 1962, they had other priorities and cancelled the hunt. Mengele was left to spend the rest of his days in freedom.

In Brazil he went under deep cover, settling on farms isolated in the Brazilian outback. Sympathetic families gave him shelter for the next 18 years while everyone looked for him in the wrong place — Paraguay.

With little to do but fret about Israeli commandos, Mengele spent his time writing. He turned out more than 5000 pages of diaries, an autobiography, and hundreds of pages of letters to his family. These writings provide an unprecedented insight into the mind of a war criminal. His literary jottings portray a bitter and unrepentant man.

Amtliche Bekanntmachung
Wegen vieltausendfachen Mordes an Juden, Zigeunern, Slawen und anderen Deportierten
Konzentrationslager Auschwitz in den Jahren 1943 bis 1945 sucht die Staatsanwaltsc
Frankfurt am Main den ehemaligen SS-Hauptsturmführer und Lagerarzt
JOSEF MENGELE
geboren am 16. März 1911 in Gunzburg
Mengele nennt sich auch (Doktor) José Mengele und hat sich ferner als Helmut Gregor,
angeblich geboren am 6. August 1911 in Termeno, ausgegeben.
1000 000.- DM
(in Worten: eine Million Deutsche Mark)

They dispel the myth that Mengele had superhuman powers of evasion. He was not the Fuhrer of the Fourth Reich, moving around in a half a dozen jungle hideouts, protected by 20 guard dogs and a dozen killer bodyguards. Instead, he spent most of his life on the run in simple surroundings, fearing capture and depending on his family in Germany for a lifeline of support.

As he grew older, Josef Mengele was not preoccupied with continuing his Auschwitz work or dealing in drugs, as was variously reported in the media. Instead, he was obsessed with developing a relationship with his son Rolf. Rolf was his only child, having been born in 1944 during Mengele's last year at Auschwitz. Rolf had long struggled with the burden of his teenage discovery that his father was not a war hero, but instead was one of the world's most wanted men.

Diametrically opposed to each other's views, the two carried on a lengthy and often bitter debate in a series of letters. Mengele castigated Rolf for what he saw as his numerous shortcomings, and tried to control the son he had met only once as a "nephew" in Switzerland.

At the age of 33, Rolf was fed up with the letter-writing. He decided to make the journey to Sao Paulo, where the elderly Mengele had since moved, to confront his father and to determine firsthand if what he had read over the years was true. In 1977 they met: the son the lawyer, and the father the most hated man in the world.

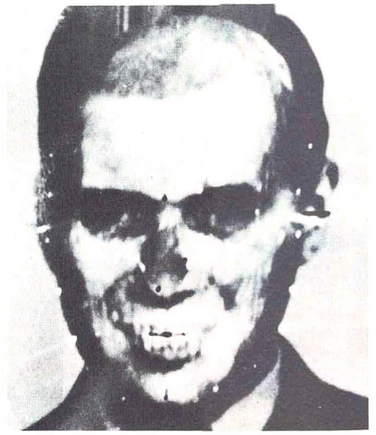
Josef Mengele was more of a stranger than a father to Rolf. Yet Rolf still wanted to reconcile the differences. Before he could, Josef Mengele died in a swimming accident in 1979. For the next six years, Rolf Mengele and the rest of the Mengele family refused to disclose the secret of his death.

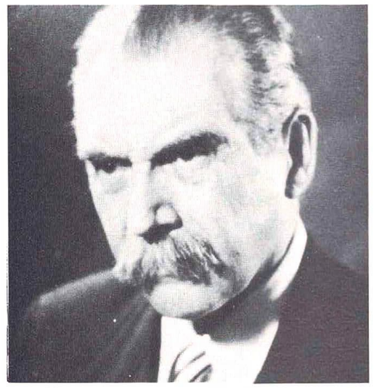
Ironically, as the hunt for the Angel of Death climaxed in the spring of 1985 — 40 years after Auschwitz's gas chambers fell silent — the German police broke the case and unearthed a set of rotting bones in Brazil.

Rolf Mengele has since broken the Mengele code of silence. He had made his father's diaries and other writings available to Gerald Posner, who, with John Ware, a British journalist, wrote a biography of his father, *Mengele: The Complete Story*, recently published by McGraw-Hill. This interview was conducted by Gerald Posner in Freiburg, West Germany, in February of this year, in English, Rolf's second language. He now believes it will be his last interview.

*Penthouse:* When was the first time you met your father?
*Mengele:* In 1956. I was 12 years old. I remember meeting him in Switzerland on a ski holiday. He was introduced to me as "Uncle Fritz." He was the "uncle" who sent me letters and stamps from Argentina. He was a very sympathetic man, a good sportsman. He was also always joking.







**Far left: A wanted poster of Mengele; Left: Scientist's superimposition of Mengele's face over his skull to verify death; Below: The last photos before Mengele's death.**

*Penthouse:* Did he talk about the war?
*Mengele:* I remember he was the first adult to talk about the wartime. It was taboo. As young boys, we were very interested in the war and the fighting. We talked about it and he told us about his fighting partisans in Russia.
*Penthouse:* At that time, where did you think your father was?
*Mengele:* My understanding from my mother was that he was missing in action. Assumed to be dead.
*Penthouse:* Learning that your father was alive and was being accused of such horrible crimes must have affected you.
*Mengele:* Of course it affected me — very strongly. Up until the time, I believed I had a father who was a soldier who had fought in Russia, and I was very proud. I was embarrassed. It was a shock. It was not an easy period for me.
*Penthouse:* In 1960, you began to have contact with your father by letters. How did that come about?
*Mengele:* I got letters from him, and my mother forced me to answer them. I didn't like it, so I wrote to him in the sense that you write to somebody who is a prisoner. My mother had told me I should have human feelings about him and it would help him. It was an obligation that I fulfilled, but unwillingly.
*Penthouse:* What did you learn about your father through these letters?
*Mengele:* I learned that we had, in the historical view, diametrically opposed positions. We had discussions and debates through these letters, but at the end I saw it was useless.
*Penthouse:* Why did you visit him for two weeks in 1977?
*Mengele:* It was my curiosity. I wanted to see him. I wanted to speak to him face-to-face and get more out of him. He was ill and I said to myself he would not live very long, so I'd better hurry up to see him. For him, it was a high moment to meet his son. I felt bad because I could not reciprocate. He was a stranger for me. I left convinced that his psyche had been damaged by 30 years on the run. This made him mentally confused and he was unable to give up his justifications for everything. He was self-righteous and had self-pity.
*Penthouse:* Did you talk to him about Auschwitz?
*Mengele:* Yes. When I approached him on this subject and told him he was responsible, he became very, very angry and would shout: "My only son, I had hoped, would not believe all those lies written in the newspapers." He was not ready to accept any personal guilt or responsibility. He never felt any remorse or regret, because he didn't see his responsibility. He rejected everything and did not feel guilty.
*Penthouse:* As an attorney, can you legally justify not reporting his whereabouts?
*Mengele:* Legally, we are a democracy here. I am under no requirement to turn him in. We have a law which exempts family members from punishment if they obstruct criminal prosecution, if you are in conflict between the laws and your personal relationship.
*Penthouse:* What about your moral responsibility?
*Mengele:* In the end, he was my father and I couldn't do it. It had to be his decision. Another point is that I would have ruined the people who had helped him, and I had an obligation to these people.
*Penthouse:* Didn't you feel any obligation to the victims?
*Mengele:* Of course, for the victims, for justice, but in this conflict I finally decided for my father.
*Penthouse:* Did the Mengele family prefer that he go on trial?
*Mengele:* The preference had to be that he die before he was brought to trial because a trial would have been very painful to the family.
*Penthouse:* If that was the case, and he died in 1979, why did you wait until 1985 to announce to the world that Josef Mengele was dead?
*Mengele:* We have in Germany a five-year statute of limitations to prosecute people who helped him. I decided to wait these five years to fulfill the statute.
*Penthouse:* But the five-year statute of limitations expired in February 1984. Why didn't you announce the death in early 1984?
*Mengele:* I don't remember very well, but I was hoping that they had forgotten about him. There had been no mention of him in the newspapers and I had hoped the case was all over. And then came 1985 [the 40th anniversary of the liberation of Auschwitz rekindled interest in Mengele].
*Penthouse:* Why hasn't the Mengele family apologised for Josef Mengele?
*Mengele:* I have. I don't know what the rest of my family does. That is their business.
*Penthouse:* Are you ashamed that Josef Mengele is your father?
*Mengele:* Yes. Yes, I am ashamed.
*Penthouse:* If you had to characterise your feelings toward your father in one word, what would it be?
*Mengele:* It's a difficult question. Disgust . . . hate . . . . no. It would be pity.
*Penthouse:* Is it a burden to be the son of Josef Mengele?
*Mengele:* Oh, yes. It is not so good nowadays to be the son of Josef Mengele. It is acceptable if you are the son of Rommel, but I can't change it.
*Penthouse:* Your wife has a twin. Do you think you were subconsciously affected in your decision to marry her because of your father's interest in twins?
*Mengele:* No. Never. She could have been anything. It would not have influenced me.

*Continued on page 144*

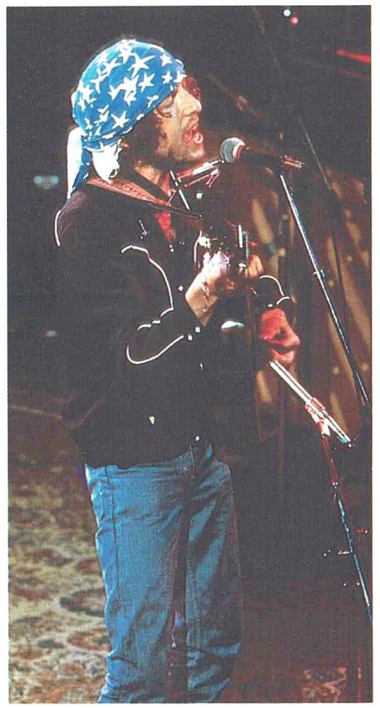
# BANNED!

*Penthouse* presents the records that were too rude for radio

BY GLENN A. BAKER

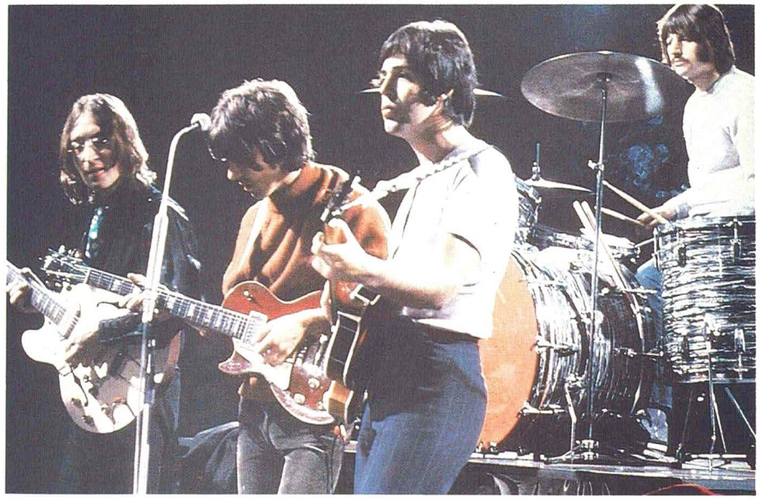
Ever since Marconi came up with wireless transmission, our collective morality and sensibility has been vigorously protected by self-appointed arbiters of good taste and the public interest. "Sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll" might well be rock's credo, but that which is freely heard on concert stages is often rigorously banished from the airwaves.

Not long after hit parade programs debuted on Australian commercial radio in the late Forties, the banning of pop records began in earnest. Any hint of sex, sedition or insobriety was summarily bluepencilled into oblivion by a concerned body of diligent audio censors — the Programming Committee of the Federation of Australian Radio Broadcasters (FARB). Until a couple of years ago, this self-regulatory industry organisation examined every record released in this country and affixed an A (total ban) or B (brought to the station manager's attention) rating to any song it considered to be offensive or beyond the bounds of prevailing community taste — as determined solely by itself. Unlike the relative openness of film censorship, record banning was always a closed-door affair. There were no press releases issued and no justifications given, so we rarely knew what it was we were being denied. All commercial stations accepted the rulings as gospel, while some, such as Sydney's Catholic church-owned 2SM, used them as a basis for a far more restrictive selection policy.



As a result of FARB's moral leadership, we were spared such lurid lyrics as *"If you gotta go, go now, or else you gotta stay all night"* from the pen of Bob Dylan (who also fell foul with his exhortation: *"Lay lady lay, lay across my big brass bed"*). However, in 1973, we were able to plainly hear Lou Reed sing, *"But she never lost her head, even when she was giving head"* in "Walk On The Wild Side", presumably because FARB (and, to be fair, their counterparts in the US and UK) had no idea what he was on about. Eventually the committee outlived its usefulness and willingly handed the job back to the individual stations. Since that time, only the blatantly obscene or suggestive has been banned, and even some of that has made it to air — such as Prince's "Little Red Corvette" (one continuous sexual metaphor) or Austen Tayshus' "Australiana" (*"trying to plait her puss . . .*

The Beatles' "A Day In The Life" was banned. "If we didn't understand it, it must be about drugs."



*flashed my wanger at her . . . where can Marcie Pee, Al? . . . probably seen a cock or two"* — all slightly mispronounced).

During the Seventies there had been a feeling that FARB was losing heart for its thankless task. In 1974, half of the tracks on Skyhooks' *Living In The Seventies* album were given straight As. The following year, the ABC's new *enfant terrible*, rock station 2JJ, blatantly commenced transmission with the banned track "You Just Like Me 'Cos I'm Good In Bed." The ABC was not obliged to pay heed to FARB directions and the 2JJ situation highlighted to commercial rock stations the disadvantage they were now facing in following those directions to the letter in a new, liberated age. Not long after, FARB allowed Status Quo to intone "Roll Over Lay Down (And Let Me In)" and Toni Tennille to croon *"Do that to me one more time, once is never enough with a man like you."* But the new standards seemed to have double standards themselves. It was fine for Rod Stewart to beg: *"Don't deny your man's desire . . . spread your wings and let me come inside"* in "Tonight's The Night", but out of the question for Cold Chisel to observe: *"And their legs were often open but their minds were always closed"* in "Khe Sanh."

As with any form of censorship, the forbidden fruit syndrome comes into play. Told we can't have something, it assumes irresistible proportions. When Billy Thorpe stood on stage at Sydney's Chequers nightspot and screamed "fuck!" or enlivened any number of outdoor rock festivals by bellowing "Suck more piss!" in the early Seventies, he not only found himself arrested but also on the receiving end of the greatest popularity of his career. A few dirty words did more for business than any hit record. Every young male in every high school yard was brimming full of pride for good old Billy and his brave tongue.

There was a decrepit Wurlitzer jukebox in the greasy cafe-cum-milkbar around the corner from where I once lived as a teenager. B4, as I recall, was in the worst shape. It corresponded to "Tally Ho", the flipside of a controversial Australia-only hit by Mitch Ryder & The Detroit Wheels called "Linda Sue Dixon", which featured the refrain: *"Bring your LSD to me, yeah."* That the single even made it to air was a shock, though a small one in comparison to the lyrical content of the flipside which somehow snuck through the lines and found its way into the jukeboxes of otherwise-protected Australia. I can still hear the thunderous, unified shout of the milkbar's clientele howling along with Ryder as he sang about his girlfriend walking down the street, *"Moving those big fucking hips from side to side."*

Just a year earlier, "Snoopy Vs The Red Baron", a harmless juvenile hit by The Royal Guardsmen, had been broadcast with a beep to mask the offending word in the line *"bloody Red Baron."* In this regard it fared even better than Johnny Horton's "Battle Of New Orleans", which was banned outright by some stations because of the line *"fought the bloody British."* (England went one step further and made Horton record a version in which the British won!) A beep was also used some years later to delete *"son of a bitch"* from the Johnny Cash hit "A Boy Named Sue."

Even before the avalanche of licentious, libertarian rock 'n' roll attitudes descended upon the zealous public protestors, songs were being banned on a regular basis. The criterion then was as inconsistent and prone to absurdity as it is now. Before the advent of rock, such harmless ditties as George Formby's "Window Washer Man" (considered voyeuristic) and "Chinese Laundry Blues" (mentioned ladies' underwear) and "That Man Who Comes Around" by Ricky Nelson's bandleader dad Ozzie (suggested adultery) were banished from antipodean airwaves.

Harvard mathematics professor turned song writer satirist Tom Lehrer was subjected to a complete broadcasting ban in the US during the early Fifties for having the temerity to malign the boy scouts of America in "Be Prepared" (*"Don't solicit for your sister, that's not nice, unless you get a good percentage of her price"*) and mention the unmentionable in "The Old Dope Peddler" (*"Today's young innocent faces will be tomorrow's clientele"*). By the time he arrived in Australia in 1960 most of the brouhaha in America had died down, but just to remind him of it, the South Australian Premier of the day publicly pledged to toss Lehrer into jail if he performed any of five specific songs in the City of Churches. At the top of Adelaide's hate list was the scalding "Vatican Rag", which gleefully instructed: *"First you get down on your knees, fiddle with your rosarys, Bow your head with great respect and genuflect, genuflect, genuflect!"*

The wild, woolly, irreverent arrival of rock 'n' roll gave the wowsers a much bigger target. In Boston the Everly Brothers' twee "Wake Up Little Suzie" was banned outright, in case — get this — kids used the excuse found in the lyrics (falling asleep in the drive-in) to put one over their folks who hadn't heard the song. How they reacted to The Penguins' "Baby Let Me Bang Your Box" (about an insatiable pianist) is anyone's guess.

At least Americans had a First Amendment to protect their right to free speech. In the far-flung corners of the British Empire, those who administered in the Queen's name could basically do as they pleased. Bob Taylor, a six-times Mo award winning Sydney pianist/bandleader, worked for HMV New Zealand during the late Fifties. This was when all broadcasting was government-controlled and the prevailing attitude of the record review panel (two priests, a social worker and some public servants) was that rock contributed to, if not caused, juvenile delinquency — period. Recalls Taylor: "It was almost impossible to get anything passed for airplay, so what we'd do was send them ten Little Richard, five Jerry Lee Lewis and one Pat Boone, just to get Pat Boone through. Little Richard was banned outright; you normally didn't even bother sending him along.



"Their most famous decision was to ban Bobby Darin's playful 'Splish Splash' because there was nothing in the lyrics to confirm that when he got out of the bath and went to the party he actually put any clothes on! Not even history was safe; Elvis' 'Hard Headed Woman' got the chop because of the lines, *'Heard of a king that was doin' swell, 'til he started playing with that evil Jezebel.'* Prostitutes, you see, were just not on. We found that out when they banned Edith Piaf's 'Milord.' It was sung in French but they sent it out for translation just in case there was anything in it to corrupt bilingual citizens."

The BBC, which had supreme broadcasting power in the UK until less than a decade ago, also had a sharpened blue pencil, but its chief concern was commercialism rather than morality. The golden rule that no product shall be mentioned, let alone endorsed, has been policed rigidly for half a century. In 1970, Kinks leader Ray Davies had to fly back home in the middle of an American tour for a few hours to re-record just one word. The song in question was "Lola" and the offending word was "coca." Once the song referred to Cherry Cola, the BBC passed it for airplay and it stormed to number two. The furore over this nonsense served to obliterate the fact that the rest of the lyrics were about transvestism.

Once a record was banned during the Sixties, the smart thing was to cut your losses by whipping out another version. In 1966, Lou Christie released the single "Rhapsody In The Rain" featuring a daring set of lyrics which included the lines: *"And in this car our love went much too far . . . On our first date we were making out in the rain."* When the first rumblings of discontent were heard, MGM Records withdrew the song and rushed out a new version with the sanitised lines: *"And in this car love came like a falling star . . . On our first date we fell in love in the rain."* The following year, Marc Bolan's first hit group, John's Children, recorded the enigmatic "Desdemona" which, although it became a hit in its original form in Australia, had to be released twice in Britain. The second version left in the references to *"sleeping naked in the nude"* but replaced the chorus line *"Lift up your skirts and fly"* with *"Why do you have to lie?"*

Not every artist was prepared to kowtow. Byrds' leader Jim McGuinn wrote his group's fifth single, "Eight Miles High", about a flight to London. Just as it was released, some bright spark in American radio decided the song was all about drug taking and urged that it be banned. McGuinn as much as told them all to go jump. Peter Paul & Mary were probably too dumbfounded to say anything when it was claimed that "Puff The Magic Dragon" referred to marijuana smoking.

Mick Jagger, despite his repeated protestations of innocence, played it the establishment's way at least once. The moral campaigners in America had been gunning for the Rolling Stones ever since "Satisfaction", which was probably the most suggestive pop song ever widely played on radio there. But when "Let's

Photo by Bob King

The new standards seemed to have double standards themselves. It was fine for Rod Stewart to beg: *"Don't deny your man's desire . . . spread your wings and let me come inside"* in "Tonight's The Night", but out of the question for Cold Chisel to observe: *"And their legs were often open but their minds were always closed"* in "Khe Sanh."

Roger Daltrey wasn't really stuttering when he snarled *"Why don't you all fffffade away"* in The Who's "My Generation." And surprisingly, no action was taken on "Pictures of Lily", which was plainly about masturbation (*"Pictures of Lily solved my childhood problems . . . helped me feel all right"*).

Spend The Night Together" was unleashed in 1967, fuses blew. Ed Sullivan point blank refused to have the band on his variety television show unless they amended the title. They argued till they were blue in the face and then capitulated. Today, the visual and audio proof survives to show that the arrogant, rebellious Stones performed "Let's Spend Some Time Together" on American TV. They got their own back, though, with their 1969 global number one smash "Honky Tonk Women", which featured the words, *"She blew my nose and then she blew my mind."* Mick wasn't singing about handkerchiefs. Neither, it should be pointed out, was Roger Daltrey really stuttering when he snarled *"Why don't you all fffffade away"* in The Who's "My Generation."

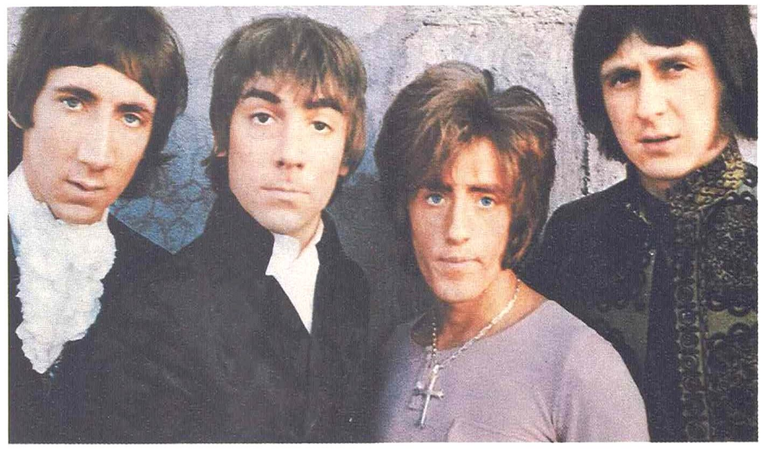
If the slightest suggestion of immorality had panicked broadcasters in the Fifties, it was drugs which brought on a cold sweat during the Sixties. This irrational fear resulted in some astounding banning decisions. Ray Bean, the recently departed manager of Sydney's 2UE, was a member, on and off, of FARB's Programming Committee for about 15 years. He was one of those who voted to ban the Beatles' "A Day In The Life", which featured the lines: *"He blew his mind out in a car", "I went upstairs and had a smoke"* and *"I'd love to turn you on."* "I don't think we really knew what it was about," he admits, "but the attitude then was, if we didn't understand it, it must be about drugs." A song that definitely was about drugs, blatantly so, was the mischievous Small Faces' "Here Comes The Nice", which made number 12 in Britain and performed moderately well on the charts here without anyone getting too flustered.

Sex could still flash red lights, though. The Troggs' simmering "I Can't Control Myself" heard neanderthal Reg Presley salivating over the lines: *"Your slacks are low and your hips are showing . . . it makes me feel all right when we're alone at night and we love, and we love."* It copped a ban here which made headlines in England, where it was sitting at number two on the charts. There was even a warning slapped on Tommy James & The Shondells' "I Think We're Alone Now", as a result of the line: *"We tumble to the ground and then we say, I think we're alone now."* Suprisingly no action was forthcoming on The Who's "Picture Of Lily", which was plainly about masturbation (*"Pictures of Lily solved my childhood problem . . . helped me feel all right"*), nor the Animals' "House Of The Rising Sun", which dealt with a New Orleans whorehouse.

Early in the rock era Ray Bean was programming hot Sydney teen station 2UW, which was in bitter competition with 2SM (stands for St Mary). He had one advantage over his arch-rivals which he unashamedly milked for all it was worth: "When a record came along that SM wasn't able to play because of church guidelines, I immediately put it up to hourly rotation on UW. I even looked for records that I knew they wouldn't be able to touch — if it was a problem for SM we went for it!"

Normie Rowe can be thankful for the situation, which resulted in his first single going to number one. "It Ain't Necessarily So" from the musical Porgy & Bess, with the chorus line: *"The things that you're liable to read in the Bible ain't necessarily so"*, presented SM with a no-option situation. When it made the top spot, they had to go to air with an editorial statement explaining why it could not be played.

The advent of the disco boom around 1985 caused problems for most stations, who could never be quite sure what those guttural growls of *"get on down"* really meant. The raw sexuality of a number of big hits — such as Donna Summer's "Love To Love You Baby" and pretty much anything by Barry White — was often disguised by waves of relentless disco beat. "Drac's Back" by Andy Forray used an old trick perfected in the Twenties by Benny Bell with "Shaving Cream" and continued 50 years later by The Barrow Poets with "The Pheasant Plucker's Song." That is, lead right up to an expected dirty word and stop dead. Forray's minor hit had a gaggle of girls shrilling at the end of the line, *"I wanna suck your . . ."*



In Boston the Everly Brothers' "Wake Up Little Suzie" was banned in case kids used the excuse in the lyrics (falling asleep in the drive-in) to put one over their folks.

To its collective credit, radio has occasionally left questionable words in songs which seem to contribute to the power of the piece. It wasn't possible to overlook John Lennon's various "fuckings" in his powerful "Working Class Hero", but the line *"what kind of shit was about to go down"* was heard often on air during 1975 in Bob Dylan's "Hurricane." As a contrast, the Steve Miller Band's less-consequential "Jet Airliner" had to be issued to radio in an edited single edition which replaced *"funky shit goin' down in the city"* with *"funky kicks . . ."*

When Marianne Faithfull set Heathcote Williams' pornographic poem "Why D'ya Do It?" to music in 1979, Festival Records faced a dilemma that just couldn't be solved with the swift swipe of a razor blade. The track was brimming with so many expletives that the normally liberal company opted to delete it entirely from the *Broken English* album, leaving a band of silent vinyl replaced by a bonus single.

Although Festival was the company which had released the Woodstock triple soundtrack album in this country with a number of very obvious sections (such as Country Joe & The Fish's *"Gimme an F"* chant) infuriatingly deleted, its reticence on this occasion was understandable. The company had just been abruptly hauled into court by a Victorian religious group on an obscenity charge arising from one track on a Skyhooks album which had been in the marketplace for a year. "Why Don'tcha All Get Fucked", like the Faithfull track, was obviously recorded as an exercise in stretching the limits. Greg Macainsh, who also wrote 2JJ's opener "You Just Like Me 'Cos I'm Good In Bed", claimed he penned the abusive piece so that the station would have a final song if it was ever taken off air by a Liberal government.

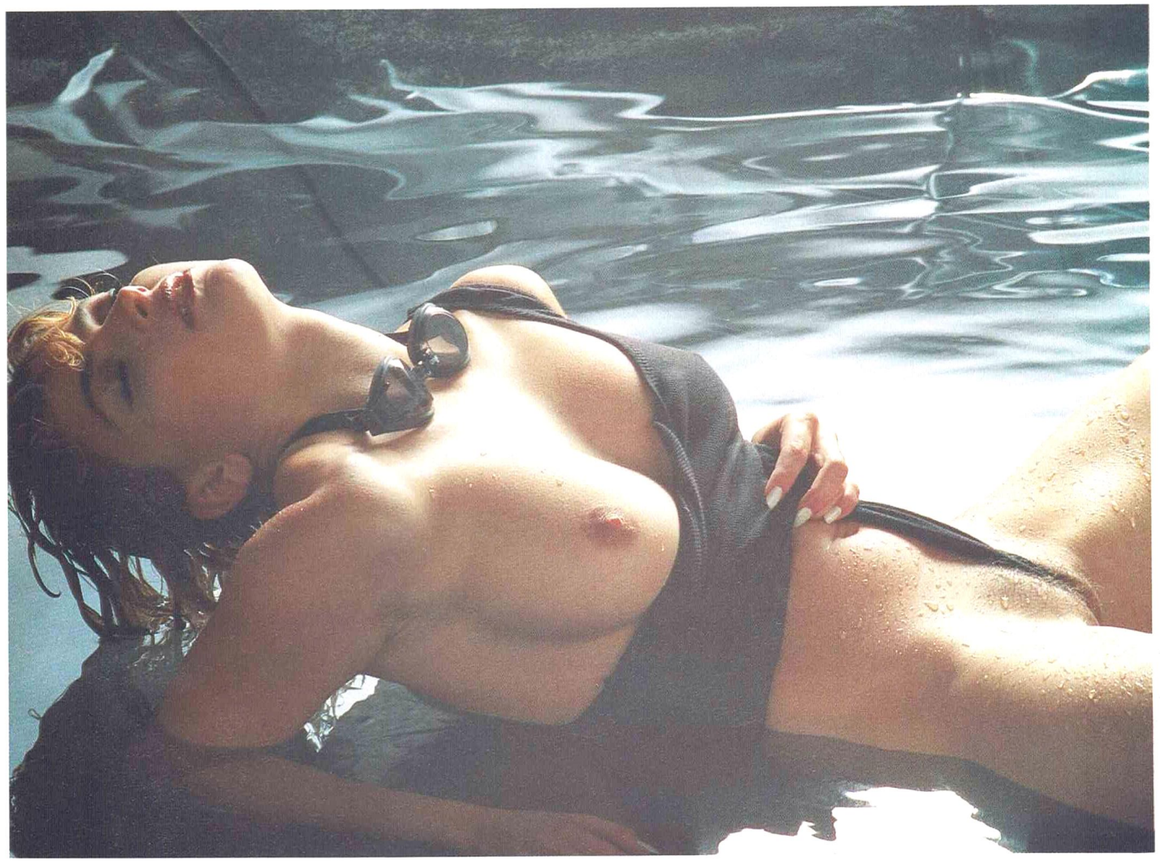
There is no doubt that the limits have been stretched. We are now hearing things over the air that would have been unthinkable a decade ago. In 1980, Paul Simon made the top ten with "Late In The Evening", in which he sang: *"I was underage in this funky bar and I stepped out to smoke myself a jay."* There were a few murmurs about the lyrics but no known instances of it being banned. But back in 1970, Simon found himself in all sorts of hot water with "Cecilia", a track from the mega-platinum *Bridge Over Troubled Water* album. At the root of the furore were the lines: *"Making love in the afternoon with Cecilia up in my bedroom, I got up to wash my face, when I come back to bed someone's taken my place."* A remarkably similar sentiment expressed in the Easybeats' 1967 hit "Heaven & Hell" resulted in a string of American stations banning the record and the BBC shying away from it. The group obligingly cut a new version with the words *"discovering someone else in your bed"* changed to *"discovering that her love had gone bad"*, but to no avail. The record lost its chance and, to this day, the members credit that blow with causing the rot to set in for the group internationally.

The bottom line of the whole sorry saga of banning records is that more naughtiness has slipped through unchecked than has ever been caught. Like all censors, banners of records have oft struck out at the seemingly obvious while missing the real targets. Neil Young, whose "The Needle And The Damage Done" was a strong anti-drug diatribe, was recently cited by an American judge as an artist encouraging drug use. I could probably compile a list of 200 hits which have done just that, without any sort of attention being paid.

Hunting down hidden obscenities in popular hits can be an amusing and occasionally rewarding diversion. For despite pricked ears in high places, we have probably all been subliminally soiled by those terrible rock 'n' roll degenerates. For example, at the very end of Cat Stevens' 1977 hit "Old School Yard", you can plainly hear a child yell: *"Oh fuck off!"* The Who's "Who Are You?" included the audible enquiry, *"Who the fuck are you?"* and although a second, edited single was released, most stations continued to play the original. Toward the end of T. Rex's huge hit "Jeepster", Marc Bolan screams *"Girl I'm gonna suck you!"* The Clash's "Rock The Casbah" has a fairly clear chant of *"fuck the Casbah"*, while it seems certain that the Pointer Sisters are faintly singing *"I want to fuck with you"* in the third verse of "I'm So Excited." The final line of "American Woman", the biggest hit by Canada's Guess Who, is *"goodbye American shit."* The punch line is that the song made number one in America!

*The author wishes to acknowledge the kind assistance extended by John Bond and David Collins of 2WS in the preparation of this feature.*

# SLIPPERY



# WHEN WET

They said it couldn't be done, but one photographer proved them wrong. He went ahead and captured a wet dream on film in all its ethereal sensuality. We couldn't resist splashing it across the following pages — a case of publish and be damp. This water nymph has turned the tables on her temptress sisters of yore. In olden days sirens would lure their beholders on to the rocks. This one gets them off. It would take a blind man to disagree.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALAN VERTUE

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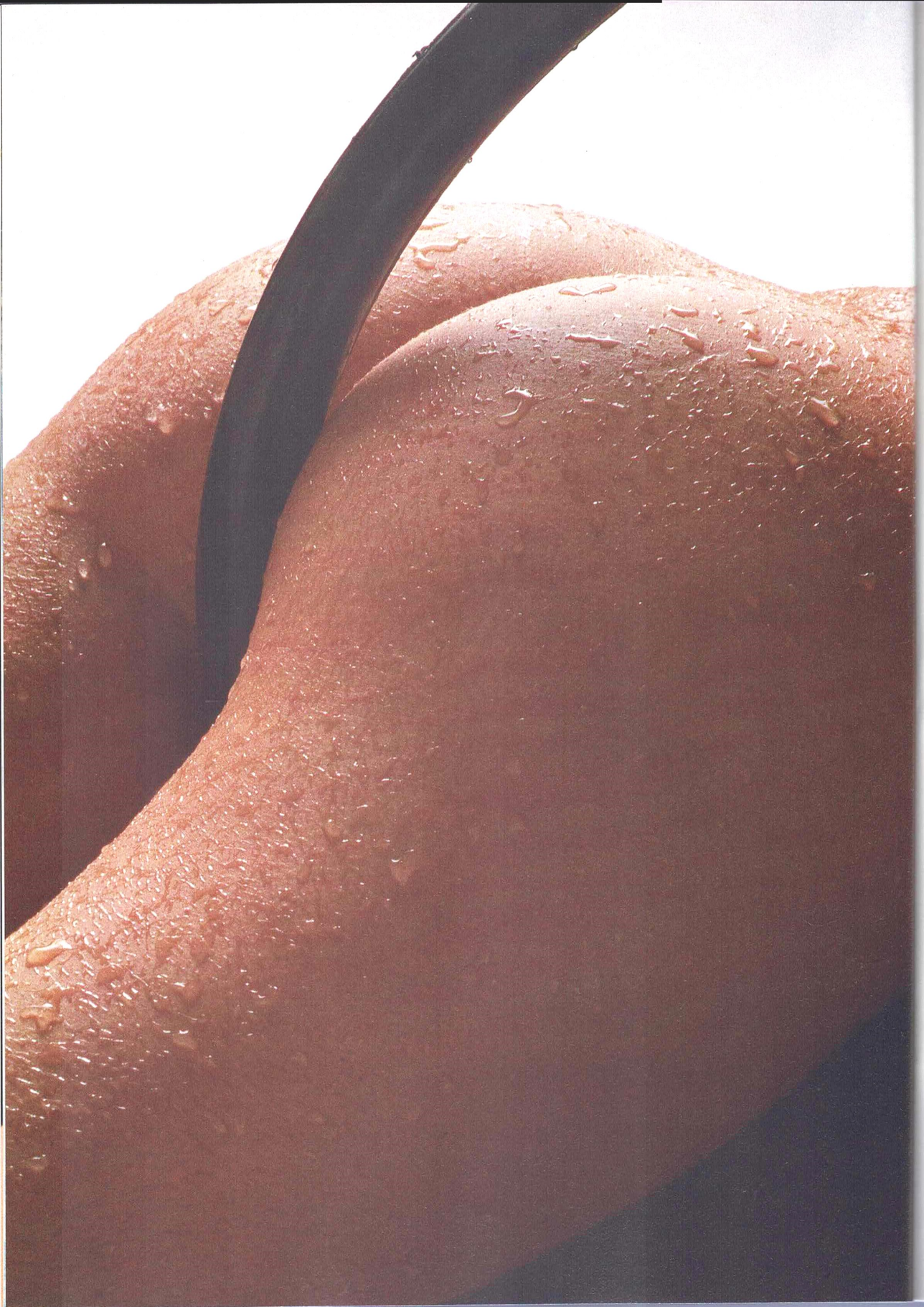
# W H E N  W E T



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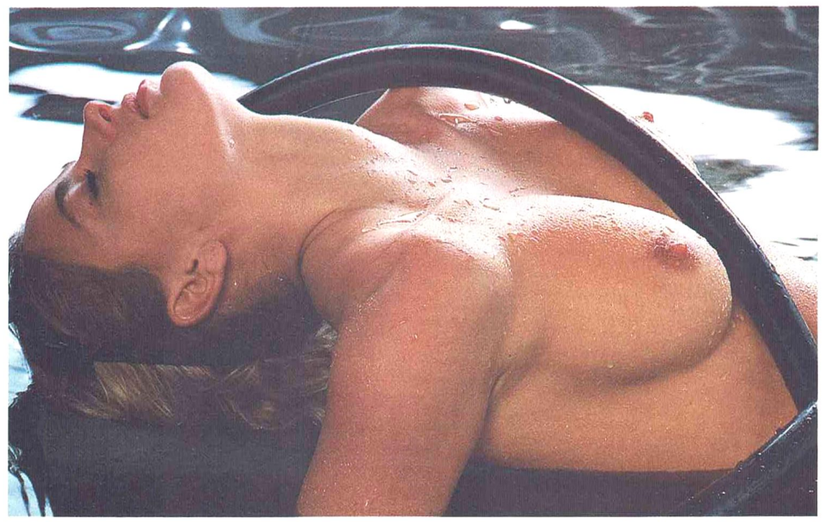

# WHEN WET

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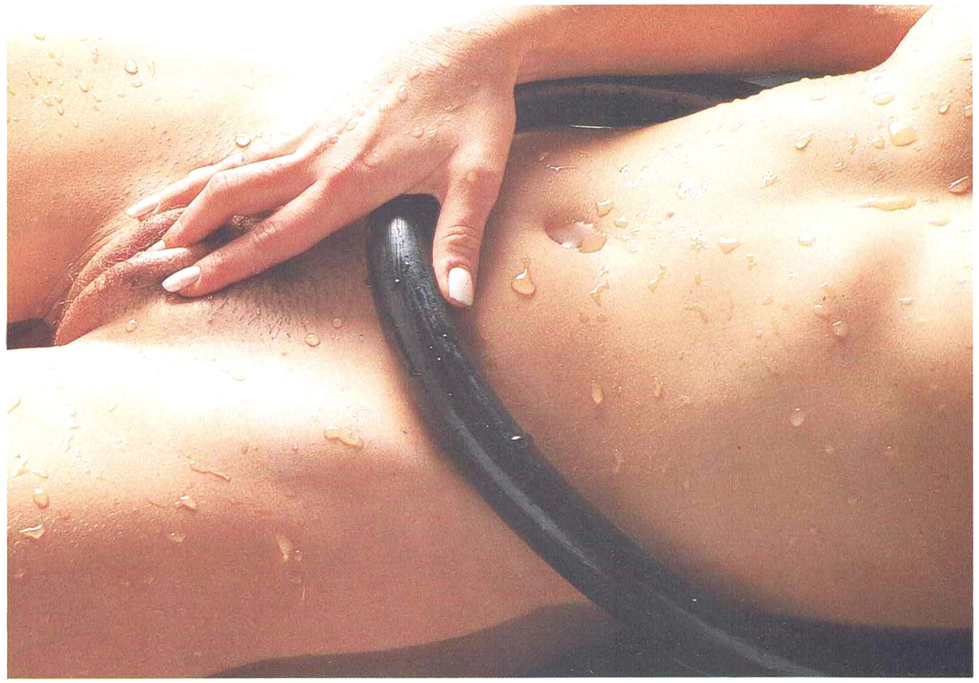

# W H E N  W E T

"If I'd had a gun in the last 20 years I wouldn't be here now. I'd have shot myself just to see what was on the other side"

# CLIVE ROBERTSON

BY GREG HUNTER

People don't know quite how to take Clive Robertson. Perched Sphinx-like atop the anchorman's chair on the Seven Network's evening *Newsworld* program, spouting (in contravention of all the rules) opinions on the events of the day while appearing to be on the verge of a total nervous system shutdown, Clive has an enigmatic quality that fascinates television viewers. His sardonic wit, animal unpredictability and apparent compulsion to wear his manic depression on his sleeve have proved irresistibly alluring to audiences ever since he joined Sydney's 2BL radio station as breakfast announcer back in 1974. Apparently in spite of himself — for he claims no interest whatsoever in the marketing of his multifarious personality — "Robbo" is and has always been a hit.

Born in the NSW Blue Mountains town of Katoomba in 1945, Robertson did a series of menial jobs before beginning his broadcasting career with 6VA in Albany, Western Australia in 1967. Sacked from his next station, 6IX, for refusing to use their "Have a happy day" slogan, he wound up as "general announcing dogsbody" for a local TV station before auditioning for the ABC in Perth. Exiled to Sydney, then Canberra, then back to Sydney for the 2BL breakfast show, Robbo finally found a perfect platform from which to launch an endless cascade of witticisms, jibes and paradoxes; unlike his counterparts on commercial stations,

PHOTO BY GRAEME DAVEY

# INTERVIEW

he was a man who demanded to be listened to rather than merely heard over a bleary-eyed bowl of cornflakes. Always unscripted and maddeningly unpredictable — on occasions he dared to present his audience with a full minute's silence — the ebullient radio jock developed a devoted following which reached its zenith during his brilliant on-air sparring matches with the very proper Caroline Jones. By 1980 the BL "Breakfast Session" had climbed to number two in the ratings — an unheard of position for a non-commercial radio station.

Apart from an abortive six-month sojourn with the commercial 2DAY-FM in 1981 and a couple of years spent moonlighting as a recalcitrant Beast on *Beauty And The Beast*, Robertson resisted the temptation to turn commercial despite numerous offers. He became as much an ABC institution as Norman May and James Dibble, a great iconoclast whose favorite whipping boys were ABC middle management (who gave up sending him nasty memos when he read one of them out on air) and ocker males, whom he continues to lampoon mercilessly.

Ultimately the lure of the Seven Network's *11AM* current affairs program led Robertson to sever his ten-year affair with Aunty. He took over from Graham Kennedy as anchor and immediately set about terrorising everyone from cameramen to producer with cutting on-air jibes. In January this year he transferred reluctantly to *Newsworld*, and accordingly the program's ratings have jumped to the point where it consistently wins its timeslot. Robertson still has it — and as long as he retains it, he'll contine to break the rules with impunity.

Robertson's first marriage ended in divorce in 1974. The second, to *A Country Practice* star Penny Cook, was by all accounts a tempestuous and ill-fated affair which, until their separation last November, provided Clive with some memorable radio material on the nature of women — a subject on which he has become something of a *de facto* spokesman for Australian men.

*Penthouse* Senior Editor Greg Hunter confronted Robertson in Seven's staff cafeteria. It was an appropriate place to interview a man who has no great attachment to alcohol and (unlike most of his colleagues in teeveeland) despises any form of pretension. "Once Clive drops his guard — which he did after ten minutes — he becomes impossible to stop," Hunter reported. "The difficulty lies not in pinning him down but in keeping up with him. He simply won't allow himself to be interviewed in the normal sense, preferring to draw the inquisitor into the conversation at every opportunity. Clive's determination to be himself — in his own words, 'to tell the truth as it occurs to me' — leads him to respond to sensitive questions with extraordinary frankness. He has sometimes been described by reporters as 'a little bit mad'; although he would probably take that as a compliment, it's clear that he sees himself as unusually and disturbingly sane."

***Penthouse:*** Did something pivotal happen in your life at the age of 12? The number keeps cropping up in the Robertson literature.

***Robertson:*** No. *Four* was the pivotal age for me. Mum sent me to a nursery and suddenly I was confronted by people who didn't feel they owed me anything. I didn't cope. I remember coming home and wishing I wasn't alone, and I must admit that there hasn't been a day since when I haven't felt that way. Everyone laughs at that, but if I were to offer you a great investment, you'd want to see a prospectus, wouldn't you? Do you realise that the decision by your parents to have you is a unilateral thing? They don't *ask* you. They don't say to the egg: "Now listen, here's a brochure of what the world is like . . . See . . . Look here . . ." As a consequence I was thrust into this world and I don't think there's been a day in my life that I haven't wished I wasn't here. I'd rather not have existed. That is the basis of *me*. But people usually think it's funny — or *they tell you you're wrong*. Hah! That's like saying to a black person: "Look, you are *not black*."

> I decided that since I came into this world and didn't want to, the world's got to pay for it

***Penthouse:*** Was the lack of a good formal education in some way responsible for your fervent hatred of snobbery and pretension?

***Robertson:*** No, I think it's related to what happened to me when I was four. I nutted this out only recently. I decided that since I came into this world and didn't want to, the world's got to pay for it. So if anyone comes along with something I find unacceptable or wrong, well . . . That doesn't make it right, but that's the way it is.

***Penthouse:*** Are you comfortable with that attitude?

***Robertson:*** Well, I don't like myself much. But I'm going to *win*. This is the *worst* bit. You better stick with me because I'm gonna win. I really do think that. But then, if you think about anyone who's ever felt an unease about the world, the fact that you've heard of them proves they are not passive. Agreed? It's like the irritant inside the oyster. At least the oyster turns out something which for *us* is beautiful, even if not for itself. So I think that to be a passive objector is pitiful. Actually, I was 40 the other day. I never thought it would happen to me. I always thought I'd die at 40 — that that was sufficient. How old are you?

***Penthouse:*** 30.

***Robertson:*** Yes, 30's good. Actually, 30's the start of it all. When you get to 40 it finishes. You only have ten years.

***Penthouse:*** Have these last ten been by far the best of your life, then?

***Robertson:*** Well, I wouldn't say they were great *per se*, but in relation to the rest of my life . . .

***Penthouse:*** Sorry, I didn't mean to imply that you were enjoying yourself . . .

***Robertson:*** Right. We don't want to overstate it, do we? But yes, I've met more women in the last ten years. I didn't get sexually involved with a woman until I was 28.

***Penthouse:*** Why not?

***Robertson:*** You see, I don't have to go around . . . Well, I think there's a thing called morality and *class*. For example, I mucked up one relationship because this lovely lady was so lovely I didn't want to muck it up. I'm not a one-night stander. There's no class in that. And as a consequence she ended up rejecting me because I'd made no indication. A woman's got to feel she's attractive. That's happened to me a couple of times. But if she can't see the sunflower in the middle of the compost, that's her failing. *She* lost. She's probably married some creep somewhere.

***Penthouse:*** You've said a lot of things about women that would appear to be contradictory. You've described them as "soft and fluffy — like kittens", yet bemoaned the fact that they're often evaluated in those terms . . .

***Robertson:*** Mmm. It's not easy, you know.

***Penthouse:*** You've claimed to be an ardent feminist — you once said men were so appalling that if there were a third sex women would probably go for it — yet you've played the role of Beast in *Beauty And The Beast*, which many people would regard as a flagrantly sexist program. Just where do you stand, so to speak, on women?

***Robertson:*** You have to remember that on *Beauty And The Beast* there were six of them and one of me. But you're assuming all these things can be compartmentalised. There is nothing on this Earth as great as the effect of women on me. They've also been the ruination of me, if in fact you can ruin a ruin. I find that with a beautiful woman, I just want to *keep* her. You remember Terence Stamp in *The Collector*? That's it — *that* kind of keeping. Not necessarily sexual. There would probably be some legal restraints. But then again, I don't like women. I'm *very* heterosexual, which is a problem. I'd rather have been born without a sex drive. That would make life easier. I wouldn't have wasted my time or made a fool of myself so often.

***Penthouse:*** Fair enough, but why do you say women have been your ruination?

***Robertson:*** Achilles heel . . . O-ring . . . Booster rocket seal . . . it's the *weak point*. If you get involved with a woman, she so disables you that you're no longer yourself — so who *are* you? You make a decision to marry or whatever in a highly emotional state — and you wouldn't make a decision about *anything* in that state. That's why marriage shouldn't be decided by the people involved.

***Penthouse:*** You'd prefer a system of arranged marriages?

***Robertson:*** No, I'd rather just be left alone, which is what I'm doing. I'm celibate now. Small "c" celibate — probably by default. I'm glad I'm not a woman. It's a bloody sexist world. It's hopeless for a woman.

***Penthouse:*** When you came to commercial television you were thrust into an environment against which you had vehemently protested for some time . . .

***Robertson:*** No. No I hadn't. I've said a lot of things over the years . . .

***Penthouse:*** When television was 21 years old, you said: "If a horse was 21 you'd shoot it." You've also said: "Television is a gluttonous man" and "The grass is greener at the commercials because they spray it greener for the commercials." What are you doing here?

***Robertson:*** The only way to change anything is from the inside. If you sit on the outside and complain, you become a cynic, don't you?

***Penthouse:*** In what way do you want to change it?

***Robertson:*** I don't know yet. You assume that I know what I'm doing. I don't have the answers, you see. Who has? Have *you*? Finite answers for everything? Only people like Laws have finite answers because [deep baritone voice] *they've suffered*.

***Penthouse:*** Let's talk about Laws' suffering. What do you think of him?

***Robertson:*** Richard John Sinclair Laws . . . I know that he started on a chocolate wheel at Wellington. I thought I'd ask him one day whether or not he misses it . . . I wouldn't be like him for quids. Who would? I don't understand why he has ads saying how wonderful he is all the time. If it was a joke I could understand it, but it's gone past a joke. I think he'd say it was a joke, but I'd have to reply: "It *can't* be a joke. A joke is *funny*." He doesn't need to do it because he's quite clever — just as Kennedy doesn't need to be crude on television, because he's very clever. So whether in fact they don't know what they've got because nobody has actually told them . . . I mean, do you realise how many obsequious little grovellers these people attract, who never tell them the truth? No-one's ever done it for me, either. I've learnt to be my own judge, jury and executioner, which is not easy. I think if I were producing Laws I'd get frustrated. You can't dictate to him because he's not a child . . . I like his wife. Spent a lovely time down on their farm one day. He ended up falling over — must have been the wet grass. But his wife's lovely. She's most unlike Laws — well, she'd *have* to be, wouldn't she? But I feel sorry for him. I don't think he knows who he is with me. I don't think he wants to find out, either.

***Penthouse:*** What are your thoughts on Bob Hawke?

***Robertson:*** I like him. I think he's a bit of a bully in interviews. Keating's cleverer in interviews, and I think so is Howard. Remember in the Sixties when Hawke was the ACTU bloke? He was the bloke who perfected the studio walkout, and they'd have to ask him to please come back inside. He always held the trump card. *I* would have let him go. I think it'd be nice if he'd admit his failings á little more often. They're all boring, these politicians. And you know why? They can be quoted out of context years later, and *that's* why they have to measure every word . . . You *can't* be a brave politician and get on. You can't be honest. Howard's failing has been that he's honest, I think. People don't want

honesty. They want false promises.
*Penthouse:* Can I throw a few more names at you? What do you think of Peacock?
*Robertson:* Not a very good actor, is he? He adopts a persona that he thinks people will be fooled by. He puts on an expression that — well, if one of your mates did it, you'd say: "Are you all right?" He fools no-one.
*Penthouse:* Bjelke-Petersen?
*Robertson:* Oh, dear. I don't understand him. He's a Christian man, or he says he is. On the Day of Reckoning, he will hold his head down — but then, so will everybody else. I think they might spend a few more minutes with him, though . . .
*Penthouse:* Ronald Reagan?
*Robertson:* I do a very good Reagan impression. In fact, I'm *better* at it than him. Have you noticed that his hair is getting darker all the time? I can't take him.
*Penthouse:* Looking back on your radio career, have you seen yourself as the forerunner of people like Doug Mulray, Jono and Danno . . .
*Robertson:* I'd hate to think I've had anything to do with Jono and Danno. But I don't listen to local radio. I suppose that when I left radio I found that I couldn't cope with listening to people saying illogical things on the radio. I like logic. So I just switched off. I've *won*. I don't even listen to the news of the day. You see all these people who are obsessed with the news — it's all a load of poop.
*Penthouse:* You've never developed the newman's addiction to news?
*Robertson:* I'm not a newsman. I'm here totally by default. In fact I was saying that to my boss the other day, but he ignored me. I've worked out that if people don't want to believe what you say, they pretend you didn't say it. Women are great at that. So I'm not a newsman. He said: "But you're *reading the news*." I said: "That's the *problem* — that's not the *answer*."
*Penthouse:* Are you the only newsreader in this country with a brain?
*Robertson:* There's bound to be a brain amongst the rest of them — somewhere. I don't know how they can sit there reading the news year in and year out . . .
*Penthouse:* Without making some kind of comment, as you strive to do?
*Robertson:* I don't strive . . . I'm willing to accept that making any sort of comment on the news is totally unacceptable — but at this stage no-one has said so. By the time this is printed they might have told me to stop it. But at the moment it's a bit of an experiment. I've learned a lot from James Dibble. What he used to do was give the news its *value*. The newsreader has got to tell you how important a story is, not leave you to decide — because people are not concentrating.
*Penthouse:* And one way of doing that is by telling them directly?
*Robertson:* I don't know. No-one here assesses what I do, by the way.
*Penthouse:* Surely no-one would hire Clive Robertson to read the news unless they wanted him to be Clive Robertson?
*Robertson:* Oh, yes they would. They would have taken him off the 2BL breakfast session so that the radio arm of their particular organisation would get to be number one . . . They could have got him at a very small price, couldn't they? Because he's a mug. No names, no pack drill.
*Penthouse:* Lately you've mentioned a desire to do some writing. Have you had it with radio and TV in terms of their limitations on you as an observer?
*Robertson:* Yeah. I'm never going to tell anyone, but I know exactly what I'd like to do in radio and television. *Exactly*. And no-one else would ever do it. But I'm never going to tell anyone because . . .
*Penthouse:* They might let you do it?
*Robertson:* Well, they *can't*, you see? I'm not saying this from any arrogant point of view. I can't explain what I mean. This thing of self-belief is a problem, you know? How do you get an honest assessment of your own abilities — not what you've done, but what you have latent within you? You *can't* do it. Agreed? So therefore only a dill has got a lot of confidence. Therefore anyone with any intelligence can't have a great ego, can't have great confidence. So I find it hard to have any great illusions that I'm going to set the world on fire. Some day someone will believe in me, but here it's just a new toy, isn't it? "Push it a bit. Oh, is it dead? Look, it moved!" They haven't a clue how to handle people.
*Penthouse:* Can we approach this from a different perspective? What's wrong with the media in Australia? What's wrong with the way we get our information?
*Robertson:* I find journalists are pretty thick; they love using cliches like "thrust", "low profile", "tight-lipped", "hailstones as big as golf balls" (I changed that to "squash balls" the other day, which *actually confused a lot of people*). They are not free thinkers. It's a great business for sheep. And you look at the people in television — you tell me who's been *new*. Every two years produces one new person in the capital cities. Bert Newton's been around for donkey's, and Graham Kennedy . . . *I* started in the Sixties, Ross [Symonds] has been around for ages. They're afraid to try anyone new, so they bring on the same boring old farrts — spell that with a double "r". People deserve better.
*Penthouse:* What have you got against sport, sportsmen, and sports commentators?
*Robertson:* They're pretty thick, aren't they? I mean, look at these sports commentators. They get so excited about these sweaty little sports and they use big words because they *know* I'm right — they *know* it's a boring, unproductive, crappy little job. You watch the Rugby League commentators, especially the ABC ones — they use all these amazing words that spectators will never understand, because they're trying to say: "I'm not really part of all this." Then you get someone like Rex [Mossop]. He's got a large piece of wood. Before he goes on air he hits himself over the head with it repeatedly to get himself in the mood. That's how he gets the aggression. It's jarrah — or jarro? — from Western Australia. It's a nice-shaped thing, with a little dent in it at the end . . . I can't believe anybody can get that excited about homosexuality, nudism and sport. I think it's a case of too

# The new Black Label edition of Australian Penthouse picks up where this one leaves off.

While you may have thought Australian Penthouse's pictorial content was provocative, the fact is the degree of explicitness in our pictorials is restricted by censorship regulations.

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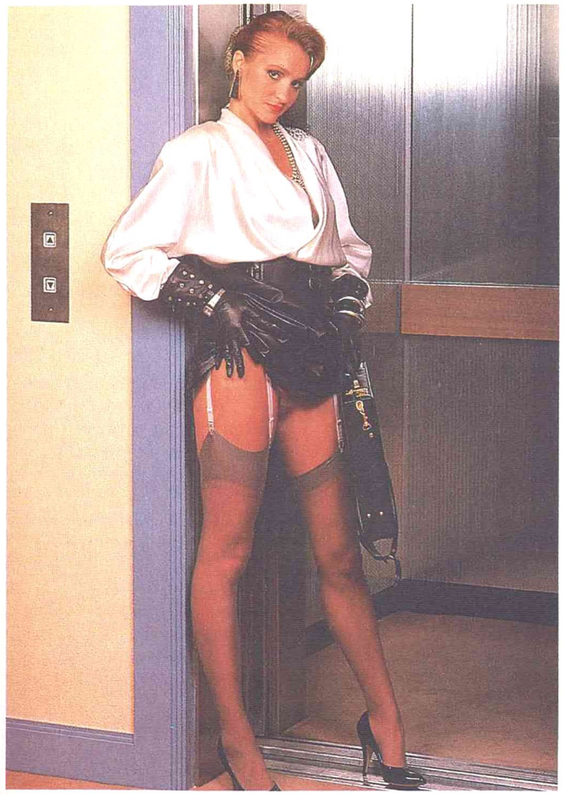

as raunchy as you might like it.

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many scrums. I mean, I have played front row. I *know* what it's like to have a scrum fall on you. Rex and I do share something. *I* escaped . . .

***Penthouse:*** What about the proposition that people are born with a certain amount of intelligence, and therefore being unintelligent is not necessary a failing?

***Robertson:*** Yes. Certainly. You can hardly disagree with that.

***Penthouse:*** Well then, aren't you a bit hard on the less intelligent?

***Robertson:*** No, no. You've got to *lead* these people. Obviously they need help. Look at all these yahoos on the Hill with their cans, their zinc cream, their shorts and hairy legs and thongs, screaming out obscenities . . .

***Penthouse:*** It's up to people such as yourself to lead them out of the wilderness?

***Robertson:*** Yes — and the Tactical Reponse Group. I don't think people have a right to be that coarse and uncultured. Australian males are awful. It's a wonder Australian women don't do themselves in.

***Penthouse:*** Don't these uncultured and unintelligent types provide a surface from which people such as yourself can rise in stark relief?

***Robertson:*** You mean, by default I'm ahead? That's nice. Thank you. I don't see it as a race. I just think that people like Mossop encourage them. If I was in charge of this channel, sport would go — except for the James Hardie 1000, because that's technical. I'd say: "Rex — *go away*. In fact, I'd probably ring him at home — I wouldn't actually tell him to his face. You think I'm joking, don't you? Same with the ABC sporting people. I'd just say: "Go away and find a proper job." And I don't think they'd be able to get one.

***Penthouse:*** I've got the impression that female newsreaders figure somewhere in your lexicon of loathing . . .

***Robertson:*** Hmm. I feel very sorry for female newsreaders, because they're usually employed — the pretty ones — by a director of a television channel with an erection. And that's the *basis* of their employment. I've known of three cases in my career where it's just been some bloke living out a fantasy by employing a woman so that she's in some way obliged to him. They're novelties, aren't they? Doogue was a novelty . . . Karina Kelly was a novelty. It's just a shame. Our current promotion here is to have all male newsreaders. I don't know why.

***Penthouse:*** Weren't you brought in to bolster the ratings of *Newsworld*?

***Robertson:*** I don't worry about ratings. *They* get excited about them, but if the ratings go up they never give me more money, so I'm not interested. At the ABC I was second or third for *ten years*. I started on 18 thousand and finished on 30 thousand 18 months ago. *Thirty* thousand. You can't tell me people who are now second or third — or first — are on 30 thousand. I'm now earning less than I was six years ago — less than when I was at 2DAY-FM. So I'm a mug, aren't I?

***Penthouse:*** But presumably you held out at the ABC for so long because much of what you had to say about TV and commercialism was sincere. So why are you beating yourself about the head because of the fact that . . .

***Robertson:*** Well, they haven't bought me. No-one's ever paid enough to buy me. That's why I'm the village idiot. It'd be nice to have a little money, though. There must be a rich woman somewhere — a rich deaf mute whose father *doesn't* own a pub. Actually, you're doing what I'd like to do with someone like Laws — except that I would be very, very, very, very ruthless. Not unfair . . .

***Penthouse:*** Is Laws dangerous, then? Is John Pearce dangerous?

***Robertson:*** If you take them seriously.

***Penthouse:*** You don't think people *do* take them seriously?

***Robertson:*** Yeah. Both those people — you're quite right. I think it will be terrible for them on the Day of Reckoning, to have people lined up and to say: "Do you realise what these people *did* because of you?" That would be the judgement, wouldn't it? I think Laws has done a lot of things that are unnecessarily gross. With this self-promotion thing, I wonder how many people it does fool. I'm very concerned about promotions. If they ask me to do something I can't ideologically or logically agree with, I can't do it.

***Penthouse:*** What sorts of conflicts has that led you into?

***Robertson:*** I haven't done them. How many promotions have you seen me in on any station ever in my life?

***Penthouse:*** Have you been asked to do them here?

***Robertson:*** They're about to ask me.

***Penthouse:*** And what are you about to tell them?

***Robertson:*** I am about to indicate whether in fact I will be available on that particular day or whether I might unfortunately be out doing something.

***Penthouse:*** You don't favor the direct confrontation in that situation?

***Robertson:*** Well, they start to *whimper*, you see? People from the Promotional Department would say: "Look . . . ma-a-a-ate." It's not a matter of being a coward; it's a matter of being in the right place at the right time.

***Penthouse:*** Have you an opinion on the *Willesee-Sixty Minutes* approach to journalism?

***Robertson:*** I think Mike Willesee is, on air, very good. If he could be just a little less concerned about the close-up of himself and realise he's a means to an end, not the end itself . . . but he really manages to concentrate, which is not always easy in an interview.

***Penthouse:*** His brother?

***Robertson:*** Which one? They're all over the place, aren't they?

***Penthouse:*** Terry.

***Robertson:*** Terry is not in the same race. I don't think *anyone* is.

***Penthouse:*** How would you feel if you created a trend whereby all the talking heads felt there was a new deal in which they were given *carte blanche* to make any comments they felt were appropriate?

***Robertson:*** I'd laugh. It's a joke, isn't it? I'd sit home and laugh — if in fact I watched them, which I don't. Brian [Henderson] wouldn't do it . . . Anyway, I'm not really a trend-setter. I mean, I used to live in Paddington, but I'm better now.

***Penthouse:*** How does Clive Robertson get away with being Clive Robertson?

***Robertson:*** It amazes me that I can come down after a show, after having done something, and say: "How do you think that went?" And you get no response.

***Penthouse:*** Are they scared to tell you what they think?

***Robertson:*** I think that in life the important thing is to always have the trump card — or be perceived to have the trump card. If they have it in their pack, just make sure they never find it.

***Penthouse:*** On that note, will we ever have the privilege of seeing Clive Roberston act out his favorite fantasy by committing suicide on television?

***Robertson:*** Oh no, I wouldn't do it on television. I don't think I ever said that. I've thought about it. It's a funny story, this. If you have any intelligence you must think about the alternatives. That's what intelligence looks for — alternatives. As a consequence, if you're alive you must think about the alternatives. I'm already frightened of dying — I don't want to suffer — but if I'd had a gun in the last 20 years I wouldn't be here now. I'd have shot myself just to see what was on the other side. If you're ever going to do yourself in, which is a personal decision, you should do it in such a way that you don't affect other people. I can't explain exactly how to do it, because this might be a link in somebody who's depressed and I don't want somebody who's depressed to make that decision. You must make a decision about suicide when you're *not* depressed. But there's a certain way of doing it so that you just disappear from the Earth — you're not ever found. You do not have the right to inflict your cut wrists or hanging on someone else in the world. That's probably why a lot of people are still alive today — as a basic charity to other people. You don't have the right to ruin somebody's life with that image of death. Apart from the fact that God's obviously in control. God obviously said: "Look, Robertson, stop mucking around" when I tried it years ago . . .

***Penthouse:*** Tell us about it.

***Robertson:*** Yes, I must tell you. It was very funny. I went back on air the following Monday, and no-one knew. It was at the time of my first marriage. I made a mental decision — it's quite interesting; the trouble with having some brain — I made a decision that I didn't want to live without this woman. I just said: "*I won't.*" I had a vee-dub — you remember how they had the one pipe per two cylinders? It's quite strange, this. I really was just talking as I am to you — quite normal. I was in the house. And I thought: "Oh, I'll do myself in." So I went out and cut a bit of hose pipe, neatly, put the tools back in the shed — it's all so strange — ran the pipe around from the exhaust into the car, put the bit of rug up against it to seal it (I don't recommend this, by the way, because it doesn't work), turned 2FC on — a good friend of mine, Graeme Connolly, was on air at the time . . . I mean, there are two parts of you, one saying it's not happening and the other saying it is.

You must understand that this was an *intellectual* decision. Of course, I wasn't exactly *elated* that I was thinking this way. Anyway, I sat there and I had 25 minutes of carbon monoxide. At the time, God was probably helping the Pope to try and get the Bible right for a change, saw me and said: "Oh, excuse me. There's Roberston in his little vehicle in Killara with one exhaust per two cylinders" — I couldn't even get that right. And God said: "Oh dear, I'll give him another ten minutes" (He's probably got a beautiful big watch with all the time zones) and finished with the Pope, saying: "Look, the bit about Mary is *not* true — would you get it right, please?" and all of a sudden I just turned the engine off, got out of the car and fell over. When the carbon dioxide hits you, you fall over. I went inside, laid on the bed and said: "God, you won't let me live, you won't let me die — what do you *want*?"

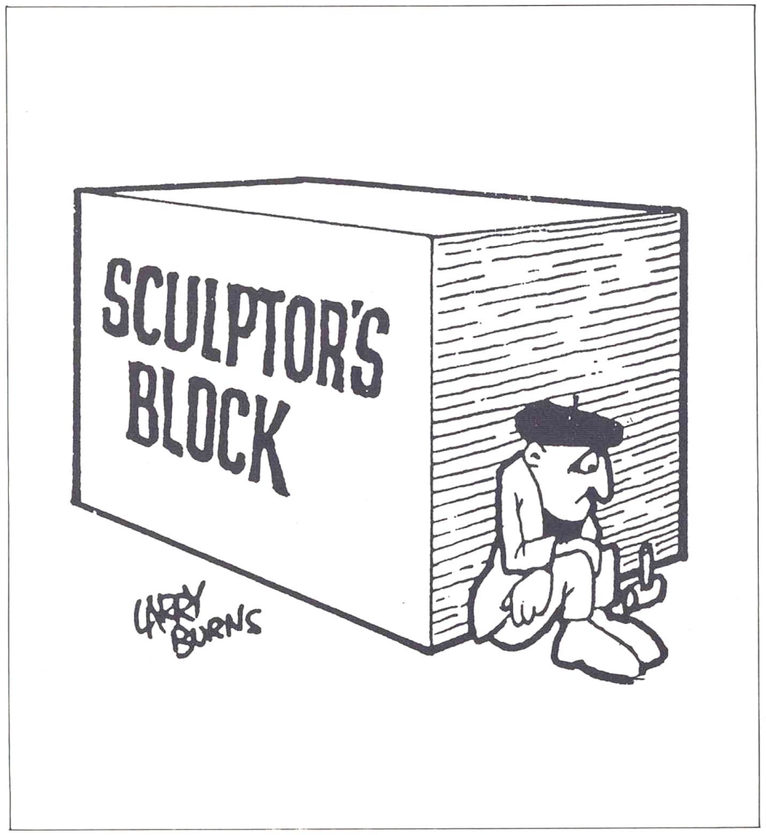
Next morning the car was out there — this weird feeling — like a box that you should never open. So I went out there — same thing again, 2FC again, 25 minutes . . . God was talking to some Ananda Marga people at that stage, saying: "Could we start afresh?" And he saw Robertson *again* and said: "Ah, Jesus . . ." I walked out and fell over again . . . *50 minutes* of carbon monoxide altogether. You see, I believed in God all along, but *I* was running my life and saying: "God, you don't matter for the moment — I'll just do this bit." But God had obviously said: "No — it's *inappropriate*." You don't know why. So I laid on the ground and thought to myself: "I don't think I'm handling this terribly *well* . . ." I was attempting to be God, and the whole thing about believing in God is that you have to accept that He is in charge — otherwise you might as well not believe.

***Penthouse:*** What really happened when you left 2DAY-FM?

***Robertson:*** Oh, they were totally unprofessional. Had no understanding. It's the old trick, which I might mention my current station does: "*Carte blanche* — do whatever you want." It's the greatest out in the world, isn't it? Same at 2DAY, same at the ABC. You become the producer, the scriptwriter, the performer and the critic . . . and *they* decide at the end whether or not the show will go on. They've never said: "Mr Robertson, what would you like to do and who would you like to do it with?" You see, they always feel they'll lose if they tell you you've got something. I'm angry about that. I'm angry that they'll say: "We don't like what you did" — and they've lost nothing. They don't overpay me . . . I mean, *I could be bought*. I would like the experience of someone saying: "Here, here's $200,000" — and seeing if I'd change. We could have another discussion — Robertson before and after. I think it's a worthwhile experiment. I mean, everyone else is getting a lot more money. I'm sure that gentleman at 2GB is getting a lot more than I am; I'm sure Mr Mulray is getting a lot more than I am; sometimes I just think it stinks a bit.

***Penthouse:*** What's the position with Penny?

***Robertson:*** She doesn't talk to me, and I haven't the nerve to talk to her. She is a very lovely lady. With people you've cared for, you don't have the courage . . . I don't know that I'll ever get married again. In fact, on my wedding day I nearly didn't turn up, and I really shouldn't have, except that we were living in the same house at the time . . . I really had this desire to keep driving up to Newcastle. Nothing against the ladies involved at all. Very attractive ladies . . . that's a trap for me. They're all over the place, aren't they? Look at them — they haven't a clue what they're doing to us. They think all their little bits and pieces are made for babies. Who the hell told them that? If they had a sex drive, you and I would be in trouble. You realise that, don't you? God was very clever in not giving women a sex drive. Otherwise the world as we know it would come to a grinding halt.

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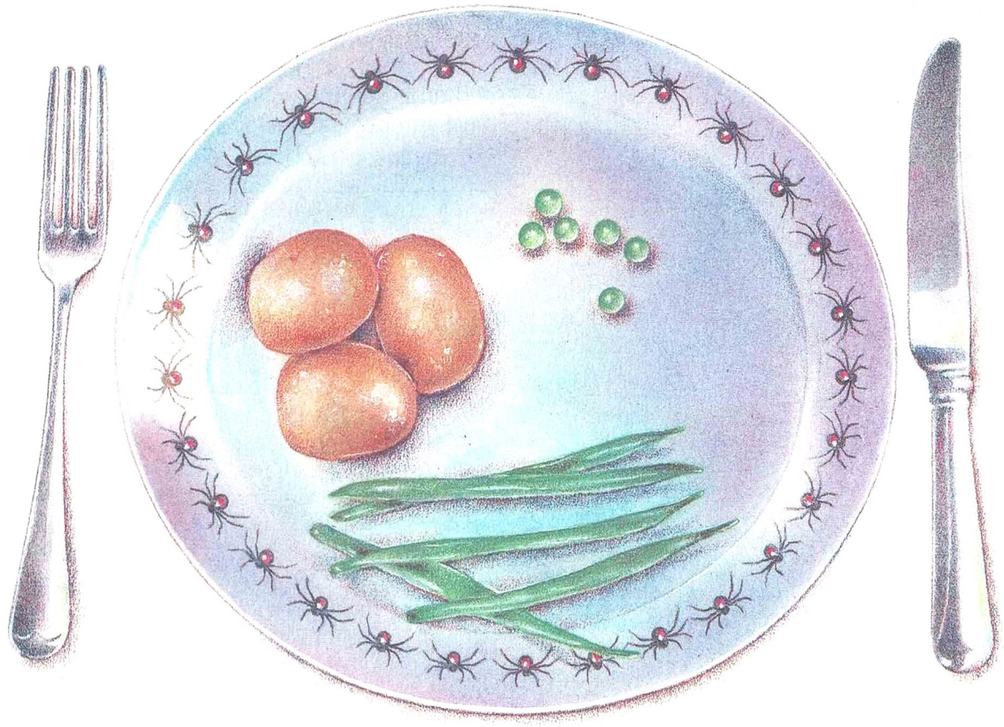
# EXPECTATIONS OF PLEASURE.

SUNNY DAY. SCENT OF GRASS. TINKLE OF ICE.
AND THE UNMISTAKABLE TASTE OF GORDON'S.


BY C.J. MACKAY

# MEAN CUISINE



## If you can't beat it, eat it

Australia, if you hadn't noticed, happens to have more deadly beasts per head of population than any other country on Earth. A bloke can't open his afternoon paper these days without reading about some poor bastard who's been lunched by a shark, a crocodile, a snake, a dingo or some other species of our native fauna.

But why let the critters have all the fun? With a dash of ingenuity and a splash of sauce, anyone can turn the deadly into the delectable. Discover your flair with fatal foodstuffs by trying your hand at these all-Australian recipes.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MORNA WOOD

## BLUE-RINGED CALAMARI

This colorful dish captures the very hue of our glittering girdle of azure ocean. And so economical! Serve as an entree and your guests won't be wanting a main course. Carefully gather octopi from rock pools at low tide. They're the ones that look like they're wearing cute little prison uniforms. Wearing two pairs of rubber gloves, dice octopus flesh, douse with vinaigrette and chill. Serve on shredded lettuce for a magic meal — now you seafood, now you don't!

## KILLER WASP CRUNCHIES

The European killer wasp has adapted brilliantly to our sunny clime, and here they work superbly as a base for crunchy cookies. Combine a cup of coconut, four tbsps Golden Syrup, melted copha, pinch baking powder and 250g killer wasps. Mix well, spoon on to greased tray and pop into a hot oven for 15 minutes. This recipe is similar to Anzac Biscuits, those nibbled by our gallant boys as they battled Johnny Turk at Gallipoli. Don't feel unpatriotic when trying this new version. One feels that had our diggers munched killer wasp crunchies, the scene at Suvla would not have been much different.

## LIME SPIDER

For the nippers this is a birthday treat to end all birthday treats. Combine three scoops of icecream, a cup of GI Cordial, a bottle of lemonade and a good handful of funnelweb spiders. Stir and pour into parfait glasses to serve. Lucky Sydney readers are abundantly supplied with funnelwebs. For availability in other states, contact your local office of the CSIRO. (For a bright change, substitute raspberry cordial and redback spiders to create a Stop Light. A cert to stop your kids in their tracks.)



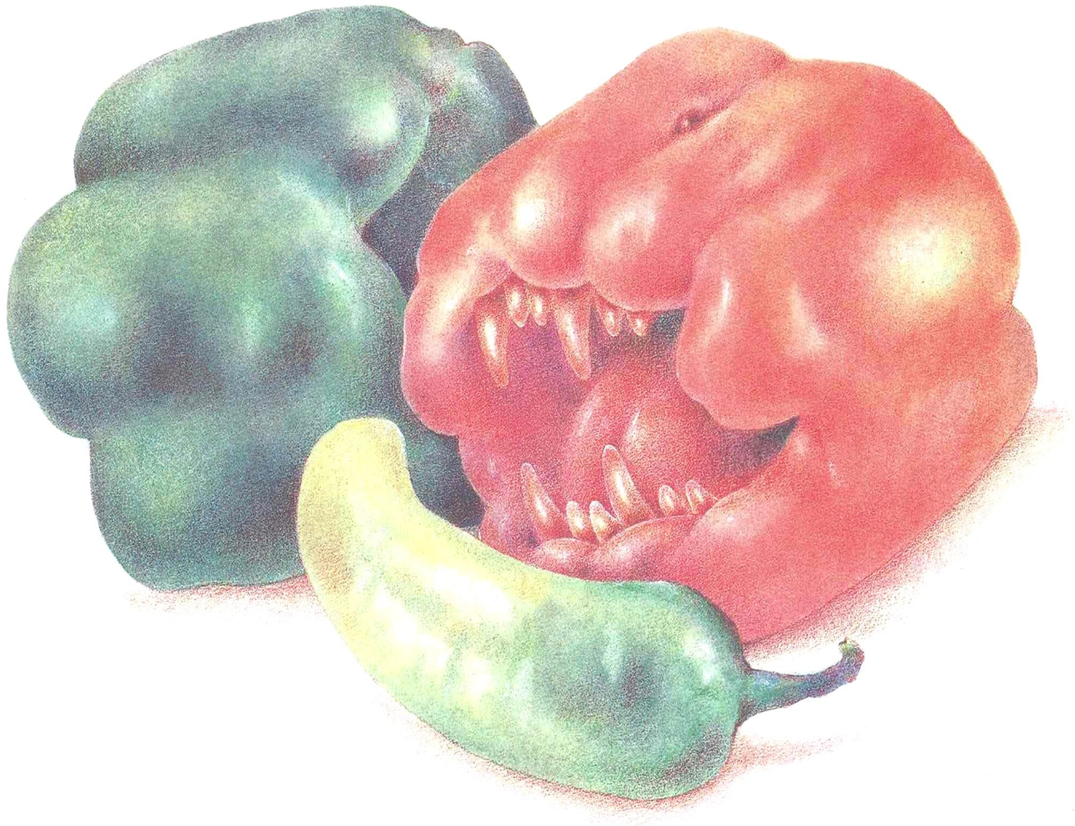


## SHARK BALLS

For those with a spirit of adventure and a palate to match, this too-seldom-served delicacy has been adapted from Valerie Taylor's *Winning Ways With Whalers*. You will need: a boat, scuba gear, a stout metal cage, and a pair of kitchen shears. (For a shortcut, try using the family dog and a long waterproof leash.) Remove shark balls and saute with brandy and shallots. Serve with toothpicks on a plate that has been decorated with a standing triangle of black cardboard. (For economy's sake, follow instructions closely. This dish may be a talking point, but don't go paying an arm and a leg for the ingredients.)

## STONEFISH FINGERS

Budget pressures got you in a rut? The flesh of the Queensland stonefish is much underrated as a way of quietening the growling tummies of a hungry family. Place stonefish, spikes and all, into your blender with a potato and onion to stretch. Whizz it to a mashed consistency and shape into finger lengths. Dip into egg and breadcrumbs. Fry and serve with dill and a wedge of lemon for breathtaking results.



## DRUNKEN DINGO

Elaborate preparation is a small sacrifice for a dish that will intrigue city-dweller and camper alike. Skin dingo and remove from stomach any buttons or safety pins. Marinade in flagon red for as long as you like, then spit roast and carve. Serve with buns for Native Hot Dogs, or try ground baking some unpeeled spuds for Drunken Dingo with Potatoes in their matinee jackets.

## CHAR-ROAST RAZORBACK

This one will turn your next backyard party into a real scream. When choosing your woolly porker, bypass the average beast in favor of one the size of the family's second car. A proven ability to terrorise small towns and give Cyclone Tracy a run for her money in the building demolition stakes is a real plus. When guests have assembled, loose razorback in your yard, wherein you have installed an industrial waste shredder. Guests must endeavor to make the beast back into the whirring blades of the shredder. The results are tossed on the barbie and broiled. Fun food, but wickedly high in 'joules. So, girls, if you're on a diet: tusk, tusk!



MEAN CUISINE

## CROC CAKES

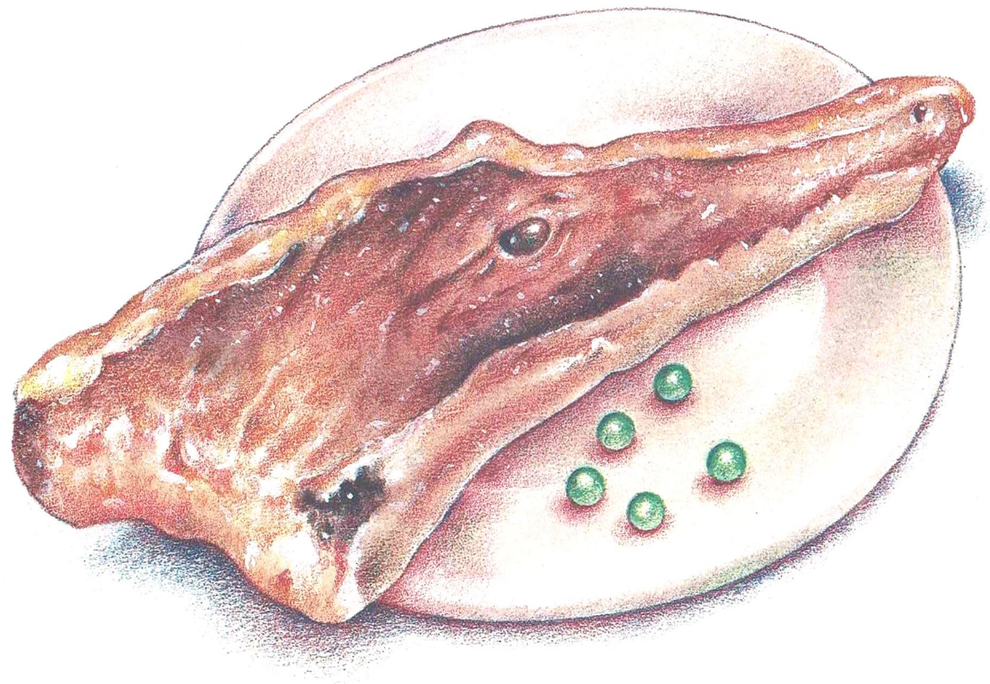
Up north, where they're enjoying a bumper year in crocodiles, these patties are also known as Daintree Morsels. First, catch your crocodile. This in itself is a fun pastime which can be enjoyed while picnicking with the family or taking time off fishing for a swim. Cut croc steaks into small dice, bind with egg, season and dip into flour for frying. Don't be greedy when eating crocodile. Etiquette demands that you dismember the carcass, take what you want and leave the rest on the river bank. Being half crocked can be half the fun!

## TERMINAL TRIFLE

Also known as Just Desserts, this classic takes afters into the hereafter. Combine day-old yellowcake with a good slosh of sherry, a cup of coconut and three fresh box jellyfish. This glass bowl of goodies is also recommended for its therapeutic value. Just one bowl is a proven cure for everything from the common cold to cancer.

## TAIPANYAKI

Japanese cuisine is all the rage these days, but this Asian-influenced dish dates back as far as the Australian Gold Rush, when it was known as Yellow Peril. Preparation is simplicity itself. Cut taipan (including head) into 2cm-thick discs and sizzle the rounds over barbecue coals. For a party game, pass the platter of cooked reptile pieces around the gathering. When one guest drops to the floor, the others all shout "Snake eyes — you lose!"



Ponder for a moment the qualities of the ultimate bar — a meeting place for close friends, your choice of decor and music, and classic drinks — exotic mixes — made to your precise instructions. And it's all so close to home there's no need for driving . . . Starting to get the picture?

The ultimate bar is, of course, right there in your own home. This month we're offering you the chance to win just that: a customised, stocked home bar, designed and built to your specifications — valued at $2000 — and magnificently put together by the Bar Design and Construction Company.

As everyone knows, Bacardi rum is the complete "one bottle bar", making your mixing possibilities endless. So we will stock your bar with a case of Bacardi Light rum and a case of Bacardi Gold rum. And you'll win a Bacardi rum silver-plated punchbowl, hand-engraved with 12 matching cups, worth $1500 — and more: two sets each of Bacardi rum daiquiri and hi-ball glasses. That's a grand prize — a complete home bar — worth $4000.

Entry is simple and fun. All you must do is match the four exotic drinks in the foreground with the recipes given on the next page. Then just tell us why you prefer Bacardi rum above all else — and win.

# WIN A COMPLETE HOME BAR

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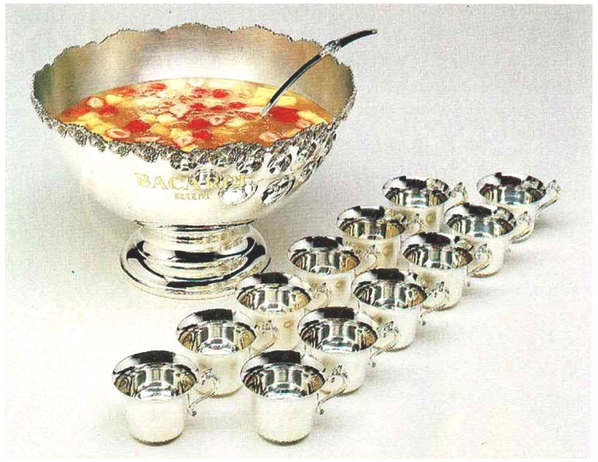

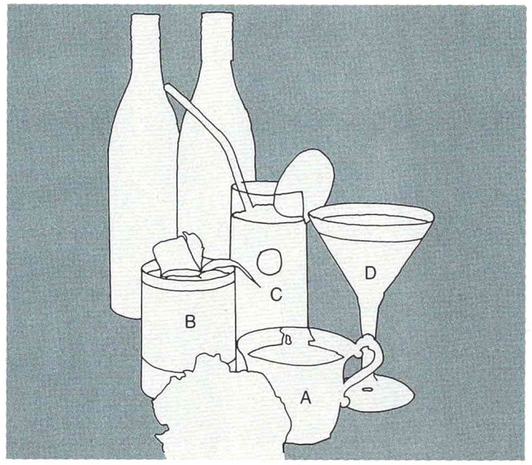


The taste of Bacardi rum — with its distinctive smooth, light, dry character — has made it famous all around the world, but it's Bacardi rum's versatility that makes it the ideal base for such a wide variety of drinks. Check again those four drinks in the foreground (if you can take your eyes off reigning Pet Of The Year Julie Mulherin). There's a BACARDI Strawberry Daiquiri, a sample of (the original) BACARDI *Penthouse* Punch, a BACARDI Mai-Tai, and a BACARDI rum and OJ. To win, all you have to do is match the drinks with their name (check the recipes given here for clues), tell us in less than 25 words why Bacardi rum is your preferred drop, and drop it into the post.

Remember these are just a few Bacardi rum possibilities; all entrants will receive the Bacardi rum Party Book which details heaps more. (Please be assured that's all your address will be used for.)

But it's these great prizes that should prompt your immediate attention. The Bar Design and Construction Company of Chipping Norton, NSW, can supply custom-made bars — in any shape or size — all over Australia. The bar in the photo, built backstage for the performers at Sydney's Entertainment Centre, is just one example of their work. They'll measure up your available space and ensure it fits to perfection. (If you can't wait to see whether you're the winner, give them a call on [02] 727 2608.)

The exquisite silver-plated punchbowl, ladle and cups you can see have been provided specially by the people from Bacardi rum for this competition, hand-engraved with the Bacardi rum logo. That represents $1500 worth of supping sophistication. As well, five entrants will each be awarded consolation prizes each consisting of a set of Bacardi rum daiquiri glasses worth $25.

You've got no reason to delay. If you're into mixing it with friends, enter the Bacardi rum Home Bar Competition now . . .

Clip and send completed, signed coupon to *Penthouse*/Bacardi rum Home Bar Competition, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062. Match each drink in the photo to its title, beside the corresponding letter below. Only one entry per person is allowed.

**A.** _____ **B.** _____

**C.** _____ **D.** _____

**In 25 words or less, tell us why you prefer Bacardi rum:** _____

_____

_____

**Name:** _____

**Address:** _____

_____ **Telephone:** _____

**I am 18 years old or over: (sign)** _____

**BACARDI Strawberry Daiquiri**
In a blender mix 5 large strawberries, 1 tbsp lime or lemon juice, 1 tsp sugar, 45mls Bacardi Light rum and a half cup of crushed ice. Blend 10 to 20 seconds. Serve in chilled cocktail glass.

**BACARDI *Penthouse* Punch**
Peel, core, slice and wedge half a pineapple. In a large container mix pineapple, quarter cup of sugar syrup (4 parts sugar to 1 part water boiled — then chilled), 1 cup lemon juice, 2 cups unsweetened pineapple juice, one and a half 750ml bottles of Bacardi Gold rum. Pour mixture over ice in bowl. Add two large bottles of cold club soda and decorate with strawberries. Stir gently. Serves 20 people twice.

**BACARDI Mai-Tai**
In an old fashioned or stem glass half filled with finely cracked ice, put 15mls each of fresh lime juice, sugar syrup and Orange Curacao. Add a nip of Bacardi Light rum and a nip of Bacardi Gold rum. Stir gently once or twice and garnish with mint sprigs, pineapple stick and cherry.

**BACARDI Rum and Orange Juice**
Pour a nip or two of Bacardi Light rum over ice in a tall glass. Fill with orange juice. Squeeze and drop in a lemon wedge.

### CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

Your entry must be on the official form or a facsimile of that form. Only one entry per person is allowed.

Entry to the competition is open to all residents of Australia other than employees of *Australian Penthouse* and their families, employees of Bacardi International Ltd and their families and employees of the Bar Design and Construction Company and their families.

Chance plays no part in determining the grand prize winner and five consolation winners. Entries are judged on correctness and literary merit.

Closing date for the competition will be last mail on Friday, September 26, 1986. The winner of the prize will be announced in a forthcoming issue of *Australian Penthouse* in the Loose Ends Section.

The winning entrant, by entering this competition, shall be deemed to agree to accept public acknowledgement of his/her winning entry in person and further to the making of such public appearances as the promoters shall reasonably require. Prizes must be taken as offered. There is no cash alternative.

On all questions, disputes or matters arising in relation to the contest, the editor's decision will be final. No correspondence will be entered into and entry into the competition indicates acceptance of all rules and conditions. All entrants must be 18 years of age or over.

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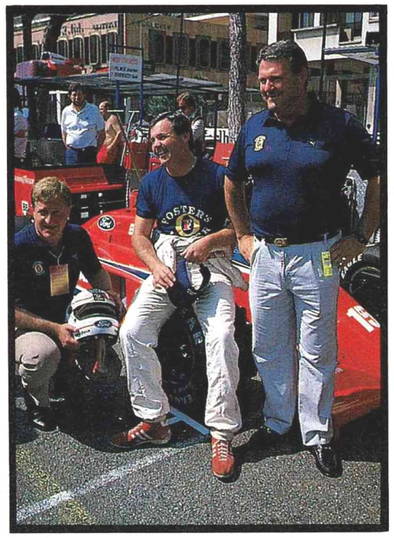
Adelaide has gambled with Formula One racing and won. Can it keep on winning?



# RISKY BUSINESS

BY PETER McKAY

## MOTORING

Giant European car maker Renault, owned by the French government, fielded a Formula One team from mid-1978 through to the end of season 1985. In recent years it spent a mind-blowing US$35 million dollars annually on its Formula One program. Yet it couldn't win a world championship. For big spenders, there are no guarantees of success in grand prix racing — and that's off the track as well as on.

Renault's swansong came in Adelaide, host city to Australia's first-ever Formula One grand prix. At the very time and place that the French government was ending its gamble on motor racing, the South Australian government was having its first roll of the dice.

John Bannon's Labor Government bankrolled Australia's entry into the mega-dollar promotional world of Formula One, helped by a $5 million capital grant from the Feds. It was a massive gamble, probably much bigger than the Premier or those enthusiasts who first mooted the ambitious scheme have ever realised. The Premier and the race organisers might be interested to learn that earlier this year the brand new, spectacularly appointed, multi-million dollar Jerez circuit in Spain hosted its first Formula One race. The promoter was too shocked to provide an official attendance figure but experienced eyes reckoned there were fewer than 1000 payers. Adelaide, on the other hand, drew the biggest Formula One crowd of the year: 200,000 over four days. Bigger than the British Grand Prix, bigger than Monaco . . .

Bannon is a politician and therefore a man not unaccustomed to risk-taking. Once convinced of the enormous value of a Formula One grand prix to the languid South Australian economy, he bulldozed all obstacles. His convincing arguments doused much of the fire in the rhetoric of conservationists who opposed the idea of two dozen racing cars thundering through their serene and pretty city. And the ultimate overwhelming artistic and financial success of that 1985 Australian Grand Prix did Bannon's personal popularity no end of good, paving the way to a landslide win in the State election — held not coincidentally in the euphoric afterglow of Australia's greatest sporting event since the '56 Olympics.

PHOTO BY GRAHAM MONRO

# RISKY BUSINESS

The cost of that first real Australian Grand Prix was $18.6 million. Not chickenfeed. Actual staging costs — paying for the right to run a GP, transporting and accommodating the teams and the cost of the support events — amounted to around $5 million. Marketing and catering soaked up another $2.4 million, while administration costs such as wages, insurance and loan servicing took care of $750,000. The big financial hit came in building the circuit, which was $3.5 million, and the $6.6 million to purchase capital equipment. These last two amounts include many "once only" expenditures and the all-up cost of staging the 1986 GP will pull up around $4 million short of the '85 figure.

The inaugural event ran at a deficit of $1.6 million, right on target. The Australian Formula One Grand Prix Board had budgeted for a loss of somewhere between $1.5 million and $2 million. Bannon and the organisers were ecstatic when the accountants told them the news. Laughing away a $1.6 million loss is easy when you know a handsome profit is lurking just around the corner.

This year Bannon and the AGP board are forecasting the grand prix will race into the black. How much profit, Bannon won't say — he is still a politician. While the Formula One Constructors' Association (FOCA), headed by the hard-nosed Bernie Ecclestone, has hiked its fee by 10 percent, the potential of the event to drag in more money has improved in several areas. Revenue from ticket sales and corporate boxes is on target to top the 1985 take, even though prices haven't altered. Last year's sellout crowd of 110,000 should be bettered in '86. Grandstand capacities have been stretched by 12,000 and a program of infield landscaping has built up natural viewing areas. Depending on weather conditions, 120,000 souls may see this year's AGP live.

The race promoter also stands to take more money from royalties from licensed products, and catering. Last year the AGP reaped its slice of a $4.5 million turnover from royalties on a host of products and publications.

Last year Mitsubishi was a last-minute capture for AGP naming rights. The price, around $1 million, was a steal. This year it's a different story. The Australian Grand Prix is a hot item, and the marketing scenario has shifted rapidly from a buyer's market to a seller's market. The ante has been upped. Fosters has signed on as the event sponsor for 1986 and two further years in a deal reported to have cost Carlton and United Breweries $6 million.

CUB's managing director Peter Bartels is a self-confessed petrolhead. But the move to tip six million greenbacks into Formula One racing was purely and simply a business decision. Fosters is currently pushing its product into new markets overseas; 650 million television viewers around the globe in 40 countries will be watching Channel Nine's award-winning coverage on October 26.

Adelaide will fork out less this time around. The demountable grandstands, 26kms of concrete barriers, the mesh catch fences, the overhead bridges, the 45-pit garage bays and three-storey control tower are already there, in storage, waiting for the big day. Loan servicing costs will be reduced this year. Sadly, the AGP board stands to make not one cent from television rights; Bernie Ecclestone and FOCA have that one locked up solid. Bernie's operation also has control over a percentage of circuit signage. The Marlboros and Olivettis pay FOCA and not the AGP organisers for their dominant presence above the track.

This hardly concerns Bannon, who is never reluctant to quote TV viewing figures and the potential for putting quiet little Adelaide well and truly on the map of the world. As well, 400 journalists covered the '85 AGP for outlets interstate and overseas. Many slipped into the role of ersatz travel writers during that week, doing exactly what Bannon had hoped they might do: extoll the virtues of the city and state.

> This year they're forecasting the grand prix will race into the black. How much profit, Bannon won't say — he's still a politician

Apart from being a spectacular job-creation scheme, the AGP was also certainly responsible for pumping some life into the SA economy. Like about $40 million worth. The race attracted some 40,000 visitors, 5000 from overseas. Hotel industry revenue in Adelaide in the last quarter of '85 (which took in the November grand prix) increased by $3.5 million. No surprise there, since all rooms within a 40-kilometre radius were booked out during race week.

Airlines wrote record business. Ansett experienced a 59 percent increase in package holidays to South Australia, although the awareness of the State's 150th birthday celebrations in '86 and the new casino also helped. TAA reported a 20 percent increase in its business into South Australia. And the local taxi industry revenue increased by $150,000 during the event itself. It's small wonder business people love Bannon.

The AGP organising team is an assortment of public servants (starting with executive director Mal Hemmerling), business heavies (such as chairman of the AGP board, Tim Marcus Clark, who knew little about motor racing when he took the job), and race enthusiasts (like board member Bill O'Gorman). Together they staged what was the best run grand prix of 1985; they hold the FOCA Grand Prix Trophy to prove it. Now consider that just 12 months earlier people such as Hemmerling had never *seen* a grand prix.

Shortly after the 1985 Australian Grand Prix, the sweat-soaked race winner Keke Rosberg, a stocky little Finn who exudes the cockiness of a man who has won a world title, bounced into the media centre in Adelaide to proclaim: "On behalf of the drivers, Adelaide has done the best in the world. It's as simple as that." Little about the Adelaide organisation attracted criticism. The track was judged the best street circuit anywhere. Temporary workshops provided for race teams made those at many permanent racetracks look positively ratty. The media room ran like clockwork. Flag marshals were voted the equal of the world's best, the British. Even the weather was magnificent. And when the votes were in, the proud denizens of Adelaide quietly accepted the lavish praise in an engaging and humble manner.

Bernie Ecclestone told Premier Bannon: "You have done a very bad job for Formula One. You have set a standard that has shown up a lot of other circuits around the world."

Adelaide has signed on with FOCA for what amounts to seven years — a death sentence had the crowds stayed away. The organisers always figured the first grand prix would pull a huge gate while admitting that sustaining that level of spectators for the second year could be a problem . . .

But the stampede on tickets for the 1986 Fosters Australian Grand Prix guarantees the success of the event a second time around. The GP is already, after just one year, a social Everest.

However,the bulk of the crowd will front for South Australia's biggest 150th birthday party on October 26 not for the possibility of rubbing shoulders with the jetsetters. They'll have their backsides trackside to see the world's best-paid sportsmen peddle their dangerous craft. Formula One racing is a wondrous, turbo-charged rave-up that must be experienced in person. Television may be clever and probing, but it cannot go close to capturing the sheer drama, the here-gone acceleration, the hitting-a-brick-wall braking, the ear-shattering resonance of a Formula One car's 1000 horsepower engine with its accompanying turbocharger explosions and flameout at every gear change. Those who went last time will be back, bringing a friend.

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# FIREPOWER

BY ROGER NORTH

In John Milius' film *Red Dawn*, battalions of Russian soldiers drop by parachute into the heart of smalltown USA. In one of the opening scenes, they are spotted by half a dozen high-school kids who decide to take to the hills. On their way out of town, the kids stop at a sporting goods store owned by the father of two of them and load up with sleeping bags, rucksacks, food and — because this is a movie aimed at the teenagers of Ronald Reagan's America — plenty of weapons. *Red Dawn* is the sort of survivalist fable Walt Disney might have come up with.

In another, older film, *The Omega Man*, Charlton Heston plays the only man in the world — or, at least, downtown Los Angeles — left unaffected by a plague that has mutated the population so badly they can only live at night or in the darkness of tenement basements and the city's sewerage system. Heston spends his days driving around the city, foraging for canned food and fuel and picking off mutants with automatic weapons. By night, he confines himself in a stone-built mansion surrounded by floodlights and barbed wire. His only entertainments are listening to classical music and — again —picking off the mutants who are out for his blood.

I'm a sucker for the worst case scenario,

PHOTO BY NICK GLEITZMAN

## TEN WEAPONS TO TAKE TO THE BUNKER

the "what if . . ." of those apocalyptic nightmares that Hollywood does better than everyone else except, maybe, a handful of our least favorite Presidents and Prime Ministers. I sometimes imagine myself holed up in some urban bunker — a windowless cellar in a burnt-out building, piled high with enough provisions to last half a year — or camped out in the wilderness, while the rest of the world is being torn apart by civil disorders caused by hunger, unemployment, four-digit inflation or the aftermath of a "limited" nuclear war. Of course, in my own worst case projections, I am always a survivor — a survivor who has had the time to stash away the necessary food, clothes, bedding, tools and *weapons*.

In every manual or *How To* book on survival — *Survival* (Horwitz Grahame) by Lex Lannoy and Peter C. Nicholls covers everything from hypothermia, dehydration and snakebite to natural disasters, hijacking and chemical and nuclear warfare — there are a few pages that turn the business of staying alive in seemingly dead-end situations into a grisly, though instructive, party game. For example, your plane has crashed in the desert in the middle of a summer's day; you have 30 seconds to choose 10 of 16 items around you in the cabin before the plane explodes. One wrong choice and you might not make it. There are also lists of the items essential to sustain yourself if, or when, the worst comes to the worst.

But one list is conspicuous by its absence: weapons. In none of my survival fantasies am I stranded in the desert or drifting on a life-raft in the middle of the Pacific. No, I see myself more like Charlton Heston in *The Omega Man*: hunkered down in my urban bunker, doing my best to cope with the crazies ranged against me on the streets outside. I have an arsenal, a cache of various firearms and knives that I might have looted from a couple of abandoned gun shops. Nothing fancy — no arcane military hardware such as rocket launchers or mortars or rapid fire submachine guns — but the sort of stuff anyone with a valid licence might be able to buy over-the-counter in, say, Queensland or the Northern Territory.

Anyway, I have listed here ten weapons that, given the usual 30 seconds to choose, I would take with me into the bunker. Each serves a purpose — the automatic weapons, shotguns and revolver for defence, the high-powered rifle for hunting, and so on — but a couple I've included simply because I've taken a fancy to their functional, if awful, destructive power.

## 1. COLT AR-15A2

The Colt AR-15A2 is one of the top-selling semi-automatic rifles in Humboldt County, California, Dade County, Florida, Puerto Estrella, Colombia — if the truth were known, probably Cairns, north Queensland — and anywhere else that dope smugglers, strung-out war junkies and troppo *Heart Of Darkness* types hang out. Part of the Colt's appeal is that it is basically a semi-auto version of the select-fire M16 that was standard issue to infantrymen in Vietnam; it's easy to strip and operate, and a whole generation of conscripts have been trained in its use.

Technically speaking, the AR-15A2 is a .223 calibre rifle (a 9mm carbine model is available) with a 50cm barrel bored with a 1-in-7 twist to stabilise longer bullets. Rounds are loaded from a detachable magazine in a gas-operated and forward bolt-assisted mechanism that chambers each round with a lot of force and reliability. Weighing under 3.5kgs, with a ribbed nylon hand guard and nylon butt stop, the AR-15A2 is a tough firearm.

## 2. SPAS 12

In every soldier fantasy flick, there is the scene where Chuck Norris or Sylvester Stallone or whoever emerges, in muscle-bound silhouette against the smoke, toting a chopped-up pump-action shotgun; the scene is always worked up to deliberately and with no mean sense of symbolism. The shotgun is, after all, real proletarian firepower.

The shotgun I'm talking about isn't used for duck hunting or trap shooting. It's a portable cannon, something you might find described as a "crowd dispersant" under the Law Enforcement/Security heading in the catalogues of better arms dealers.

The SPAS 12 is the shotgun of choice, a 12-gauge with dual firing modes — pump-action or gas-operated semi-automatic — a pistol grip and folding stock. With a barrel length of 50cms, a 6cm chamber and weighing 4.3kgs, it's a fairly hefty firearm — but deadly effective.

## 3. STEYR-MANNLICHER MODEL SSG MARKSMAN

The Steyr-Mannlicher Model SSG Marksman is a .243 or .308 bolt action centrefire rifle that, with the right sort of scope sights, would be ideal for either hunting or keeping unwanted visitors at a *long* distance. There are many rifles of similar calibre and quality manufactured by Remington, Beretta, Browning, Colt, Ruger and Weatherby, among others, but the Cycolac (a plastic compound) stock and Parkerised metal finish on the Marksman's 630cm barrel means it is durable as well as accurate.

The Weatherby Fibremark, available in seven calibres from .240WM to .340WM, is a possible alternative; it has a non-glare black fibreglass stock.

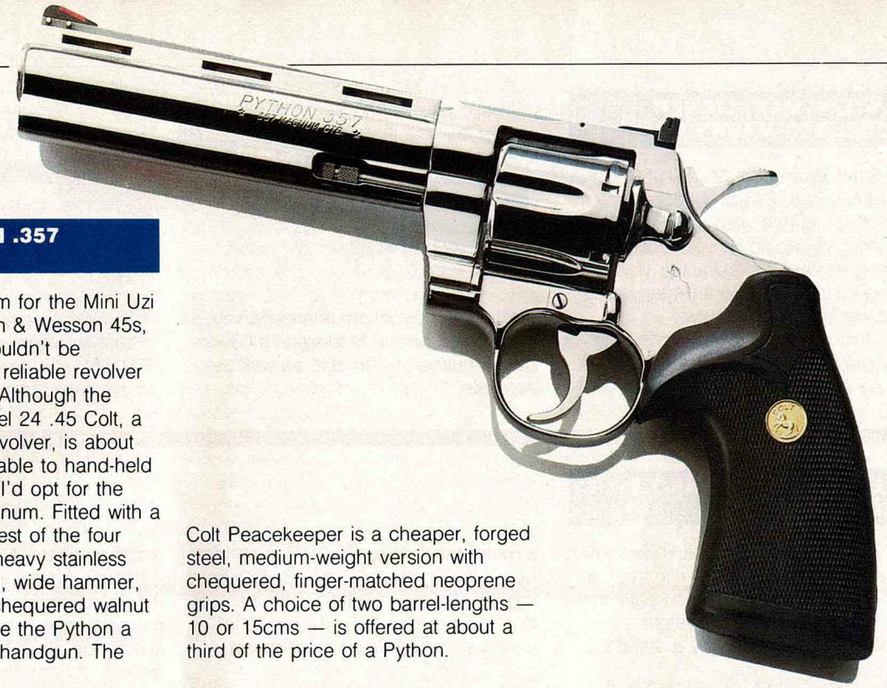
## 4. CHARTER ARMS AR-7.22LR EXPLORER

The Charter Arms AR-7.22LR Explorer is a semi-automatic rimfire rifle that can be broken down and stored neatly in its own Cycolac stock. Lightweight — 1.25kgs — and loaded by a standard 8-round magazine, the AR-7 is an ideal gun to have around in situations where space is limited, weight has to be kept to a minimum and adaptability is essential. It even floats, assembled or disassembled. I first came across it in California, where it is popular among the "zero generation" street kids who have taken to customising it with 20 or 30-round magazines, ventilated hand guards, collapsible stocks and rapid fire capability — all on a gun that can be stripped in seconds and stashed in a box no bigger than an average ghetto-blaster.

## 5. MINI UZI

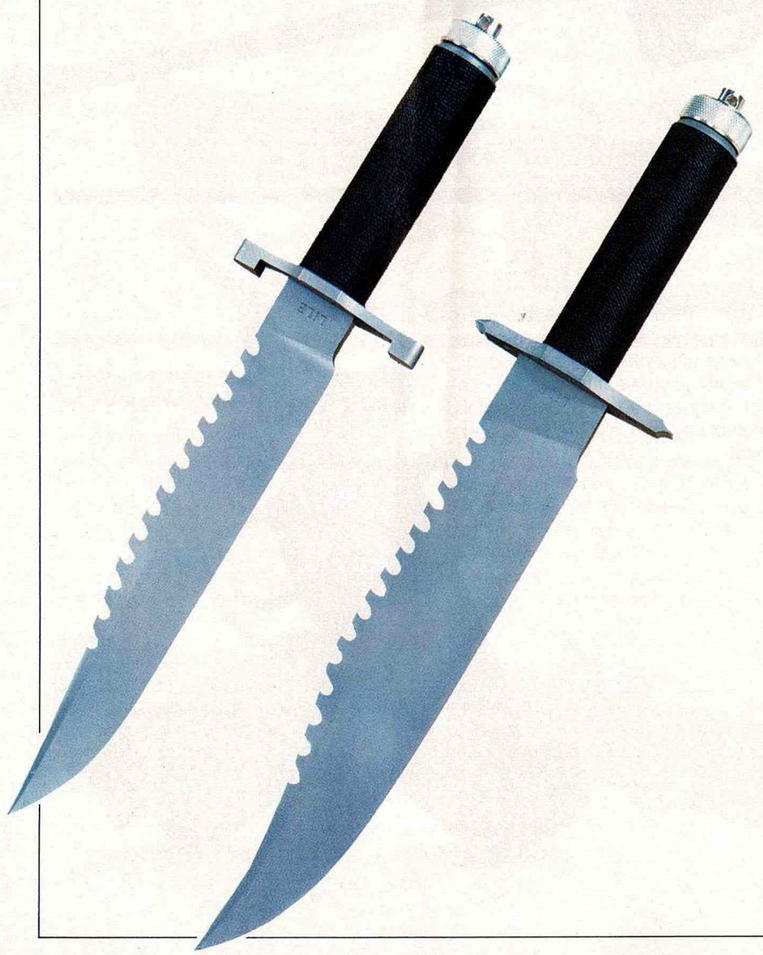
No arsenal would be complete without a reliable semi-automatic handgun, a pistol with enough calibre weight or stopping power to knock an aggressor off his feet and stone dead. The Colt Government Model MK4 .45 calibre or the newer Smith & Wesson .45 Auto are the usual choices, but for me the less powerful Israeli-manufactured Uzi 9mm semi-automatic pistol, better known among gun freaks as the Mini Uzi, is the one.

The Mini Uzi is a scaled down and modified version of the Uzi submachine gun designed by Major Uziel Gal for the Israeli armed forces. In the semi-auto version available to the general public (in the USA if not Australia) it fires 9mm Parabellum rounds from a 20, 25 or 32-round magazine loaded in its handle. The handle incorporates both hand-grip and thumb safety catches. An ugly, no frills handgun, its dull black metal frame looks like an alloy-clad milk carton. Relatively heavy — 1.8kgs unloaded — but balanced and highly accurate, the Mini Uzi can match the best traditional 9mm pistols manufactured by Colt, Browning and Beretta.




## 6. COLT PYTHON .357 MAGNUM

Despite my enthusiasm for the Mini Uzi — or the Colt or Smith & Wesson 45s, for that matter — I wouldn't be comfortable without a reliable revolver as a spare handgun. Although the Smith & Wesson Model 24 .45 Colt, a 6-round .45 calibre revolver, is about the closest thing available to hand-held heavy artillery, I think I'd opt for the Colt Python .357 Magnum. Fitted with a 20cm barrel (the longest of the four barrels available), its heavy stainless steel frame and barrel, wide hammer, grooved trigger and chequered walnut grips combine to make the Python a classic contemporary handgun. The Colt Peacekeeper is a cheaper, forged steel, medium-weight version with chequered, finger-matched neoprene grips. A choice of two barrel-lengths — 10 or 15cms — is offered at about a third of the price of a Python.



## 7. SLY 11 SURVIVAL KNIFE

For the true Rambo fan, the sexiest moments in either of the *First Blood* epics are when the camera offers a lingering close-up of the knife that has become Sylvester Stallone's regular co-star. The Sly 11 Survival Knife is a 22.5cm 440C stainless steel blade specially designed and handmade by Jimmy Lile, "The Arkansas Knifesmith." Lile makes a range of folding knives, skinning, camping and filletting knives, English-style Bowies and double-edged boot knives, all with beautifully worked handles in wood, ivory, stag or micarta. However the Sly 11, available in 15cm, 18cm or 22.5cm blades, is one of his masterpieces. The 22.5cm blade weighs nearly half a kilo, and has the Lile-invented "split tooth" saw on its upper edge that Lile claims can cut through the side of an aircraft. While the blade can be custom-made of either 440C stainless or D2 tool steel, the handle is stainless: 12.5cms long, hollow and waterproof, it can be used for storing such things as matches, suture thread, fishing hooks and lines. A knurled aluminium butt cap even has a compass fixed on its inside. The best of factory-produced knives such as Gerber or Puma — the Gerber Guardian 8.7cm double-edged blade is still a classic boot knife — are nothing against the detailed workmanship in the Lile knife.



## 8. CROSSFIRE 2

The Crossfire 2 is a high-powered crossbow, one of the best of the modern "compound" (as opposed to "recurved") bows on the market. Small wheels in the magna-glass and graphite limbs of the bow ease its drawing and loading beyond the "peak load." Although its 57kgs of power is, at first glance, nothing special, it is roughly equivalent to 80 kgs on a powerful "recurved" or normal crossbow.

The Crossfire 2's continuous high tensile steel cable fires alloy bolts with silent accuracy over 80 metres and its high-tensile magnesium frame is light and easy to carry. Great for hunting, it is more expensive than nearly all the other weapons on this list.

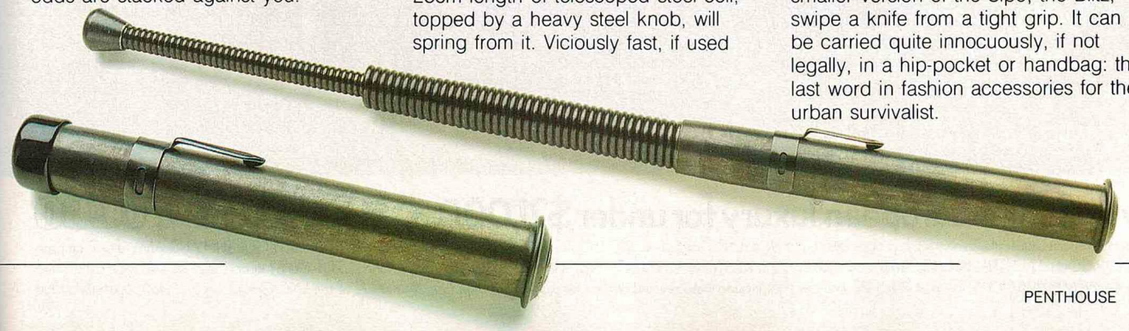
## 9. BLACK WIDOW SLINGSHOT

The Black Widow Slingshot is another silent and, at close quarters, effective weapon — a far cry from the whittled stick with elastic bands most of us used as kids. The Black Widow has a black, metal yoke with a simple plastic grip and a rubber wrist brace that folds against the grip when not in use. A hollow 20cm latex sling fires 600mm ball bearings or lead shot. While a lot of practice is needed to get the power and accuracy to kill small game and vermin, the slingshot can be a portable and easily concealable means of self-defence. Fully drawn, the latex sling will drive a ball-bearing through a car door at 30 paces.

## 10. SIPO STEEL WHIP

The Sipo Steel Whip is a street-fighter's tool: like brass knuckles, it's something to have around if it comes down to a man-to-man tangle and the physical odds are stacked against you.

When closed the Sipo looks like a miniature alloy baseball bat, 280 grams in weight and 15cms long. But grip it at the thick end and flick the wrist and a 25cm length of telescoped steel coil, topped by a heavy steel knob, will spring from it. Viciously fast, if used properly, the whip will bruise without breaking bones. Less cumbersome than a cosh, it can be wielded even against a knife; I've seen a slightly smaller version of the Sipo, the Blitz, swipe a knife from a tight grip. It can be carried quite innocuously, if not legally, in a hip-pocket or handbag: the last word in fashion accessories for the urban survivalist.



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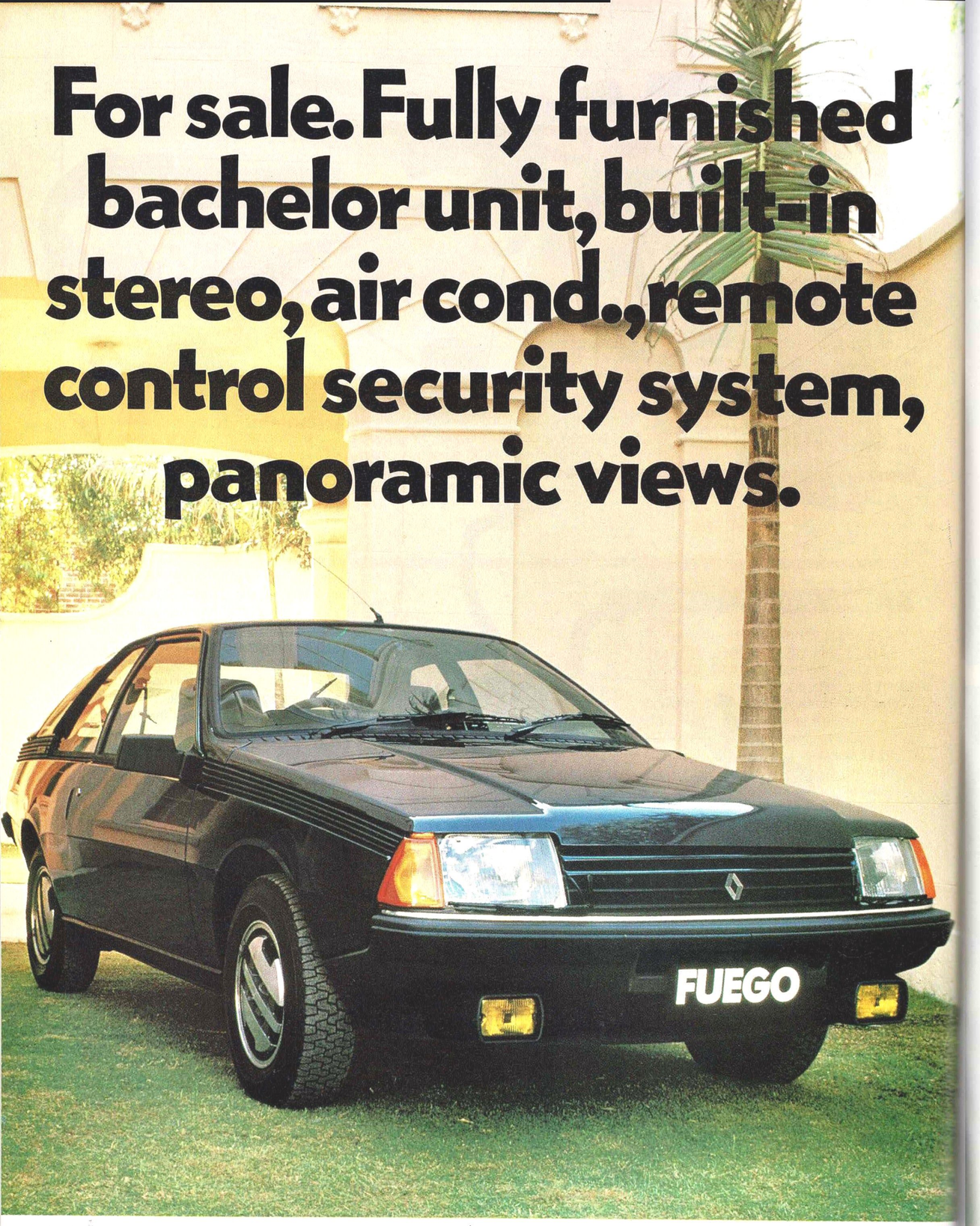


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# DYNAMIC

# DUO

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

Remember, the camera *never* lies — or does it? *Looks* deceive, maybe, but if you think your eyes have swum out of focus at the sight of these frolicking nymphs, perhaps you're right. This is a double vision — a dynamic duo to test your senses to the max. Who says opposites attract?

Vanity, perhaps, this mutual idolisation. If only they knew that what they worship in the other is so much their own to give. You must excuse them — it's probably just their own preferred crutch. We all have them. The question remains: how do you turn a duo into a sextet? Observe . . .

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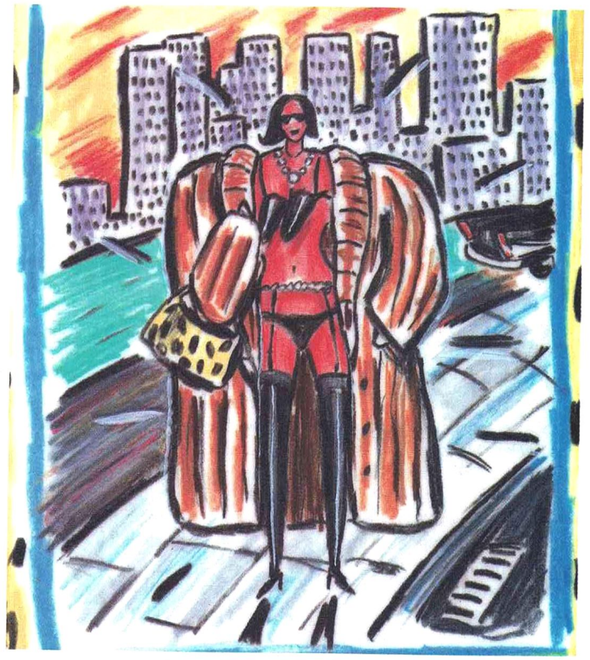
# LOOSE ENDS

## PRIVATES ON PARADE



Those who believe exhibitionism is fine as long as it's kept behind closed doors are enraged. Of late the apoplectic hordes have had plenty to tut-tut about through lips pursed like cats' arseholes. It's only August, but already 1986 has shaped up as the biggest year for exhibitionists since the streakers first stroke.

It all started in a mild, if unsightly, manner when a disgruntled Maori lowered his strides to flash his buttocks at the Queen. Left at that, the incident may have been viewed as a lone freckle on the otherwise flawless complexion of a routine Royal tour. But no sooner had Her Majesty alighted on Australian soil than a Sydney woman offered up her breasts for a squiz from Liz. The tabloids had a field day, tickled at the rare chance to promote tits from page three to page one. "It was a protest against the restrictive clothing imposed on women by Queen Victoria," the lady said. A flimsy excuse for opportunistic exhibitionism, I say.

Why, the female flasher wasn't even drunk — the usual excuse for such things. A show-off? Surely. A wacker? Maybe. She was anything but in her cups. Not so the couple who outraged lunchtime diners at a Sydney sailing club by engaging in an hour-and-a-half-long sexual bout right outside the restaurant's picture windows. Kogarah Court heard in May that when the couple were apprehended in the club carpark — she naked, he having had time to pull on his jocks — they appeared to have been drinking heavily. They pleaded guilty to wilful and obscene behavior in sand dunes adjacent to the club but denied having intercourse, saying they had merely kissed and cuddled a lot. (Anyone who has attempted intercourse after swilling up big — and is there anyone out there who hasn't? — will no doubt sympathise.)

Illustration by John Michell

They were fined $400 each, but spared the embarrassment of a jail sentence.

The question burns as to how they were allowed to get it on for a full 90 minutes, with police arriving on the scene only after they'd packed up to go home. If you try telling me that most of those diners didn't enjoy a bit of a show with their oysters natural I'll tell you to pull the other one.

Next came the antics of the French diplomat and his bikini-less companion on the sunny shores of Norfolk Island. That little incident didn't receive as much coverage in our national organs as I would have liked. Then again, one has come to expect such things from the French, *n'est-ce pas?* The nation is stunned when a Frenchman blows up a boat, but who's at all surprised when one blows up a beach beauty?

Beaches are traditional venues for alfresco sex, though the usual practice doesn't involve being caught on the job. Commuter trains, on the other hand, have not figured so prominently in the history of intercourse. Until this year, that is. Two 1986 incidents on suburban trains indicate that electric sex could be the coming thing.

One took place on Valentine's Day between an 18-year-old State Rail Authority employee and a woman he met on the 6.11pm from Sydney to Hornsby. A train guard told Ryde Court that he discovered the couple in a state of undress in a vacant guard's compartment. He said the man was fondling the woman's breasts and groin and was having oral sex. When he interrupted them with the words "What are you doing?" the young man jumped up, pulled on the emergency brake (and presumably his pants) and punched the enquiring guard in the eye. Ask a silly question . . . When apprehended the man faced charges of assaulting police, resisting arrest and assaulting an SRA guard. He was fined $600.

The other occurred between a 26-year-old man and his 17-year-old girlfriend on a train between Wollongong and Dapto after a rock concert. A train guard told Wollongong Court that he discovered the music lovers in the first carriage "leaning against one another and moving vigorously." When he ordered them to stop it at once the pair parted and the young man's pants fell to his knees, fully exposing his genitals. The defendant told the court that he had not had intercourse, he had just been petting. He got seven days' hard labor. Newspaper reports did not reveal what gig the pair had been to see, but I've got an inkling it wasn't Kamahl.

What next? The forthcoming Papal tour beckons those protesters who like to put their bodily parts where there mouths should be. Tits, bums and royalty are one thing, but tits, bums and religion? We're talking dynamite, Jimmy! My toes curl in anticipation. And there's the balmy weather ahead, promising still more spicy newspaper reports . . . Be still, my pounding heart! Or, in the immortal words of Kate Wentworth, "Down boy!" — *C.J. Mackay*

# SOUNDS

## SAINTLY POWER

The notion of the lone balladeer is firmly embedded at the heart of Chris Bailey's work. He and fellow **Saints** joined to celebrate *All Fools Day* (Mushroom) in the relative isolation of Wales. Their two guitar-bass-drums format is fleshed out with judicial strings and horns but mostly the simple power of the quartet is allowed to speak for itself. Rather than swamping the songs with overdubs they strip back the mood to a man and his guitar, allowing Bailey's occasionally inspired way with words to surface, buoyed eventually by the band's winning chime.

Live, **Hunters And Collectors** have usually managed to press their fingers into this breastbone, but their latest attempt at pop music lacks some of that crunch. To these ears they have yet to better the power, class and dynamics of their debut EP, *World Of Stone* (White). They've now lost the "industrial percussion", focussing their attention on the ubiquitous rock and roll triumvirate of guitar-bass-drums, while the ever faithful horns fatten in appropriate moments. This album has no shortage of gems and Mark Seymour's vocals are never less than passionate, but they still could do more with the studio than cleanly capture a rehearsal.

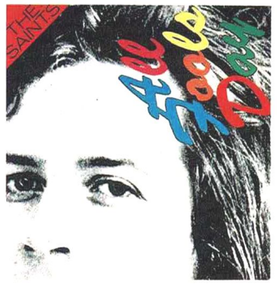
Local class act **Icehouse** are also back in *Measure For Measure* (Regular). The singles "Baby You're So Strange" and "No Promises" are different enough but the remaining tracks are disarmingly homogeneous. A wealth of studio expertise and playing talent is obvious with Brian Eno lending his presence. Davies has departed from his solo writing to work with guitarist Bob Kretschmer and sometimes gets carried away from his self-imposed croon reverie as on "Lucky Me" — though much of it is like exquisitely textured sonic wallpaper.

**Phillip Glass** and Laurie Anderson are two visitors who graced this year's Sydney and Adelaide Festivals with their unique presences. Glass has since delivered *Songs From Liquid Days* (CBS), working from lyrics by Anderson, David Byrne, Paul Simon and Suzanne Vega. He has written opera and some music theatre but these six pieces are his first attempt at the song form. You're unlikely to catch them on Solid Gold though the vocalists are from rock and folk (with one opera singer, Douglas Perry). Glass's trademark rippling arpeggios and repetition with variation are still the basis for the arrangements of strings, brass and keyboards — though the voices take away the immediately hypnotic nature of his purely instrumental pieces.

**Laurie Anderson** has released the soundtrack album of the film *Home Of The Brave* (Warners), segments of which were screened as part of her superb concert presentations here. Her lateral humor and wry use of language are given added life by the six other musicians from the film including guitarist and impersonator of elephants on heat Adrian Belew (Bowie, Talking Heads, King Crimson). Shuffling island percussion and lilting backup vocals remind us that "Paradise is exactly like where you are right now — only much, much better."

It's been a while since **Stan Ridgway** was a brick in the Wall Of Voodoo. On *The Big Heat* (IRS) he's opted for a series of scenarios that are more short stories than songs. He plays a harmonica-tooting cab driver ferrying a bank robber, a manager of a sleazy cabaret, a road builder and a marine in a Vietnam remake of "Along Came John." Backing is rudimentary synth and guitars while Stan intones in his nonchalant drawl, occasionally repeating himself enough to give the semblance of a chorus.

Often dismissed as tepid synth worshippers, **Depeche Mode** have stayed together way past the weekend and have been responsible for some fine songs en route to their current *Black Celebration*




(Mute). Here they manage to intone the songs with an almost religious solemnity that denies them any sense of celebration. Some good lyrics; wish they'd cheer up, though.

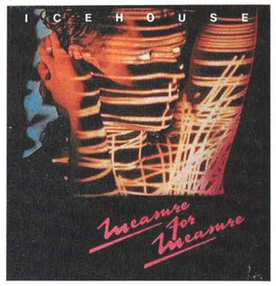
It mightn't be the redeeming masterpiece that the British film industry hoped for but *Absolute Beginners* has a good look and sound track. *Absolute Beginners The Musical* (Virgin) captures the late Fifties with born again cocktail Latin swing from the likes of **Sade** and the **Style Council.**

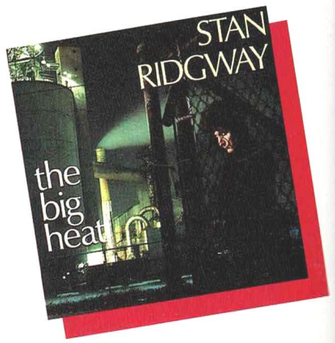
**The Cult** seem to *Love* (Virgin) guitar rock with an epic bent. A similar lineup but with more melodic intentions is found as the **Outfield** *Play Deep* (CBS) and offer Men At Work the sincerest form of flattery.

Pulverising us with their own homegrown banalities are **Screaming Tribesmen** on a *Date With A Vampire* (CBS Assoc). **Ryuichi Sakamoto** (ex-Yellow Magic Orchestra), who also gave us the *Merry Christmas Mr Lawrence* soundtrack, makes more beautiful Asian waves on *Illustrated Musical Encyclopedia* (10) with singer/producer Thomas Dolby.

Possibly the only fault with **Mental As Anything's** *Greatest Hits* (Regular) is that it is only a single album.

**Van Halen** have found life after David Lee Roth found Hollywood. They may miss Roth's athleticism to help fill the stadium stages they play but Sammy Hagar's vocals on *5150* (WEA) are suitably powerful. And finally, for our mutual salvation, **Stryper** unleash their curious mix of Christian heavy metal as *Soldiers Under Command* (Big Time) — you guessed it, they're from California. — *Jeremy Cook*



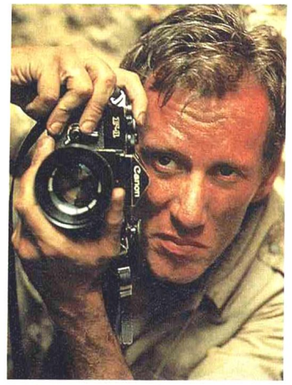




**Clockwise from left: The Saints celebrate All Fools Day; Icehouse, back with Measure For Measure; Stan Ridgway sweats it out; Something a little different from Philip Glass.**



# FILM

## YANKEE GO HOME



As we cower in the pectoral-beating shadow of Rambo: Lord Of The Jingo, it's downright tempting to suggest that any film that shows American foreign policy in a bad light is going to be a good film — hang the artistic merit. Well, certainly *not all bad*. And if it's an American film that's delivering the knee jerk to Uncle Sam's groin, all the better. In the case of **Salvador** we have an American film that does the job and stands as a damn good film all up.

Starring James Woods and Jim Belushi, *Salvador* seems to have been not so much a commercial enterprise as a labor of love on the part of its makers Oliver Stone (director/co-writer/producer) and Richard Boyle (co-writer). The pair faced a long uphill battle to finance, film and distribute this caustic examination of US involvement in the El Salvador civil war and they deserve plenty of accolades for bringing it to the screen.

The fight was a very personal one for Boyle, for it is his own experience as a press correspondent in El Salvador that is recounted in the film. But it was Stone (an Oscar winner for his *Midnight Express* script) who was the prime force behind it. Stone is no stranger to war himself, having been decorated for valor in Vietnam. If making money from *Salvador* was the major goal, Boyle and Stone certainly went about it the hard way.

The film is not a documentary, though key events in the war are reconstructed within the dramatic framework; time and location graphics used sporadically throughout lend a certain historical feel. The plot follows Boyle (James Woods) from the States, where he's between wars, living hard on drugs and booze and half-heartedly kicking the embers of a dying relationship. He takes a punt on work in El Salvador and drags along his sleazy deejay buddy Dr Rock (Jim Belushi) for finance and company. What starts as a Blues Brothers style joyride turns nasty when the pair get to El Salvador and have gun barrels aimed up their nostrils at the first roadblock. Then begins the violence as the filmmakers evoke the carnage and terror of a country at war in a roller coaster ride through governmental conspiracy, death-squad atrocities and headbanging with US military and CIA figures in support of the incumbent Rightist regime. These often shocking elements are juxtaposed with a large helping of humor and some out-of-character tenderness from Boyle in his love affair with Salvadorean girl Maria (Elpedia Carrillo). It all makes for a highly volatile mix that serves to entertain, educate and shock. Whether you like it or hate it, it's hard to escape being swept up in it. There's nothing wishy-washy about *Salvador*.

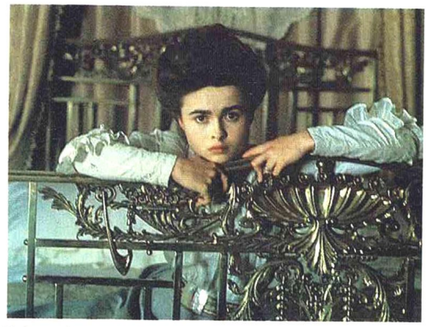
The film has been compared favorably with *The Killing Fields* and its thrust is also reminiscent of *Under Fire*. For my money, it fails to attain the heights of the former film. Boyle, self-confessed weasel, is no Dith Pran. But there can be no taking away from the film's explosive impact. A big thumbs up.

And now for something completely different. There's not a drop of blood in sight in director Peter Masterson's **A Trip To Bountiful**. If you feel anything warm and wet during this film it's good old tears. For this is a very moving and intimate piece of cinema that's sure to strike a chord in anyone with body temperature above freezing.

Geraldine Page picked up this year's Best Actress Academy Award for her role as Mrs Watts, the fiesty old lady who breaks away from a suffocating domestic set-up with her son and daughter-in-law to visit the town of her birth. Her performance is riveting, and strong support from John Heard as son Ludie and Carlin Glyn as the hilariously awful daughter-in-law Jessie Mae add to the fabric of this gentle, unpretentious movie. Delightful touches from Rebecca De Mornay as the young woman who befriends the old lady and Richard Bradford as the sheriff who apprehends her are further recommendations to take *A Trip To Bountiful's* sentimental journey.

Let me now open my gush valve about a film that will leave you with the feeling that the world's not such a bad place after all — one that makes you realise that heels were made for kicking together in silly, joyous little leaps. Behold **A Room With A View**, a Merchant Ivory production that kisses *everything* better.

Big raps for a cannister of celluloid, but this romantic and comedic view of manners among the



Brits at home and away at the turn of the century is nigh on impossible to fault. Superb casting highlights the talents of some of the old country's finest and most interesting actors — Maggie Smith, Denholm Elliot and Judy Dench among them. Perfectly observed comedy delights, and the film's settings in and around Florence and in the English countryside had me wondering where I'd put my passport.

If you don't like this film I will personally deliver your name and address to the Salvadorean death squads mentioned earlier. This is a must see, *senor*. — *C.J. Mackay*

**From the top: James Woods as photo-journalist Richard Boyle in Salvador; Rebecca De Mornay and Geraldine Page share a moment in A Trip To Bountiful; Helena Bonham Carter in A Room With A View.**

# THE GOOD OIL

It's a shrewd man indeed who drops hints for massage oil when the time for gift giving comes around. You see, the giver can't get away without performing a massage into the bargain to test the good oil. For the best selection of massage oils, herbal toiletries and therapies, skin and hair products and natural cosmetics, check out The Body Shop nearest you. There are 14 of these shops now operating in Australia, selling reasonably priced, refillable products made from herbs and essential oils. Packaging is simple to keep prices down, and all lines are biodegradable and tested without cruelty to animals. Just walking into one of these shops does your hooter a favor. Check the phone book for locations.

Photo by Geoff Howden

## ONLY THE BEST

**The folks from British video makers Electric Blue exercised admirable discernment when they arrived in Australia to film their latest effort *The Girls From Oz*. From a land renowned for the beauty and freshness of its females, they chose four *Penthouse* Pets to star in this hour-long comic/erotic romp. Pet Of The Year Julie Mulherin, Kathleen Azzopardi, Rosie Kosman and Debbie Louise share the bill with comedian Rodney Rude, the man who put the "R" in R-rated. Now available for rent in video outlets.**

Photo by Geoff Howden

# TRY IT ON ICE

If you don't know much about art but you know what you like, you're going to love Cointreau on ice. Just splash the world's foremost liqueur over ice and sip to appreciate ice cubism at its most delectable.

The making of Cointreau is an art that has been perfected for more than a century, since Edouard Cointreau developed the inimitable recipe concocted from a base of distilled orange peel. Today, oranges from Europe, the Caribbean, North Africa and the Middle East are used to make the liqueur at the Cointreau production facilities in Angers, France. Two million cases are produced annually for sale in France and for export to 217 countries, making Cointreau the most popular liqueur in the world.

These days a young market is discovering Cointreau, and, not content to simply savor the orange flavor from a liqueur glass after dinner, the 18 to 35s are asking for it mixed in cocktails or sloshed over ice for pre-dinner, pre-anything drinks. That most suggestive of cocktails, the Orgasm, was invented using Cointreau and the company stresses that anyone who likes an Orgasm should not be content with fakes. Cointreau over ice, however, is the drink of the moment and anyone who has not yet tried it has yet to truly discover why the French are the masters of oral sensation.

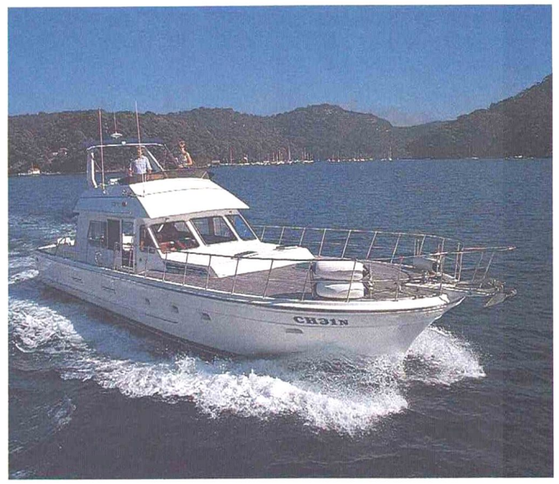
***Penthouse* has 10 large bottles of Cointreau to give away to readers who can correctly tell us the color of Cointreau when mixed with ice.** The first 10 correct entries drawn after the closing date of Friday, September 26, will win a $25 bottle of Cointreau. For a chance to add the right oomph to your Orgasm, or turn your ice cubes into art, send entries to Cointreau Competition, Loose Ends, PO Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Winners will be announced in a forthcoming issue of *Australian Penthouse* in the Loose Ends section. Prizes will be priority mailed.

# FORE PLAY

An innovation in golf club design promises salvation for those of us in the "weekend hacker" category. Spalding's new Executive XE clubs are the one integrated set, as opposed to your traditional woods/irons/wedges divisions. All the clubs are in a progressive shape, so they not only look the same but feel that way. The logic goes that with consistency in your sticks there'll be consistency in your game — perhaps a tall order for those of us completely cynical about that excruciating sport, but a demo program underway throughout Australia at pro shops allows interested gardeners to try. Spalding say "hitting is believing."

## JUST CRUISING

**The next best thing to cruising into the sunset with our Pet Of The Month Marianne is undoubtedly cruising into the sunset aboard the Ranger 52. Used as a backdrop for the centrefold pictorial, it has everything that opens and shuts — right down to its custom leather furniture. It's better equipped than most luxury units: each sleeping cabin has its own en suite bathroom, and there is a separate dining area, galley and lounge. For your cool $500,000, she'll also deliver a cool 22 knot cruising speed — and that's moving. Find out more about Ranger Marine's luxury range on (02) 997 4041.**



## A SALTY TACK

The flavor of the coming summer looks like being decidedly salty, what with the America's Cup ballyhoo. To coincide with the shebang Seiko, official America's Cup timers, have released the Yacht Timer for sea salts on and off the water this year. They're designed to take a licking and keep on ticking even under 100 metres of water, and they feature an audible countdown signal, 12 or 24-hour display and a 12-hour stopwatch. In blue/yellow and red/black color combinations, the unisex Yacht Timer sells for around $199.

# BLINKERED

How much glare can a polar bear? For sheer cool it's hard to go past these Enclosed Cats Glacier Glasses from Bausch and Lomb. They have been designed specifically for action sports with the emphasis on the rugged. They also happen to be among the hottest — or coollest — fashion items on the slopes this year. Featuring Ray-Ban leather side shields and ambermatic lenses, they retail for $114.95 at optical outlets.

# NOT MONKEY BUSINESS

**As our pictorial this month implies, things get mighty interesting if they turn slippery when wet, and that certainly is true if you're taking off on a meaty wave, or hanging on a wire off the side of a racing boat or cat, or even climbing out of your bathtub or jacuzzi — interesting to the point of lunacy. Gorilla Grip is a new all-Australian product that's great for any number of watery applications. With its peel-off contact base, you can just stick it to any surface where you need traction — and it actually increases grip when wet. It's a closed-cell polyethylene foam which is currently selling up a storm in surfing circles to replace waxing, but it has numerous other uses. Find out more by ringing (02) 997 4040.**

Photo by Omi

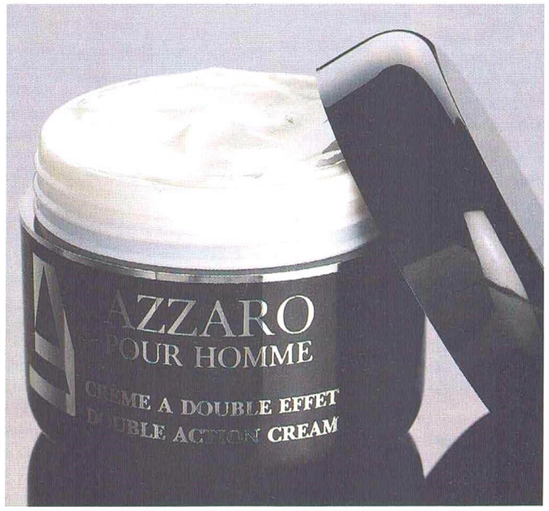



Photo by Geoff Howden

# SKIN DEEP

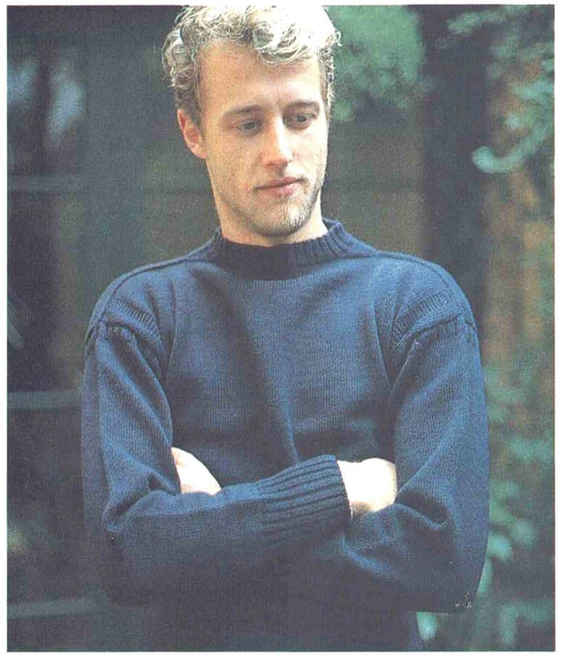
In many men daily shaving and the effects of wind and weather combine to cause dry, flaky skin. Regular use of a moisturiser will combat dry skin and help to keep your face as soft and wrinkle-free as a baby's bum. Azzaro Pour Homme is a double-action cream which stimulates cell regeneration and eases small irritations caused by shaving. It's lightly fragranced and contains vitamins A and E to moisturise and protect the facial skin from premature ageing. For use after shaving and at night if you wish. At leading pharmacies and department stores for $29 per 75ml jar.

## THAT'S HOME ENTERTAINMENT

**Pioneer Australia is making a big noise about the release of its new home entertainment package, the Hi-Fi Video Recorder and Stereo TV. The additions to the Pioneer range represent a new direction for the company, which has previously specialised in audio and laser technology. Their VH 600 Hi Fi VCR provides top-of-the-range live audio clarity for music videos, dubbing and simulcasts, as well as featuring all the requisite hi-tech mod cons. The Stereo TV is available in 51 cm and 63 cm screen sizes, both with high-quality dual sound system enabling selection of stereo or bilingual broadcasts. For prices and more information, see the new Pioneer package in electrical and department stores.**

## GIVES GOOD HEAD

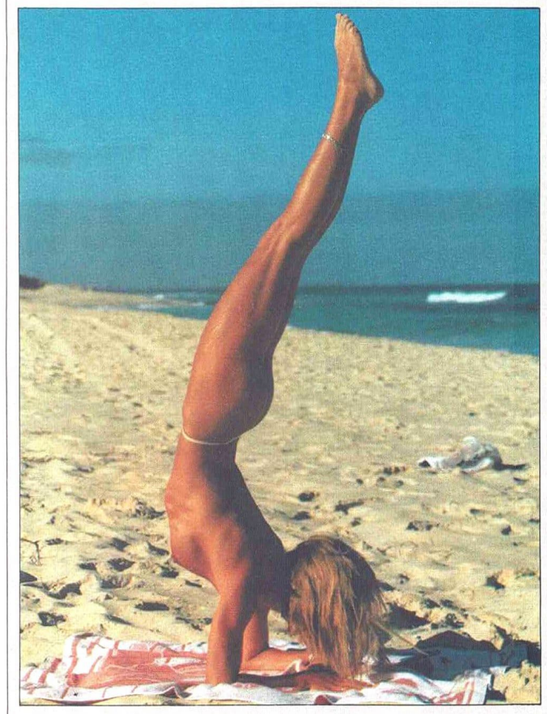
Once upon a time any man caught red-handed with a hairdryer was labelled a date bruiser and dishonorably discharged from his footy club. How things have changed. These days you can even get hair dryers for REAL MEN. Ronson's Head Start, for example, was designed to blow-dry blokes. In a non-homosexual color choice of gunmetal grey or jet black, the Head Start features compact shape and two-heat, two-speed controls with up to 1200 Watts of drying power. It comes with a turbo-flow concentrator and features dual voltage for travelling types. With a 12-month guarantee, it sells for $22.95.



## PULLING THE WOOL

**Durability is one thing when it comes to investing in a warm winter jumper, but getting one that's likely to last a lot longer than you are seems to be taking matters to the extreme. That's the case with traditional woollen guernseys — densely knitted fishermen's sweaters now imported to Australia from the Channel Isles. Importer Giles Wadham says guernseys have been keeping North Sea fishermen warm since the style was first knitted in the 16th Century, and that each jumper is designed to stand up to decades of active wear.**

**The distinctive guernsey style is flattering to most body types, and their longer, bum-warming line makes them a favorite with yachties, winter sports fans and, of course, fishermen. They come in all sizes and 11 colors, and sell for around $120. For availability contact Giles Wadham on (044) 65 1338 or (02) 319 3355.**



# PENTHOUSE POLAROID PHOTO COMPETITION

Photographer Gordon Bright of Inglewood in Western Australia didn't miss a trick to win this month's Polaroid photo competition. And model Rebecca Hunt deserves applause for her demonstration of how all Australian beach beauties are expected to look when viewed from the Northern Hemisphere. Bright wins either a Polaroid Sun 670 Autofocus QS Camera or Polaroid's 35mm Autoprocess System.

To win a Polaroid prize, send us one or more examples of your photographic work, demonstrating an imaginative grasp of camera skills in photographing the female form. Creativity in posing, lighting, angles, location and technique will all be taken into consideration in choosing winners. Use any film, complete the coupon below and mail your entry to *Penthouse*.

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Please fill in this confidential form and return with your entry to: *Australian Penthouse*, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062.

Name of photographer: _____

Address of photographer: _____

_____ Telephone number of photographer: _____

Name of subject: _____ Telephone number of subject: _____

I (the subject) ..... of ..... am aware that my photograph has been submitted as an entry in the Polaroid SLR 680 competition. If my entry should win, I have no objection to it being published in *Australian Penthouse*. I am 18 years old or over.

Signature of subject: ..... Date .....

Signature of witness: ..... Date .....

Sydney's Lucy Strauss

## COMING IN OCTOBER AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

**The Sindona Tapes** — The death last March of Michele Sindona, one of the most mysterious and powerful men in the world of banking, made international headlines. But what few knew when they read about Sindona's collapse in his Italian prison cell after drinking cyanide was that he had spent the last two years of his life secretly telling his story to *Penthouse*. In this compelling feature, Sindona reveals how big crime bosses launder their dirty money and asserts that "The so-called war on crime can never be won."

**Terrorist Tactics** —"Don't believe it can't happen to you," said Australian businessman Leon Richardson after his release by Guatemalan terrorists. With that premise, James Crown canvasses Australia's capacity to cope with incidents of politically motivated violence and finds that our security is seriously wanting.

**Le Pub Crawl** — Tahiti, contends John Emery, is a big enough island for the madness of Papeete's nightlife to be avoided. But he insists that one should not try to resist the infectious rhythms of the Polynesian night. Join him for a guided tour of Tahiti by night and understand why Fletcher Christian mutinied.

**The Aussie Abroad** — Overseas travel is becoming increasingly fraught with danger. This timely report from humorist Colin Bowles offers some useful tips for survival — how to protect yourself from AIDS in San Francisco, how to pass the time on the tarmac at Athens Airport, how to escape kidnappings and other colorful Lebanese customs, and most of all, how to avoid being mistaken for an American. It's Bowles at his best and it's in October *Australian Penthouse*.

**Pet Of The Month** — Ever heard of the Black Rose, one of the rarest and most sensuous of flowers? Feast your eyes upon Lucy Strauss and see for yourself how she evokes the aura of her favorite bloom in this stunning pictorial.

# MENGELES

*Continued from page 81*

***Penthouse:*** Your father was married twice. Do you think he was capable of love?
***Mengele:*** Yes. I am sure of it. It was a deep love for both.
***Penthouse:*** Do you think he loved you?
***Mengele:*** Yes, I do.
***Penthouse:*** Do you believe the charges made against your father?
***Mengele:*** I must assume the witnesses are telling the truth. As I told you, even for him to be part of selecting people in Auschwitz is enough for me to find him guilty.
***Penthouse:*** Do neo-Nazis, assuming you share the views of your father, contact you?
***Mengele:*** I get thousands [of letters]. Some of it is neo-Nazi hate mail. I have also been contacted [in person] by these people.
***Penthouse:*** Does most of the mail come from neo-Nazis in Germany?
***Mengele:*** It's coming here from Germany, but I would say that most of it is coming from the United States.
***Penthouse:*** Last year, there was a great deal of controversy when President Reagan laid a wreath at the graves of SS men in Bitburg. What do you think about the furore raised over the incident?
***Mengele:*** I understand the reactions of Americans because of the stigma of the name "SS", but I think the decision of the President of the United States was right because after 40 years there must be a reconciliation between people and nations.
***Penthouse:*** How do you explain that the experimentation done on the twins was simply a matter of Josef Mengele's field of study?
***Mengele:*** They should understand he was a proponent of scientific thoughts which in their pursuit eliminated any moral responsibility. They should understand that Josef Mengele was not a monster, but was an example of the banality of evil. And I would like to tell readers that what we should always be aware of is to never allow science to be cut off from morality.
***Penthouse:*** Were the people who assisted your father part of a larger organisation helping fugitive Nazis?
***Mengele:*** Absolutely not. This is one of the reasons my father stayed free. The hunters were looking for a large network of people sheltering him in luxurious haciendas all over South America. Instead, just a group of unorganised friends let him live a very simple life in Brazil.
***Penthouse:*** Don't you believe there is such a thing as ODESSA?
***Mengele:*** No, not in the way portrayed in the media. Instead of a large, well-financed, corporate-type group of ex-Nazis who schemed to help fugitives, I believe assistance came from loose-knit groups of ex-Nazis. They helped out of loyalty and comradeship. An important part of their lives was spent in the war, and after the war they continued to help fellow soldiers. ○—■




Presenting the TLX Series from JBL. Why we overbuild underpriced loudspeakers.

The titanium laminate tweeter, abbreviated TLX,™ is the most significant innovation yet afforded to budget-minded audiophiles. Borrowing lessons learned with our no-holds-barred Titanium Series, we vapor-deposited titanium onto a phenolic dome high frequency driver, enabling us to combine the best characteristics of both a soft and a hard dome: good internal damping to control unwanted resonances, fast response to capture the musical transients and extreme dynamics of digital recordings.
Then we added a unique acoustic contact lens above the dome, to ensure phase coherence and further reduce distortion.
That commitment to every detail affecting sonic accuracy has made JBL the reference standard of the music industry for more than 35 years. So if the TLX Series seems overbuilt, you'll understand why. It's a habit with us. One you'll appreciate no matter how little you pay.

JBL Australia Pty. Ltd.
Unit 3, 100 O'Riordan Street, ALEXANDRIA. NSW. 2015
(02) 693 1655
TLX Series Loudspeakers are available from JBL Dealers around Australia
$398 to $798 per pair.

# "Let's ask her for a light."

# "What a Sterling idea."

WARNING - SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD

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